June 25, 1932

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

The Perfect Secretary

a short story by **Peter B. Kyne**

JUNE 25, 1932

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Firestone

EXTRA VALUES COUNT

The Tire That Taught **THRIFT** *to Millions*

GUM-DIPPED CORDS

The Firestone patented Gum-Dipping process transforms the cotton cords *into a strong, tough, sinewy unit.* Liquid rubber penetrates every cord and coats every fiber, guarding against internal friction and heat, greatly increasing the strength of the cord body, and giving longer tire life.

TWO EXTRA GUM-DIPPED CORD PLIES UNDER THE TREAD

This is a patented construction, and the *two extra Gum-Dipped cord plies are* so placed that you get 56% stronger bond between tread and cord body, and tests show 26% greater protection against punctures and blowouts. It sets a new standard for tire performance on high speed cars.

NON-SKID TREAD

Tough, live rubber specially compounded for long, slow wear. Scientifically designed non-skid gives greater traction and safe, quiet performance.

LOW PRICES on tires is one thing—*extra quality* at low prices is quite another.

When you can get the *Extra Values* of Firestone's two patented construction features—*Gum-Dipping* and *Two Extra Gum-Dipped Cord Plies Under the Tread*—at no premium in price, you are getting the most in Safety and Mileage your money can buy.

Prices for these *extra quality* tires are unbelievably low today; in fact, *the lowest ever known.*

You owe it to the safety of your family and yourself to equip your car with Firestone—the *Strongest* and *Safest* Tires you can buy *at the price you want to pay.*

Drive in today. The Firestone Service Dealer will show you sections cut from Firestone Tires—also special brand mail order tires and others—take them in your own hands and check the construction for yourself. You and you alone be the Judge. Then you will understand why Firestone Tires are the outstanding preference★ of car owners.

In these days of thrifty buying—FIRESTONE EXTRA VALUES COUNT!

Listen to the "VOICE OF FIRESTONE" *Every Monday Night over N. B. C. Nationwide Network*

COMPARE CONSTRUCTION • QUALITY • PRICE

MAKE OF CAR	Tire Size	FIRESTONE Oldfield Type Cash Price Each	FIRESTONE Oldfield Type Cash Price Per Pair
Ford, Chevrolet	4.40-21	$4.79	$9.30
Chevrolet	4.50-20	5.35	10.38
Ford	4.50-21	5.43	10.54
Ford, Chevrolet, Whippet, Plym'th	4.75-19	6.33	12.32
Erskine, Plym'th	4.75-20	6.43	12.48
Chandler, DeSoto, Dodge, Durant, Gr. Paige, Pontiac, Roosevelt, Willys-K.	5.00-19	6.65	12.90
Essex, Nash	5.00-20	6.75	13.10
Essex, Nash, Olds'bile	5.00-21	6.98	13.54
Buick M., Chevrolet, Olds'bile	5.25-18	7.53	14.60
Buick	5.25-21	8.15	15.82
Stu'b'k'r, Auburn, Jordan, Reo	5.50-18	$8.35	16.20
Stu'b'k'r, Gardner, Marmon, Oakland, Peerless	5.50-19	8.48	16.46
Chrysler, Stu'b'k'r, Viking	6.00-18 H. D.	10.65	20.66
Stu'b'k'r, Franklin, Hudson, Hup'bile	6.00-19 H. D.	10.85	21.04
La Salle, Packard	6.00-20 H. D.	10.95	21.24
Pierce A.	6.00-21 H. D.	11.10	21.54
Buick	6.00-22 H. D.	11.60	22.50
Pierce A.	6 50-19 H. D.	12.30	23.86
Stutz	6.50-20 H. D.	12.65	24.54
Cadillac, Lincoln, Packard	7.00-20 H. D.	14.65	28.42

Truck and Bus Tires

Tire Size — Heavy Duty	FIRESTONE Oldfield Type Cash Price Each	FIRESTONE Oldfield Type Cash Price Per Pair
30x5	$15.45	$29.96
32x6	26.50	51.00
34x7	36.40	70.60
36x8	51.65	100.20
6.00-20	14.50	28.14
6.50-20	16.30	31.62
7.50-20	26.45	51.60
9.00-20	46.50	90.40
9.75-20	61.65	120.00

Firestone
COURIER TYPE

SIZE	Cash Price Each	* Special Brand Mail Order Tire Price Each	Cash Price Per Pair
4.40-21	$3.63	$3.63	$7.04
4.50-21	3.98	3.98	7.74
30x3½CL	3.57	3.57	6.92

Firestone
SENTINEL TYPE

4.40-21	$3.95	$3.95	$7.66
4.50-21	4.37	4.37	8.46
4.75-19	5.12	5.12	9.94
5.00-19	5.39	5.39	10.46
5.25-21	6.63	6.63	12.86

Other Sizes Proportionately Low

*FIRESTONE do not manufacture tires under special brand names for mail order houses and others to distribute. Special Brand Tires are made without the manufacturer's name. They are sold without his guarantee or responsibility for service. Every Firestone Tire bears the Firestone name and the quality excels that of special brand mail order tires sold at the same prices.

Firestone
COURIER TYPE
$3.46 EACH WHEN BOUGHT IN PAIRS
30 x 3½

Firestone
SENTINEL TYPE
$3.83 EACH WHEN BOUGHT IN PAIRS
4.40-21

Firestone
OLDFIELD TYPE
$5.27 EACH WHEN BOUGHT IN PAIRS
4.50-21

★ One of the largest magazine publishing houses published a survey which they recently made to find out the tire buying plans of car owners for this year.

In this survey they covered twelve states and interviewed 1,403 of their subscribers. They found that 68% of those interviewed are going to buy tires this summer, and that 27.2% of these car owners are going to buy Firestone Tires—the next highest is only 20.6% which shows the demand for Firestone Tires is 32% more than for any other make.

TIRES · TUBES · BATTERIES · BRAKE LINING · SPARK PLUGS · RIMS · ACCESSORIES

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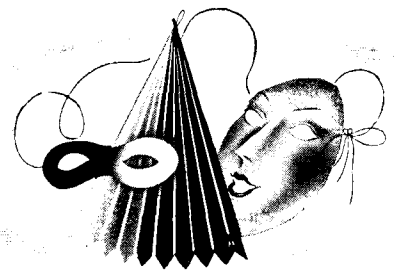
ALL RIGHT, YOUR HONOR

now we'll tell you which set won!



THE scene was the gayest, most colorful event of the New Orleans Mardi Gras—the ball given by His Honor, the Mayor. Naval officers in dazzling gold lace danced with pert Pierrettes and languid Spanish señoritas. And when the festivities were gayest, four radio sets "stopped the show."

At a signal from the orchestra, the guests gathered before a screen—a screen which completely hid the four famous radios. One by one, each set played. Guests listened—compared tone. Then, in response to the request, "Please vote for the number of the set whose tone you prefer," the listeners cast their ballots.

Neutral observers tallied the votes. And here, announced for the first time, is the result—General Electric won one and a half times as many votes as *all other radios combined!*

"Believe Your Own Ears!" Buy the radio your ears prefer. That is common-sense advice. If you will do that—your next radio will be a General Electric.

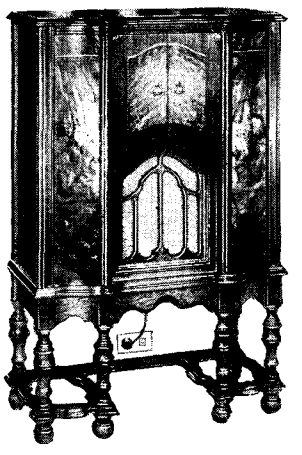
For G-E, whose constant aim in radio has been truer tone—has now bettered its best. The new G-E sets have a degree of reality that is startling. Music is brought to you with new depth, vibrance and brilliance. Voices come through so true as to be almost uncanny.

Hear these G-E sets for yourself. Prices are lower than ever, ranging from $46.75 to $345. Drop into your G-E Radio dealer's, listen, and "Believe Your Own Ears." Or write Section R276, General Electric Co., Merchandise Dept., Bridgeport, Conn., for complete information.

• • •

● *Of special interest to women—join the G-E Circle—on the air every week-day (except Saturday) at noon Eastern Daylight Saving Time.*

● *When wiring or rewiring your home, specify the G-E Wiring System. It provides adequate outlets, conveniently controlled, and G-E materials throughout.*



NEW! The G-E Convention Model, with 7 major engineering advances, including "Twin Push" (Class B) Amplification, 12 tubes of new type throughout, Dual Automatic Volume Control, Automatic Lo-Tone Compensator, High Power Dynamic Speaker and Improved Tone Equalizers with ACOUSTIC ORIFICES of *exclusive G-E design* . . . . . *Complete with tubes.* $139.50

SPECIAL FOR VACATIONISTS: A new *portable* 8-tube superheterodyne with superb G-E tone. Take it anywhere. Only . . . . . *With tubes, less batteries.* $77.50

GENERAL ELECTRIC

RADIO

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next week

"AFTER all," said Georgie, "whose wedding is it?" Nobody disputed that it was hers. Since early morning she had been bouncing around like a hunted rabbit, arranging everything, attending to everything—almost too actively for a girl on her wedding eve. An impartial observer might have guessed there was something she was trying to forget.

There were two things, to be exact. One was the very perfect fiancé she had picked out in order to prove to her sisters what she could get if she really put her mind to it; the other was the hurt look in Roddy Gillette's eyes. But in the end she had to deal with both of them—and did most effectively, as Gerald Mygatt tells you in "Wedding Day." For, although the bride disappeared, the wedding really *was* hers after all.

"WE SEEM to have forgotten that neither party is the government; parties are merely crews retained at the polls to operate the government." That's Harry Flood Byrd, former governor of Virginia, speaking. In an article that has the engaging directness of a blow to the chin he tells you just what the country has a right to expect from the Democratic party. "Now or Never," he calls it. And Mr. Byrd means just that.

ALL it took was one look at Marjorie. After that you had no choice. You just dropped everything and led a better, cleaner life thenceforth. That was the sort of girl Marjorie was. And that was why life became difficult for Tom Halliday when she dropped into his office and proposed a merger (read "marriage") so that she could give him a million dollars and he could go on playing polo. Dwight Mitchell Wiley in a sparkling short story explains just what became of "Marjorie's Million."

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE has written a brilliant short story of the moving forces behind the scenes at a national convention. When you have listened to the interview between "The Candidate" and the man who nominated him you will know that even a boss may have ideals.

WITH the problem of how to insure "Your Face in the Sun" becoming daily more pressing, we bring you the counsel and direction of Gwili André, whose perfect beauty captivated in quick succession both New York and Hollywood. Whatever your type or complexion or previous condition of sunburn, this daughter of the Vikings will tell you how you may appear to full advantage in midsummer.

JOHN B. KENNEDY, Clinton W. Gilbert, Lyman Bryson, Freling Foster and Alice Nielsen reach new heights in stories and articles. The serials add the stark drama of the East to the blithe comedy of the West. And if that doesn't satisfy you—

collier's

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this week

June 25, 1932

PETER B. KYNE
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EDITORIAL
Man Wanted. **Page 50**

●

any week

AT WEST LIBERTY COLLEGE, West Virginia, they are, according to Mr. Raymond Grove Hughes, offering a course in "the history and appreciation of current periodicals" on the theory that "they are rapidly and wisely replacing the textbook." We wish it the success it is capable of. In school we did not shine. Probably we were a bit shy of capacity. However it was, we know we have learned more at this desk than we ever did in a classroom.

DURING the past year we have received not fewer than fifty privately printed books, published by the authors at their own expense, setting forth the reasons and cures for the business depression. We have a feeling that this proves something. Of course we wouldn't know what it is; but we'd like to know who reads them and what they say.

AND Mrs. Thelma Burmeister of Cincinnati rises to the defense of Congressman Patman and the other fiat money giants. "Anybody who has ever tried to cut down expenses," says she, "knows that it is much, much harder to save money than to print it. To save you have to practice self-denial, self-restraint and have courage; the other way all you need is some paper and ink and a printing press. Any mule could furnish the power."

"WHAT?" cries Mr. Harry O. Drennen of Columbia, Pennsylvania. "No law forbidding these unpatriotic, obscene and constitution-wrecking wet-dry polls? Year by year we see the accumulating evidence that the drys lost more than a mere leader when that sagacious politician, Wayne B. Wheeler, died."

MR. S. H. ANKENEY of Dayton, Ohio, develops problem trouble. Observing that the manufacturers fight for a tariff, the unemployed fight for a dole, the farmers fight for a subsidy, the bankers fight for a guaranty from the treasury and the veterans fight for a bonus—who, oh, who, is willing to fight for the country?

"AND can it be possible," asks Miss Muriel O'Brien of Wheeling, West Virginia, "that Governor Roosevelt's forgotten man is that short-selling pool manipulator the Senate seems to have stopped hunting for?"

IT IS the opinion of Mr. Fred G. Huntington of Billings, Montana, that Mr. Hoover will be reëlected "because the Democrats will not have sense enough to nominate Mr. Newton D. Baker."

GIVING us an opportunity to set down the plight of Mr. Orson Detweiler of Chillicothe, Ohio, who says he has been voting for Presidents for forty years and hasn't once been on the winning side. "I'm getting tired of that," he assures us, "so if you can tip me off who is going to win, I'll vote for him just for the kick."

NO WONDER we were rendered a trifle groggy by Mrs. L. G. Van Horn's letter last week. Mrs. Van Horn writes scathingly from San Diego, California, to inform us that we are utterly wrong in publishing Mr. Lowell Mellett's article The Constitution Between Friends. It appeared in Collier's for October 9, 1920—a detail Mrs. Van Horn overlooked. But we congratulate her. She has a lot of good reading ahead if she sticks to her present course.

"DON'T take all the newspaper pessimisms seriously," writes Mr. G. O. Partin of Washington, D. C., who says his initials have no political significance. "Things might have been far worse in Congress. For example the House might have *increased* its salaries, but its love for the taxpayer came to the public's rescue. The boys did pretty well by us considering that their minds were on next November."

AS IF there weren't enough to argue about, the newspapers in Wisconsin are at one another's throats regarding the right of the students of the university "to question local influences they may regard as moral and otherwise."

"As if," repeats our informant, Miss Juliette Kiorsch of Madison, "there was some way to stop them."

"AND what," demands Mr. Al Mingin of Philadelphia, "became of that bill to pay the bonus to us men who registered with our draft boards but were never called? We too were willing and ready to help save the world. It wasn't our fault we weren't called."

"IF YOU have any doubts about what constitutes a 'public enemy,'" says Mrs. George F. Kohlzinger of Washington, Iowa, "you should listen to one of Smith Wildman Brookhart's campaign speeches. A 'public enemy,' is anybody who isn't going to vote for Smith Wildman Brookhart."

"STATE REPRESENTATIVE HORACE S. STANSEL of Sunflower County," writes Mr. Taite Lauren of Jackson, Mississippi, "tried to induce our legislature to buy a portable electric chair so that it might be wheeled around to electrocute criminals in the counties where the crime was done. But there seemed to be some fear that it might be rolled into the statehouse some morning and the boys got skittish."

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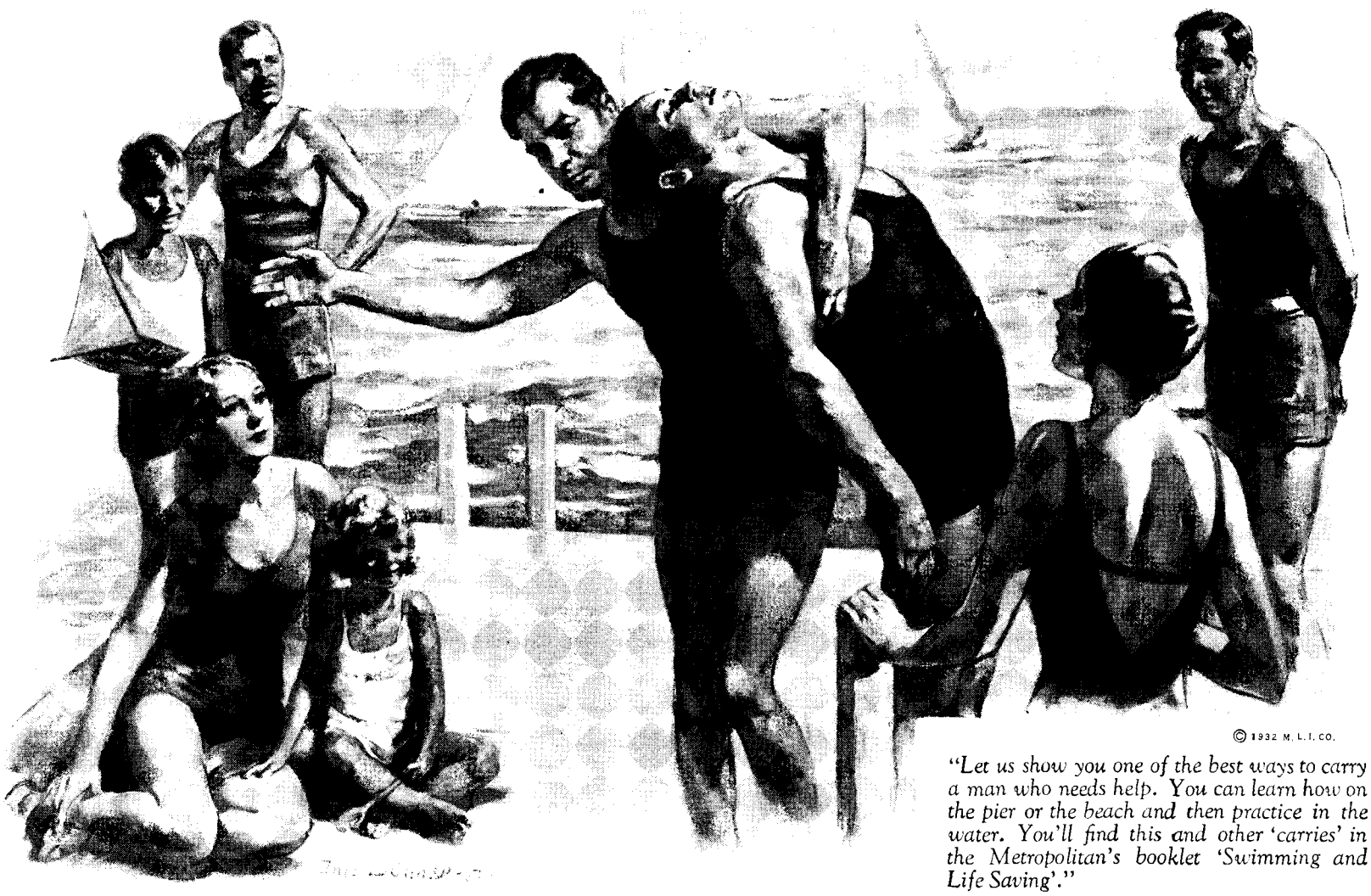
A Lesson in Life Saving



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"Let us show you one of the best ways to carry a man who needs help. You can learn how on the pier or the beach and then practice in the water. You'll find this and other 'carries' in the Metropolitan's booklet 'Swimming and Life Saving'."

OUT beyond the paddlers and bathers who cannot swim a stroke, you will find the strong swimmers who get the most joy out of clean, sparkling water. But swimming is more than a keen pleasure. It offers more opportunity for wholesome exercise for more people than any other sport.

Almost everybody who has correct instruction can learn to swim. When you swim you exercise practically every muscle in your body. You take deep breaths, expand your lungs and send your blood tingling from head to foot. And afterward, when resting in the warm, golden sunshine you soak up health-giving rays from the sun.

You may regard yourself as a fairly good swimmer because so far you have been able to take care of yourself. But if you have not learned to swim correctly you may be unjustified in your confidence. It is not difficult to correct swimming faults or to learn the proper arm and leg action and the breath control necessary in good swimming.

Foolhardiness and panic cause more drownings along the seashore and in lakes, rivers and ponds than exhaustion or cramps.

You may be perfectly willing to risk your own life to save that of another. But if you do not know how to go about it there is great danger that both lives will be lost. To save a life requires real skill. Prove whether or not you are competent by carrying ashore a friend who is not helping himself. If you find that you cannot do it, learn the proper life saving methods so that, if ever needed, you will be ready.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, in cooperation with the American Red Cross Life Saving Service, has prepared a booklet which will help you to learn to swim, if you cannot swim now. It shows the American Crawl used by champion swimmers and the proper Side Stroke to use in life saving. Send for your free copy of "Swimming and Life Saving." Address Booklet Dept. 732-C.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK N. Y.

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What other breakfast . . .

costs so little—gives so much?

This supreme quality oatmeal gives 25 nourishing, delicious breakfasts . . . at a cost of only 10 cents

YES, you *can* cut food costs in half. Yet give your family breakfasts with twice the nourishment. Just by serving flavory Quaker Oats regularly.

What Quaker Oats gives you

For this supreme breakfast is a storehouse of the same precious health elements found in far more expensive foods. It is rich in protein, the body-building element that makes milk, meat and eggs so valuable. Like fruit and vegetables, it provides minerals for good red blood. Like foods that cost 4 to 5 times as much, it gives concentrated, *lasting* energy. Yet 25 of these richly nourishing breakfasts cost only 10 cents!

Not like ordinary oatmeal

Don't believe any other oatmeals are like Quaker. For Quaker Oats are made by an exclusive process that gives a far richer, better oatmeal.

This Quaker process includes roasting the choice oats whole through 10 different ovens. This develops their natural flavor. Roasts them to delicate savoriness. Roasts the flavor in, so it can't cook out. Then you cook them 2½ minutes. And they're deliciously done—ready to serve.

What other breakfast is so quickly and easily prepared? What other breakfast gives such complete nourishment . . . yet costs so little! Get Quick Quaker Oats from your grocer today.

Try Pettijohn's . . . a delicious, old-fashioned rolled wheat cereal that cooks in 3 to 5 minutes. Makes dry bran eating unnecessary.

AS MILLIONS KNOW

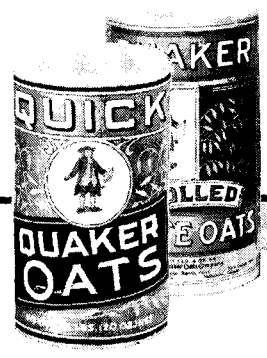
•

Only Quick Quaker Oats and Quick Mother's Oats give you these exclusive features

1 Choicest oats—we use only the best 10 pounds in every 32 pounds (1 bu.)—the rest is rejected.

2 Ten Roastings through different ovens
—to give richer flavor
—to cook deliciously done in 2½ minutes.

And in addition—30 to 40% more oat-flakes than many millers pack.



LISTEN to Phil Cook, the Quaker Man, and to Gene and Glenn, the Quaker Early Birds . . . over N. B. C. Consult your newspaper radio program for time.

QUICK QUAKER OATS *cooks in 2½ minutes*

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The love story of a rich young man whose father entrusted him to—

The Perfect Secretary

By Peter B. Kyne

WHEN he was fifty-seven years old Jeremiah Orcutt, who didn't feel a day older than forty, ran briskly up two flights of stairs in his home and collapsed on the second landing. The doctor went over him with his stethoscope and, when at last he folded the instrument and put it in his side pocket, said bluntly:

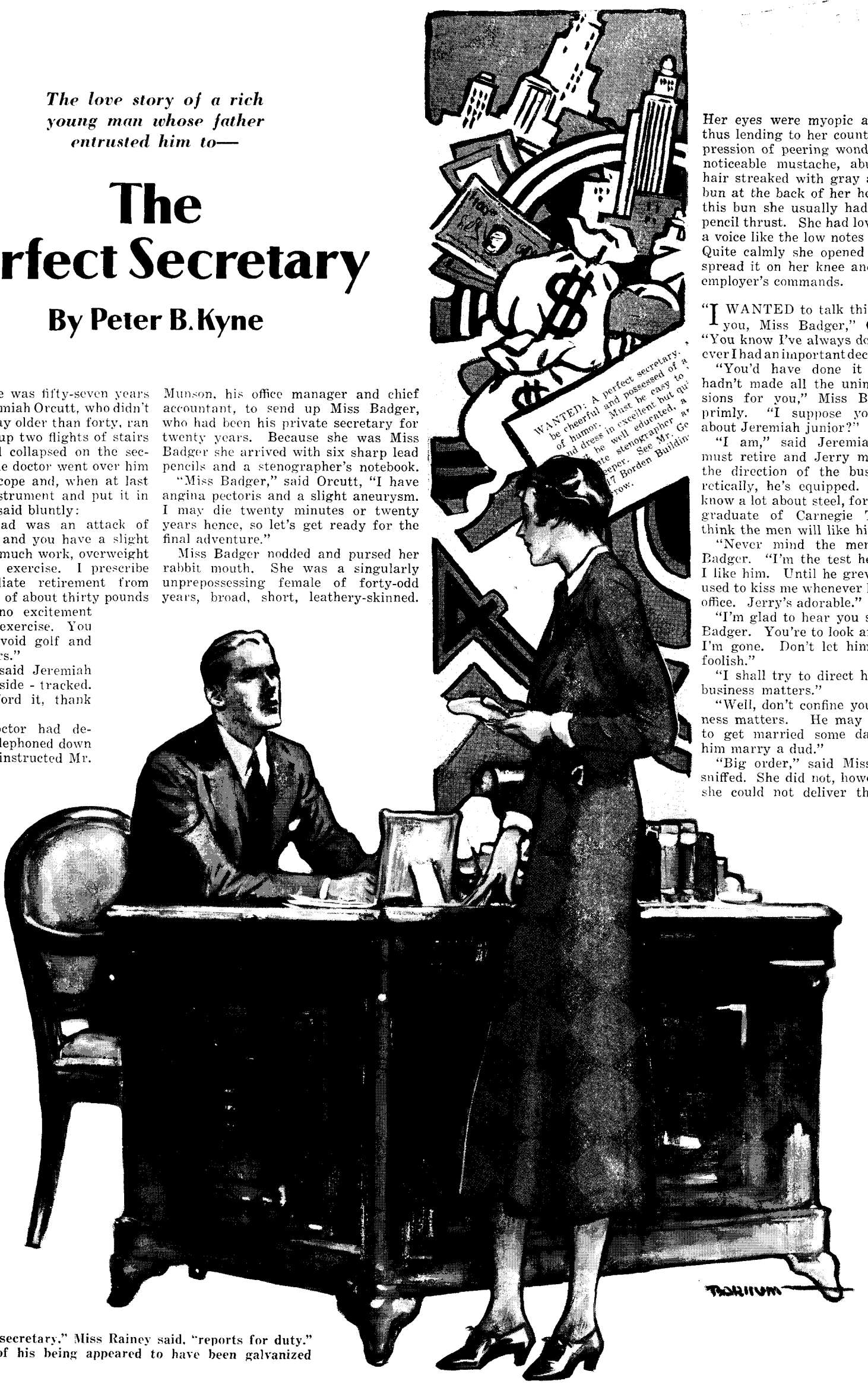
"What you had was an attack of angina pectoris, and you have a slight aneurysm. Too much work, overweight and not enough exercise. I prescribe for you immediate retirement from business, the loss of about thirty pounds excess weight, no excitement and no violent exercise. You will hereafter avoid golf and running up stairs."

"Very well," said Jeremiah Orcutt, "I'm side-tracked. Well, I can afford it, thank God."

When the doctor had departed, Orcutt telephoned down to his office and instructed Mr. Munson, his office manager and chief accountant, to send up Miss Badger, who had been his private secretary for twenty years. Because she was Miss Badger she arrived with six sharp lead pencils and a stenographer's notebook.

"Miss Badger," said Orcutt, "I have angina pectoris and a slight aneurysm. I may die twenty minutes or twenty years hence, so let's get ready for the final adventure."

Miss Badger nodded and pursed her rabbit mouth. She was a singularly unprepossessing female of forty-odd years, broad, short, leathery-skinned. Her eyes were myopic and protruded, thus lending to her countenance an expression of peering wonder; she had a noticeable mustache, abundant brown hair streaked with gray and worn in a bun at the back of her head. Through this bun she usually had a sharp lead pencil thrust. She had lovely hands and a voice like the low notes of a bass viol. Quite calmly she opened her notebook, spread it on her knee and awaited her employer's commands.


WANTED: A perfect secretary.
be cheerful and possessed of a
of humor. Must be easy to
nd dress in excellent but qu
be well educated, a
ate stenographer a
eeper. See Mr. Ge
7 Borden Buildin
row.

"I WANTED to talk things over with you, Miss Badger," Orcutt began. "You know I've always done that whenever I had an important decision to make."

"You'd have done it oftener if I hadn't made all the unimportant decisions for you," Miss Badger replied primly. "I suppose you're thinking about Jeremiah junior?"

"I am," said Jeremiah senior. "I must retire and Jerry must take over the direction of the business. Theoretically, he's equipped. He ought to know a lot about steel, for he's an honor graduate of Carnegie Tech. And I think the men will like him."

"Never mind the men," said Miss Badger. "I'm the test he has to pass. I like him. Until he grew quite big he used to kiss me whenever he came to the office. Jerry's adorable."

"I'm glad to hear you say that, Miss Badger. You're to look after him when I'm gone. Don't let him do anything foolish."

"I shall try to direct him wisely—in business matters."

"Well, don't confine yourself to business matters. He may take a notion to get married some day. Don't let him marry a dud."

"Big order," said Miss Badger and sniffed. She did not, however, add that she could not deliver that big order.

"The perfect secretary," Miss Rainey said, "reports for duty." Every fiber of his being appeared to have been galvanized

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"He'll need more help in business than I can give him," she went on.

"He's going to have it, Miss Badger. I want you to get in touch with the United States Appraisal Company and have them appraise my plant. Tell Munson to close the books on the last of the month and take inventory and prepare a statement. Then I will incorporate the business—sell it to the new corporation for its capital stock. I'm going to give a third of the stock to the old faithful Fidos who have worked for me all their lives and helped me over the hurdles, but you shall not have any of that stock. You'll get yours in another way."

MISS BADGER nodded her approval to that program, but added: "Stock to the three departmental heads. They are no longer young but they will last ten years, and after that Jerry won't need them. However, if I am to remain on the pay roll, you had better fix it with Jerry so he can't retire me on a pension. He'll want a younger and prettier secretary, of course. Only natural."

"Oh, well, you'll not care to spend your life working. After you see him well and sanely launched, Miss Badger, you should retire. You will be able to."

"Thank you, Mr. Orcutt."

"Jerry's at the Hôtel Splendide in Cannes. Cable him to come home at once." He glared at Miss Badger. "I'm not going down to the office more than once a week hereafter," he declared. "You run things—and if Munson tries to put it over you, don't pay any attention to him. He suffers from a frustrated yearning to command—and he is without the ability. The Standard Construction Company's account—"

"Paid in full yesterday. That last letter I wrote them brought them to time," Miss Badger interrupted. "Honest enough and capable enough but undercapitalized. Just require watching."

"Well, that's all, Miss Badger, except that I want you to go to my safe-deposit box and help yourself to two hundred thousand dollars' worth of those three-and-a-quarter-per-cent Liberty bonds. Shut up! I hate tears—and you've never wept in my presence before. I'm ashamed of you. Now, clear out and quit your blubbering!"

Miss Badger cleared out. "Lordy," sighed Jeremiah Orcutt, "I wish she'd fall in love with a blind man who needed a great soul to take care of him."

By the time Jerry, junior, got home Jeremiah Orcutt, manufacturer of steel pipe and steel plate, had been metamorphosed into the Orcutt Pipe and Steel Company, Inc.; in Jeremiah senior's safe-deposit box reposed an affidavit by him, to the effect that two hundred thousand dollars' worth of his three-and-a-quarter-per-cent Liberty bonds had been given by him to Miss Bessie Badger as a bonus for twenty years of faithful service. The handsome old house and its furnishings and objects of art had all been deeded to Jerry, subject to a life interest of his father in same. In fact, all that remained of Jeremiah Orcutt's estate were a million in sound bonds, his personal clothing and jewelry.

"Hit him again, Miss Badger, and harder! He's an idiot! And I've known it for six months"

Illustrated by Jay Hyde Barnum

"I THOUGHT," said Jerry, after greeting his father, "that you were going to allow me a year abroad, as a sort of postgraduate course."

"I was—and then I thought different. I have angina pectoris, with a slight aneurysm. Some day I'm going to sit down in a hurry and somebody else will have to pick me up. We'll try to fit you for the job you're to occupy, before I pop off, so tomorrow we'll go down to the plant and elect you president and general manager. But get this, young feller: You're a general manager in name only. The real general manager is Miss Badger."

"Good Godfrey, have you still got that old daguerreotype on your pay roll?"

"Yes—and she's to stay there until she feels like retiring. Jerry, I want you to promise me that, under no consideration, are you to supplant her. She's perfection in her job."

"O-w-w-w!" Jerry yowled. "I admit her good points but she's a terrible old frump—a frightful old piece of work to look at."

"Well, in her day, she's helped lead me out of oceans of red ink, my son. I know what's good for you and for the business I've killed myself creating for you. And now, more advice: Don't work too hard. Don't marry your business. Let your junior partners do that. Play a lot, enjoy life, watch your diet and take a lot of exercise. You can always run away for a week or two or three and leave Miss Badger in charge. You'll have just enough responsibility to keep you with a healthy interest in life. You're sitting pretty, and any time you find cockleburs in the seat of your pants it will be because you haven't taken Miss Badger into your confidence. I asked for your promise not to replace her. Do I get it?"

"I promise. Word of honor," Jerry answered. "She'll outlive me, of course, for daily contact with her will cut me off in my prime."

"She'll never bother you, Jerry. She's the sort that doesn't wait for orders. Sees what's to be done and does it—efficiently. Never restrict her duties. Give her a free hand. Let her do for you everything she has ever done for me, and you'll never regret it. If you're not good to her, my son, you'll be guilty of gross ingratitude."

"Whew-w-w-w!" said Jerry, and promised again. . . .

FIVE years later, when Jerry was thirty years old, Jerry senior's aneurysm was as big as a goose egg. And one night, in his own expressive terminology, he popped off. But before doing so he was happy, for he had Miss Badger's assurance that his son was a chip off the old block; she brought up to the house for his perusal the monthly statements of the company to prove it. One of the last questions the old man asked Miss Badger was whether any girls called his son on the office telephone.

"Oh, to invite him somewhere, that's all," she answered. "An unattached and charming young man is always in demand socially."

"Does he still give you a free hand?"

Miss Badger nodded.

"Lets you open his private mail?"

Again Miss Badger nodded.

"Nothing doing, eh?"

"No."

"The ungrateful pup might have shown me my grandson long ago. Ah, well, continue to look after him, Miss Badger."

AFTER his father's death Jerry merged his company with five similar companies on the Coast, all of which manufactured steel and iron products from pig iron and scrap metal purchased from junk yards. He took his payment in stock of the new corporation and remained, at an attractive salary, together with all his old staff, in command of his unit of the merger. The following year the merger sold out to the Steel Corporation and again Jerry took his payment in stock, but he was out of a job now, and so were his father's old department heads, although, thanks to following Jerry's lead (in reality Miss Badger's) they were all comfortably fixed for their old age.

The prospect of being out of a job agitated Miss Badger greatly. "Well," she demanded of Jerry, "what are you going to do now?"

"Take it easy," said Jerry.

"Nothing of the sort," Miss Badger countered. "You're too young, Mr. Jerry, to go to seed. Why, you're only thirty-two. You can keep yourself busy by opening an office, and from that headquarters you will invest your money prudently and watch it grow. I'll look after things for you."

"You think, then, that I should go into the market, Miss Badger?"

"Certainly. The greatest boom in history is now starting. You are bound to make huge profits. You will, of course,

(*Continued on page 29*)

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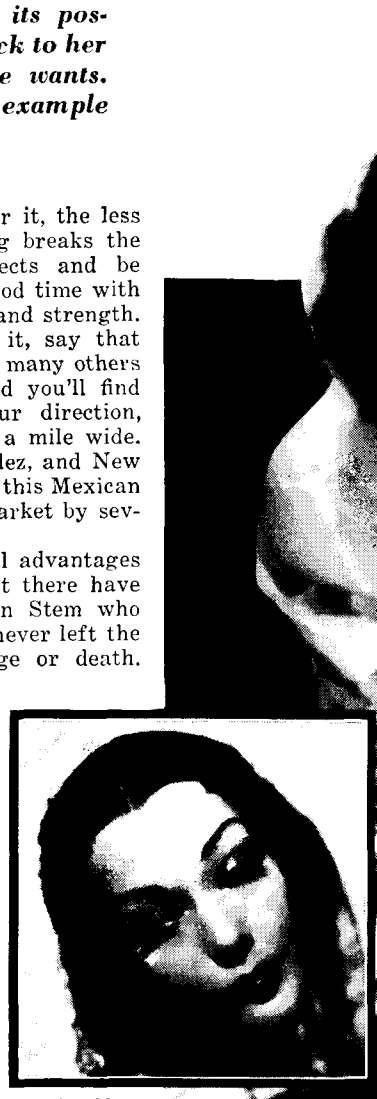
The Girl with one Talent

By Elizabeth Dickson

It isn't beauty. It isn't brains. It isn't ordinary charm. This thing called lure is a current that goes out from its possessor and brings back to her almost anything she wants. Take Lupe Velez, for example

THE more you try for it, the less you have it. Trying breaks the circuit. Forget effects and be yourself. Have a good time with all your heart, soul, mind and strength. Show that you're having it, say that you're having it. Take as many others in on it as you can. And you'll find people gravitating in your direction, even if you have freckles a mile wide. So, at least, says Lupe Velez, and New York at the moment thinks this Mexican whirlwind tops the lure market by several miles.

It's true she has natural advantages not given to all of us, but there have been beauties on the Main Stem who had a whole lot more and never left the chorus except by marriage or death. Eyelashes she can sit on and legs that make you sorry when she does—a voice with a husky, exciting quality—imitations that are animated caricatures—these alone would never have piled up a jam at the stage entrance. What the crowd gets isn't anything of Lupe that can be photographed or put in words. It's something she is and gives. Something that appeals to the elevator boy, the bank president, the débutante and the suburban housewife. If ever you saw a girl who was being herself, enjoying it and inviting the gang to the party—that's Lupe. She never acted in her life. And that's her secret.



Wide World

It's a pity that the audiences who go to Hot-Cha haven't seats equipped with television sets, for Lupe isn't on officially till the so-called plot sets the bunch down in her own hot-tamale locale. She's astray backstage among the lights, the pulleys and the scene-shifters, getting a seven-foot Hercules to massage the back of her neck. She breaks away to adjust the hat of a member of the chorus. She squeezes past a couple of Union Cards and a phonograph in the wings to sit on the floor in a whirl of skirts and look out through a crack because she loves the way So-and-so does such-and-such, and she gives a little shouting giggle that the front rows could hear if they listened for it.

The stage seems empty when she isn't on. Or rather, it seems what it is—smooth, easy-running showmanship. On she comes, and the topmost row in the balcony gets a shot in the arm. Talking, singing, dancing, imitating, this girl from over the border is having such a perfectly swell time herself that the gulf between audience and performer closes up. This isn't technique. It's a gift.

The funny part of it is that, as Lupe sees it, we all have the same thing. Not in the gorgeous Lupe package, of course. Nor with an equal amount of dynamite behind it. But in essence the same. The trouble is that we overlay it with bits of other people's formulas, self-conscious additions that break the current.

Underwood & Underwood

Acme

Lupe Velez, dynamic stage and screen star whose success secret is "Be Yourself!"

After the matinée, she's sitting in her dressing-room. Her make-up looks like a custard pie that has seen life, because a bunch of her friends from the chorus caught her coming out and rough-housed her through the hall with appropriate shrieks.

"Wasn't it mean of them?" she beams. "They know I don't take it off between shows. Now I'll have to."

Relations here are sufficiently unusual, but they keep on getting more so.

"They tell me all their troubles," she says, "and I say, 'You mustn't worry. If things turn out right, I'm glad. If not, it is destiny.' "

That's Lupe-lesson Number One. Carrying the moment-before-last around with you makes heavy going.

"These people who come to see me, they come for a good time. If I don't have a good time, they don't either. When I know they love me, I'm happy. Then they're happy, too."

Simple as that.

"No, I never try to change myself. I couldn't be Garbo. But it would be so dull if we were all Garbos! People like her because she's quiet and so beautiful. They like me because I have pep. They like you, and you, for other things. We must just be ourselves."

Make the most of what you've got, by all means. But be sure you glorify the thing you have; don't take a second-hand concept. Then go out and forget about it. The quickest way to make other people tire of looking at you is to get that slightly glazed expression that means you're looking at yourself.

A man comes in with a bracelet. Lupe has seen it before. It's two and a half inches broad, solid diamonds, and there are twenty-one large rubies.

"I am mad about that bracelet, just mad. I have bracelets from here to here, but I never have enough. I think I will give away that little one and get this. Are you sure it came from somebody who needs the money?"

Yes, it came from somebody who needs the money. Lupe will have two bracelets. One is diamonds and rubies; the other a sort of soul affair, because a girl she's never seen can exchange the bright hard stones of her heyday for cash to see her through her present difficulties.

Fantastic? Yes, she's all of that, and the despair of her press agent. She won't go to Social Register parties. But she got up a raffle for the chorus, made out the tickets herself and contributed a fur coat. To an interviewer, accustomed to pose, calculation, a soft mouth and a hard eye, books of press clippings all laid out and a National Gallery of photographs, all of the subject under discussion, she's a gift.

If you were a man and had the price, you'd undoubtedly buy her the bracelet. Being another woman, you catch yourself in one of the rarest of feminine emotions. You want her to have it. And when Godmother Luck has given anybody *that* kind of charm, so common in animals and children, so almost nonexistent in adults, there's nothing more to be said.

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Illustrated by Harry Morse Meyers

They were alone—a boy and a girl—in an immensity of water. That's how the story begins

Asleep on the Deep

By James Hopper

WHEN Ken Holbrook saw that the Sirius was really sinking, sinking under his feet, a wild exultation took possession of him. When he had embarked on the big liner for a winter cruise in pleasant tropic waters, he had certainly looked forward to some sort of a good time. For one thing, the voyage was not costing him anything, having been presented to him by his collegiate Uncle Ned in payment for ninety yards, run through a Crimson team in the Yale bowl last November. He had looked forward to some sort of a good time, but he had not expected anything like this. For the Sirius, having slid this morning over a submerged derelict, was now sinking. Sinking slowly, down by the head, and with S O S's sent out all too late.

So Ken stood at a point of vantage, and the deck stretched before him, desolate with loose, swinging davits above a sad disorder of small boats being lowered or lamely fending off. By Jove, she was really sinking! He was in a shipwreck! A sudden exultation possessed him, because he was young and strong and agile and a football player. Looking down upon the awkward, dazed passengers and the not-too-efficient crew, it came to him that of all that ship's population he was best made to survive. If out of this mess anyone survived, that one would be he!

He stood tasting out his exciting emotion for a rather long moment. Then it began to change within him. It began to change into an exalted, half-sad desire to serve. He now wanted to offer up this strength, this agility, this youth; donate them, dedicate them. Place them at the feet of one delicate and frail and, if possible, beautiful.

At that very moment, to this yearning, an object offered itself.

She was a young girl, of gracious silhouette. Upon the deck, twenty feet away, she had appeared as suddenly as if abruptly created there (she had really come up a companionway). She stood for a moment uncertainly, a very little girl against the background of mountainous seas; then she lowered her head a bit and came in his direction, demure, her elbows against her slim sides, and he sprang toward her with his body and his soul and his baggage of newly born devotion. "Let me help you," he said very fast. "Please let me help you. Please put yourself in my hands. Please let me take care of you. Please!"

She had halted. She raised her eyes to him, and they were small, dark-gray eyes, with short lashes that curved upward, and there were little freckles in the hollows of them, and also little freckles on her nose, and he found himself entirely liking all this right away.

"You'll do that, won't you?" he begged. "Let me take care of you. Please shut your eyes and leave everything to me!"

The eyes did not shut. Dark gray, they were taking him in serenely beneath those curved short lashes which were a bit like question marks. But she said quickly, "All right." And then, also quickly, "What do we do?"

He was immensely proud right away, as he led her along the deck, a capable hand between her bird-like little shoulder blades. "We're not going into any of these boats," he said, with decision. "I've been watching them. They are manned mostly by pantry-men and potato peelers. This is going to be a one-man party."

HE WAS six inches taller than she; his eyes, looking down, plunged upon a wild, sweet mop, close-bobbed, which pleased him extravagantly. But he noticed that, while he was dragging one along, she had no cork jacket. "Where's your cork jacket?" he asked, a bit severely.

She hesitated. "I thought—I thought it would be a nuisance," she said.

"You must have one," he decided. Happily, there was one, dropped by somebody, not far off. He trotted to it, and came trotting back with it. "Now," he said, and whizzed her swiftly along the deck to a secluded corner where there was a raft. It was a small doughnut-shaped thing, with two small oars, a small water cask, a small keg of hard-tack. "This is our ship," he said. "All we've got to do is stay in it till the rescue boats arrive. Just you and I."

He dragged the raft to the water's edge. The ship was sinking so gradually that it seemed really not the ship sinking, but rather as if they were on a beach with the tide slowly rising. "Oh, it's warm!" she cried in pleasure, as they stepped ankle-deep into the rising water.

"That's because we're far south," he said. "Besides, it's the Gulf Stream. We won't freeze. Just leave everything to me. You just wait and see. We'll get by fine."

He launched the raft and held it while she got in and settled herself. He got in, kicking away from the ship; he unshipped the short oars and rowed away with quick strokes. "Got to get away from that hulk," he explained to her between strokes. "She'd draw us down with her."

Away from the sinking ship's lee, which the wind didn't reach, the seas were big; but he was handling the funny craft masterfully. They were finally at a safe distance. He rested on his oars, well satisfied with himself. "We're going to be hunky-dory on this," he remarked. "S O S calls were sent out. By morning there'll be plenty of rescue ships here. It's a good thing we're not on one of the boats. They're undermanned. We're going to be just fine here, just fine."

At that moment he caught sight, under his armpit, of a great comber bearing down upon them from behind. He gave a sharp pull with his right oar—but too late. The doughnut raft yawed up the black side of a mountain of water, struggled for a moment at the top like an unbalanced tight-rope dancer, then, in a wide arc, turned over. Out and down into the sea went Ken and the girl.

He had seized her in his arms at the final lurch; for a moment he still had her, in the churn of waters below. But a fiercer commotion tore her from him. He groped frantically about. But only vainly, at emptiness and elusion; he could not find her. The last of the breath which he had taken down with him was about gone. He shot upward for more. But his head came up against something hard—the overturned raft. He was perishing for air. He knew that he must dive again to clear the raft, and swim underneath well to one side before coming up again for the air necessary to his life—a small matter—and his search—a poignant one.

HE WAS beginning to despair when the disorder of clashing waters which held him seemed to take a directive form. It was as if he were being pulled sideways by the leg, scraping along the raft's submerged side. And suddenly he was free and bobbing up in God's free air. He took a big gulp of it and was starting to claw down into the water again in his frenetic searching, when a hand on his shoulder detained him. And, turning his head, he saw the girl, there, above the water, by his side.

Her hair, that sweet, wild mane, wet in curls, said that she had been under water, but she did not seem to have been there so very long. She seemed to be waiting here, she seemed to have been waiting while he finished his squirmings down below. "Lord!" he cried. "I thought I had lost you!"

Her gray eyes lit up. "I'm not easy to lose!" they seemed to say.

They were bobbing up and down side by side in the agitated sea. It occurred to Ken that they knew very little of each other as yet. "What's your name?" he shouted, from the bottom of a trough, up to her, perched at the top of a swell.

"Genevieve," she answered, as she slid downward and he went upward. "Genevieve Parker!"

"Genevieve! I thought I had lost you!" he repeated, now at the summit while she was in the trough.

But the raft, tossing there before them, called them from this communing. They paddled to it, and Ken helped her clamber on and himself followed. They lay down, dripping, side by side. They were back on the raft, but were on the bottom of it. The water cask and the hard-tack keg were no longer with them, but if still along, because well lashed, were on the side where they could do no good. The oar tholes were down there, too, on the other side—on the right side which had become the wrong side. As for the oars, they had floated away and could be seen flashing now and then, not so very far, and yet as far as if it had been ten thousand miles.

It was not a perfect situation. But somehow, lying there side by side, per-

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force close, for their doughnut craft was small, they were not feeling very bad. They knew they should, but somehow could not.

"Genevieve!" he murmured, and she whispered back, "What is your name?"

"Ken Holbrook," he told her, and "Hello, Ken," she whispered.

The situation now ameliorated itself. Unmanaged from lack of oars, the raft decided to right itself. It placed itself at the very apex of a gigantic pyramidal wave and over it went. This time Ken had known what to do. The thing to do, he had decided, was to lean clear of the raft and its entanglements. Seize the girl in his arms, and leap clear—that was the thing to do.

But seemingly she had thought of it at the same time; or first. "Come," she called as the raft began to turn over, and held out her hand. Hand in hand they leaped, hand in hand they went down in the smother, hand in hand they came up, heads close, in the sag of a deep, black trough. A big swell, under their feet, substituted itself for the trough, and up they went, smiling into each other's eyes, up and up and up toward the sky.

They clawed back to the raft, and it was on its proper side again. "Now we're all right," said Ken. "We're on the same side as the biscuits and the water again." The water cask and the hardtack keg, still securely lashed, were there against their flanks. The tholes for the oars also had survived. But there were no oars; they still tumbled about in the billows well beyond reach. "It's just as well," said Ken. "It will be to this spot the rescue boats will be coming. If we had oars, we'd row. And if we rowed, we might row away from the right spot."

And he said nothing audible of another fact he was noting. That they had drifted away from all the boats of the vanished Sirius; that within the small circle of their horizon not a single craft showed. But he said it to himself. "We're alone! We two!" he said to himself. And thrilled with a somewhat illogical joy.

UPON which the doughnut raft began a passionate ascension toward heaven, then abruptly turned over once more, precipitating him and his joy and the source of his joy into the wet sea again.

It was of course the wrong side of the raft which they now regained. But this signified little. The matter was soon righted. In ten minutes the raft had capsized again.

And this went on as hour after hour slowly passed. Every now and then their miserable little doughnut craft capsized. They'd swim back to it, they'd clamber on again, they'd cling on, lying side by side—only to have it once more roll over and throw them into the sea. It was exhausting toil, and Ken's heart was sore for his little comrade. "It must be killing the poor kid," he kept thinking. "I must help her more than I do; I must find some way to help her more than I do." But wonder mixed with his compassion as the hours passed. Down they'd go into the sea. She'd come up and flick the water out of her hair with a half-joyous toss of her head. Then, hand over hand, a gay battle light in her eyes, she'd charge back toward the raft.

Late in the afternoon the same thought came to them together: that the raft was not a friend, but an enemy. It was killing them with its senseless thrashing; it had lost anyway, long ago, its water and biscuits. Their eyes met as they stood in the sea, into which a fresh convulsion had just hurled them. "Let's let the darned thing go," he said.

"Yes, let's let it go," she said.

So they remained as they were, standing up in the sea in their cork jackets; and the raft, tumbling and tossing, gradually drifted away from them, till they were alone in the middle of an empty ocean.

"This will be much better," he said. "After all, it is simply a matter of holding out till the rescue ships come. It's going to be all right; you just see, Genevieve. Do as I say, Genevieve, and we'll be all right—"

"Yes, Ken."

THE water was milk-warm; sometimes they did not feel it and seemed to be suspended in air. The sense of reality was leaving them. Now and then they tried to remember that perhaps they were dying, and that it was strange they should be dying together, they who had first come together only a few hours ago. But they could think this — and anything else — only very dimly. Toward sunset he began suddenly to sing the Boola Boola very loudly. He beat the measure as he sang, and at each beat brought his hand down upon the water in a loud splash. She looked at him in concern. He smiled reassurance.

"Simply feeling collegiate," he explained.

And the ugly fin which he had seen cruising back and forth, nearer and nearer, against the sunset sun, discouraged by this commotion, or by the song, finally set sail away from them and vanished. She had not seen—or he thought she had not.

And the sun set, and empurpled the waters in which they floated, and night fell, and then the moon rose and ensilvered it. The sea was going down. They were suffering from thirst, but

"Genevieve," she answered, as she slid downward and he went upward. "Genevieve Parker!" "Genevieve," he repeated. "I thought I had lost you"

neither was telling the other. A torpor was enwrapping them which was far from unhappy. She thought, "He's a sweet boy. Are we going to die together?"

"Don't get discouraged, Genevieve," he was shouting loudly. "The Sirius sent out calls. Ships will get here. Their boats will comb the sea for survivors. We must hang on. Don't give up, Genevieve!"

And suddenly he found himself with his face in the sea. There is no support for one's head in a cork jacket. If one's head falls forward, it goes into the water. He straightened up. "What the deuce." And in a little while, he found himself again with face in the water. "Good heavens!" he said ruefully, "I fell asleep!"

WELL, it was a good thing he had discovered this danger. To go to sleep meant one's head in the water, it meant death. He wouldn't go to sleep again. But Genevieve—slip of a girl! How weary she must be, how near exhaustion!

He drew her to him. He raised her a bit, and athwart his preserver; he lay her sweet head upon his broad shoulder. "This way, if you get sleepy, you can sleep," he said. "Go ahead and sleep, if you are sleepy. I'll watch out, I'll hold your head up from the water."

But now, strangely enough, he was walking across a meadow carpeted with daisies. He met a little girl at the corner of the woods, and he was a small boy. He picked flowers with the little girl, but she grew tired and lay on the grass, and he lay down with his head on her shoulder. He could feel her small shoulder sweetly rise and fall, he could hear the pulse of her small heart—

He woke up, not on a grassy meadow but in the sea. Genevieve was near. But her head was not on his shoulder; he could see it against the stars, there close, above him. His head lay on her shoulder. "Oh, my Lord!" he groaned, "I have fallen asleep again!"

"Sh—sh—sh," she whispered. "Don't move, it's all right—sleep again."

"NOT much!" he cried, shaking himself out of his ignoble coma. "It is I who keep watch!"

And he slipped from her shoulder, and drew her up, and replaced her head on his shoulder. "Sleep, sweet," he said. "It will be all right now."

But they were flying now. In a plane. She sat close to him as he kicked the rudder. But no, they weren't in a plane; they were birds. Birds on the wing, whirring, whirring side by side. They soared, they dropped, they lit on a cherry limb, their little beaks met. . . .

By its own boot-straps his consciousness pulled itself up out of the gulf, and emerged upon the moonlit sea. Against the stars he saw Genevieve, pensive and vigilant, there above him. His head lay on her shoulder. He had slept again.

(Continued on page 31)

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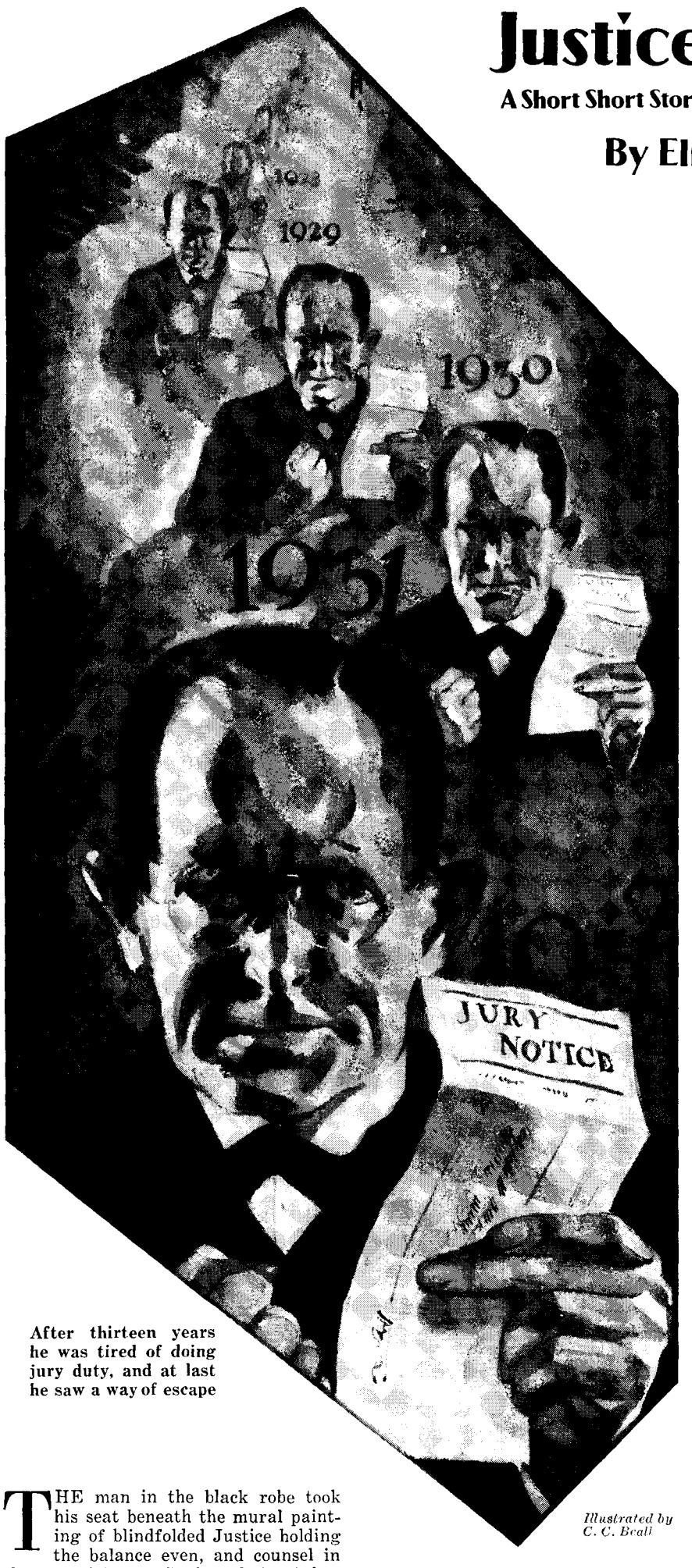
Justice is Blind

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Elmer Davis



After thirteen years he was tired of doing jury duty, and at last he saw a way of escape

Illustrated by C. C. Beall

THE man in the black robe took his seat beneath the mural painting of blindfolded Justice holding the balance even, and counsel in the case of Guff v. Ganley admitted that they were ready to proceed. The clerk spun the jury wheel, drew out a pink slip, called a name—

"Lucius P. Ringwalt!"

Mr. Ringwalt appeared. He stood with hand uplifted while an attendant mumbled something that ended ominously with "so help you God;" he explained, when questioned by counsel, that he was in the insurance business and lived on the West Side; that he did not know James Guff, the plaintiff, nor Ellen Ganley, the defendant in this suit, nor their lawyers, nor any of the witnesses; he might have read something about it in the papers, but could not recall. He had been a member of the jury panel for thirteen years, had frequently served in cases like this one for alienation of affections, and had no prejudice against actions for damages on that account. In short, the Average Juror; nobody was surprised when he was accepted, and sworn in as foreman.

Seating himself in the box, Mr. Ringwalt looked up solemnly at that picture of blindfolded Justice. You wouldn't have dreamed that it was his purpose to see Justice not only blindfolded but gagged and handcuffed; that when he had sworn to give his verdict fairly and justly on the evidence he had perjured himself; that he meant to do all that one man could to bring in a verdict so flagrantly unjust that it would cry to Heaven for redress. Whether that verdict would be for plaintiff or defendant Mr. Ringwalt did not know; it all depended on which one had the worse case. He had no animosity against James Guff or Ellen Ganley; but after thirteen years he was sick and tired of doing jury duty, and he thought that at last he saw a way of escape.

CALLS for jury service always caught him at the most inconvenient moments—when business needed his attention, when he hoped to get away to Florida for a rest. Did judges excuse him on such grounds? They did not; they only rebuked him sternly for his attempt to evade a civic duty. But worse than the inconvenience was the humiliation. None of his friends ever did jury duty; when they got a notice they gave it to the district leader, or to a young man named Eddie in the office, who knew somebody down at the courthouse; and they never heard any more about it. When his friends (good citizens, all) grew indignant over the acquittal of notorious criminals, and asked what else you could expect when juries were drawn from the dregs of the populace, Mr. Ringwalt kept his mouth shut.

But last week a judge—a new judge, not yet used to taking things as they came—had denounced a jury that brought in a particularly bad verdict; not only denounced it, but ordered that the jurors' names be forever stricken off the list of talesmen. And when Mr. Ringwalt discovered that this same judge was trying the case of Guff v. Ganley, he saw that if he could only accomplish a rank injustice he might be found unfit, thereafter, for jury duty.

You are shocked by his callous selfishness? Well, you wouldn't be if you had served on as many juries as Mr. Ringwalt. He knew that the average verdict in a civil suit is just that—an average of twelve divergent opinions; and that, so far as abstract justice goes, you might usually about as well let the plaintiff and defendant cut the deck for the high card. All that worried him while the jury box was filling was the fear that there might be so much right and wrong on both sides that foul injustice would be hard to attain.

Luckily, the evidence convinced Mr. Ringwalt that this suit was a holdup. Mr. James Guff, middle-aged and unsuccessful, had been employed as secretary by the wealthy Mrs. Ganley, renowned for her philanthropies; and had requited his benefactress by eloping with her eighteen-year-old daughter. When he took the girl he quit the job, and had been unable to find another; presently Mrs. Guff came back home and in due time sued for annulment of the marriage. Whereupon her husband retaliated by suing her mother for two hundred thousand dollars' damages for alienation of his wife's affections.

Mr. Ringwalt was afraid this impudent suit would be dismissed before it ever got to the jury; but the judge denied the motion for dismissal, and twelve good men and true retired with relief to a room where they could smoke. Right now, Mr. Ringwalt was aware, that jury was prepared to find for the defendant on the first ballot; to talk them into rank injustice was going to take all that he knew about human beings in general and jurors in particular. But if he could only manage it—

IN THE hours of argument that followed, Mr. Ringwalt rose to incredible heights; if he'd worked this hard at his business, he reflected, he'd be a millionaire by now. But he knew from thirteen years' experience all the different types of juror, and how to wear each one down; and as foreman he could force a vote when he might discourage the others by his stubbornness, and sidetrack the demand for a vote when he needed to keep on with his arguments. One by one he brought them around, till at last only one man held out for justice and Mrs. Ganley.

By now it was long past dinner-time; and Mr. Ringwalt shrewdly chose the moment for his final argument—that of course the verdict would be appealed and the higher court could cut down the award if it seemed too much. Weakened by that extenuating prospect, and by the vision of a beefsteak smothered with onions, the last champion of Justice surrendered, and the jury reported a verdict for the plaintiff, with damages of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

With well-concealed satisfaction Mr. Ringwalt noted that everybody was amazed—the judge included. The customary motion to set aside the verdict as contrary to the weight of evidence was denied—but that was usual; then came the notice of appeal, and then the great moment that would free Mr. Ringwalt forever from his humiliating servitude.

Mr. Ringwalt couldn't believe his ears; the judge wasn't denouncing the jurors, he was thanking them. . . . Slowly the courtroom emptied; Mrs. Guff broke away from her mother and began talking eagerly to the husband she had wanted to annul—but Mr. Ringwalt noticed nothing. He sat dazed and dumb, till a court attendant summoned him to the judge's chambers. In those sacred precincts the judge gave him a cigar.

"I suppose this is irregular," said His Honor, "but I wanted to thank you again for that verdict. I know it was your doing; as an old trial lawyer I can size up the different kinds of jurors."

"But you—you mean—"

"OF COURSE," said the judge, "they'll compromise—fifty thousand or so. But Guff and the girl can live on that and it looks as if they mean to try to. He's a bit old for her, of course, and she may have married him because he was the first person who'd ever treated her decently. But I have a hunch they'll get along; probably would have from the start if her mother hadn't fired him for marrying her."

"But Mrs. Ganley denied that on the stand, Your Honor."

"Perjury," said the judge. "If only the girl had been allowed to testify to certain conversations that had obviously taken place— Justice isn't blind; she's blindfolded, by the laws of evidence—but, thank God, this jury had a foreman with brains enough to see the facts behind the testimony. . . . Mrs. Ganley's the damnedest old harridan in town. Everybody who knows her has been hoping for twenty years that she'd get what's coming to her—but it took you to turn the trick. What this country needs," said the judge, "is more men like you—high-class, intelligent citizens who don't mind doing jury duty."

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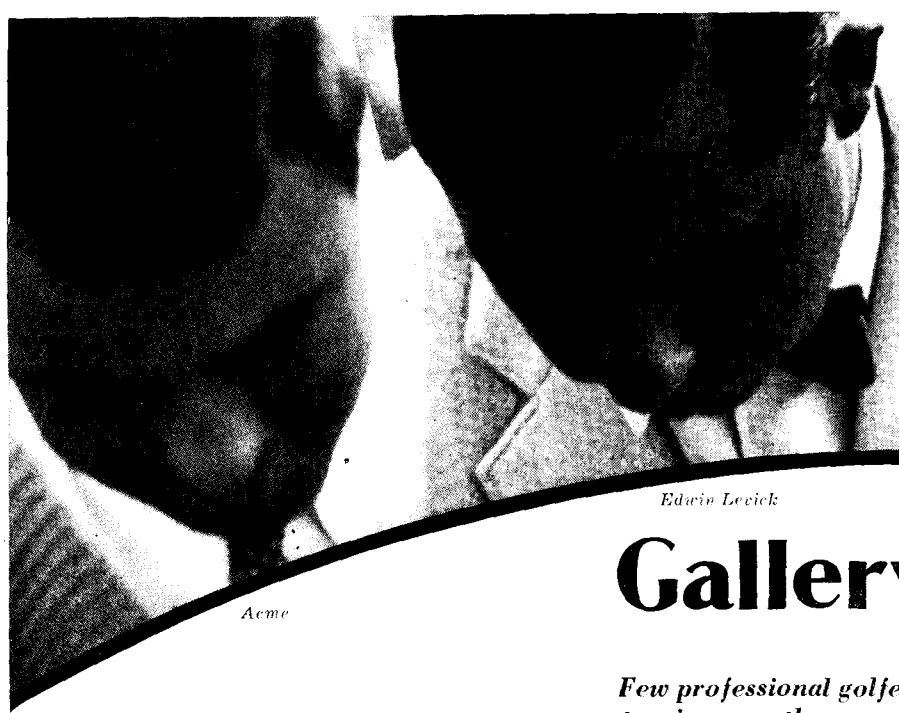
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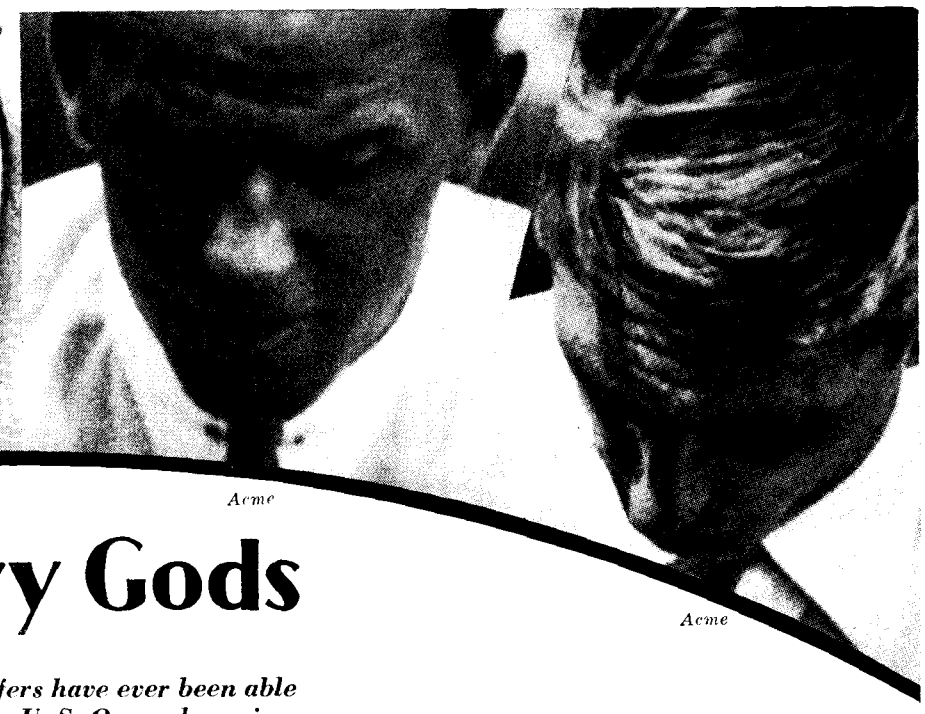

Edwin Levick

Acme

Gallery Gods

Few professional golfers have ever been able to win more than one U. S. Open championship. Still the veterans—and many rookies —are chasing this will-o'-the-wisp of golf

By Grantland Rice

WHAT are the thrills of an Open golf championship? Why is it one of the year's main sporting features? Well, picture a June morning at the Fresh Meadow course, Long Island, where the next U. S. Open soon will be played.

The first pair of players, survivors among the 160 who are still left from the thousand who tried to qualify, are ready to start. The official scorer and a gallery of just two members are accompanying this pair. This small gallery has traveled nearly a thousand miles to follow the fortunes of Mike Swish, home professional of the Hollyhill Country Club. His two club members are confident Mike has a great chance to win. Why, only ten days ago he shot the Hollyhill course in 65. Watch him! Why not?

Young Swish, nervous, eager, gets a great start. He is off to 4-4-4-3—and then something happens. He gets a 7 at the next hole and then a 6. Then another 7 explodes and by the ninth green young Mike Swish of Hollyhill is out of the championship. Young Swish and his loyal little gallery suddenly have discovered there is a big difference between shooting the home course in 65 and facing the nerve grind of an Open championship which even so great a golfer and so seasoned a competitor as Macdonald Smith has been trying in vain to win for more than twenty years.

Just ten years ago I saw another small gallery start out in support of Gene Sarazen, the young ex-caddie who had gone from Westchester County to Skokie. This time the young pro did not blow. The big galleries were with Bobby Jones and Walter Hagen. There were other galleries with Long Jim Barnes, Mac Smith and other famous veterans. But the small gallery with Sarazen hung on. It picked up several additions when the last round started.

The main stampede was still with Hagen or Jones. But as word went out that the twenty-year-old ex-caddie was burning up the Skokie course, even Hagen and Jones lost some of their cheering supporters. The big test came at the last green—the 72nd hole, 470 yards down through a valley and up a hill to the bunkered plateau. Would Sarazen crack at last? His gallery waited in suspense. A long cheer greeted his drive down the middle. An even louder roar followed his brassie shot to within twenty feet of the cup for a birdie 4—and a total score of 288.

Now we are back at Fresh Meadow, ten years later. The same Gene Sarazen is trying to repeat the great 72-hole march he made at the age of twenty. In those ten years the stocky Italian has come down the stretch like a prairie fire, starring in one big tournament after another. He has cleaned up from Agua Caliente to Florida. But as he stands on the first tee at Fresh Meadow, his old course, surrounded now by a far greater crowd than his Skokie delegation, he also sees around him ghosts and shadows—ghosts and shadows of tough breaks and lost timing at Inwood, Oakland Hills, Worcester, Scioto, Oakmont, Olympia Field, Winged Foot, Interlachen and Inverness. Sarazen at last has found out how hard it is to win—what a baffling mystery golf can be, especially championship golf.

Another gallery—this time banked around Tommy Armour, the lean Scot, one of the few immortals who have won both the U. S. and the British Open. Armour also has dash, color and courage. A bad arm and an injured eye, results of the World War, have not hurt his golf. Those in the crowd who know and understand move up closer as Tommy takes out an iron. They are keen to watch those two powerful hands whipping the steel blade through the ball, usually straight for the pin.

Armour also knows how hard it is to win. Few know the endless all-day battle he is having with a taut set of nerves. There is no greater golfer, no gamer one, in the world today—and yet a year ago, these unleashed nerves left him far down the list at Inverness. This after the strain and struggle of the British Open, which he had won.

Golf's Greatest Handicaps

And here are two other galleries with two men carrying the heaviest burdens of them all. The first is Bill Burke, the defending champion. The other is Macdonald Smith, one of the game's greatest masters, who tied for the title twenty-two years ago at Philadelphia without ever touching the top again in a U. S. Open championship.

Burke, cool, steady, in no sense flashy, is keen to be one of the few who have ever repeated. Willie Anderson did. So did Alex Smith and Jack McDermott. And finally Bobby Jones won in 1929 and 1930 before he retired. Burke is usually straight down the middle. He is a good iron player and better than good at chipping up close after a mistake. If he can only get his swing going he won't weaken. But that phantom of timing is beyond any man's guess.

Burke knows what hard going means. Just a year ago he had the championship won twice, when George Von Elm sank a pair of 12-foot putts on the final green to get birdie 3's and tie him up. It took 144 holes to settle that record war, but Burke stuck to his guns to the final putt in one of the greatest duels ever seen in golf.

The gallery around Mac Smith is the most sympathetic of all. No other rushing horde is pulling quite so hard for its favorite to win. Year after year they have seen this quiet Scot from Carnoustie, one of five famous golfing brothers, struggle in vain to break down the barrier.

Year after year, for nearly a quarter of a century, Mac Smith has come back to face that long green fairway leading away from the first tee, wondering just what new blast fate had in store.

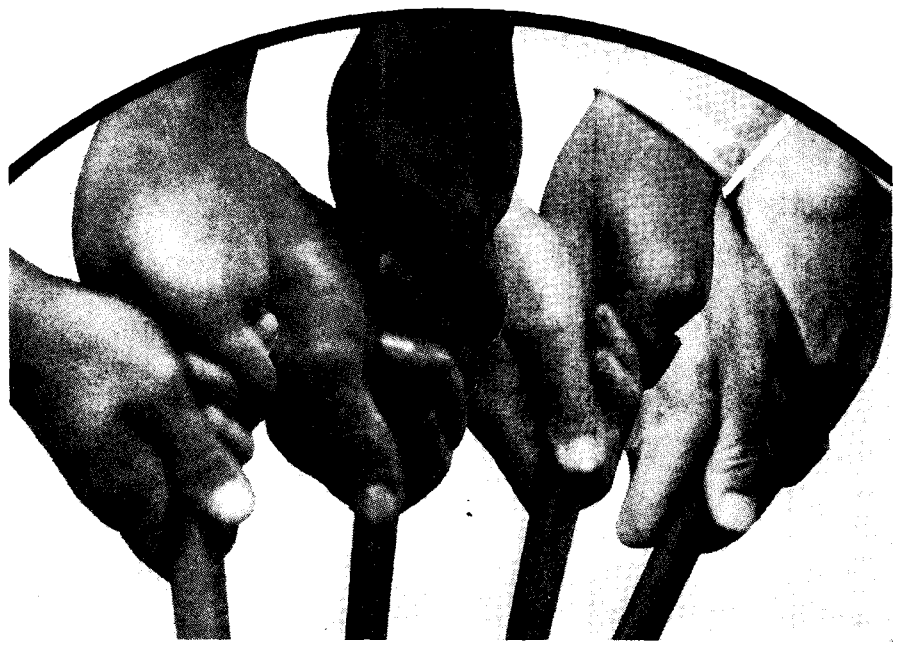
Old idols hang on. That other large, excited gallery is with Walter Hagen, one of the most colorful figures in golf. Powerfully built, Hagen lashes at a golf ball as John L. Sullivan once lashed at an opponent in the ring. Hagen won his second U. S. title just thirteen years ago at Brae Burn. He has conquered the British domain four times since that date and for five years in a row he dominated the P. G. A. field at match play.

His long record is amazing. But that U. S. title still dances away from him like a will-o'-the-wisp in a midnight swamp. If that smooth, flawless putting stroke would only return! His once greatest strength suddenly became his greatest weakness.

There they go—Burke, Von Elm, Mac Smith, Armour, Sarazen, Hagen, Farrell, Cooper, Diegel, Horton Smith and other veterans surrounded by a flock of younger players keen to enter that golden portal where from $20,000 to $40,000 in future rewards await the winner.

You see any number who can hit the ball straight and far. Why can't they win?

The strain finally becomes unendurable to all but a few, who finish at or around the top, and these survivors often are worn out and haggard, with their nerve reserve depleted to the last half-ounce. That's why Bobby Jones says he will never again face the punishment of that 72-hole, three-day agony from the first tee to the 72nd green.



Sarazen, Hagen, Burke and Armour, old-timers who will furnish an unusual background of drama in the 1932 Open

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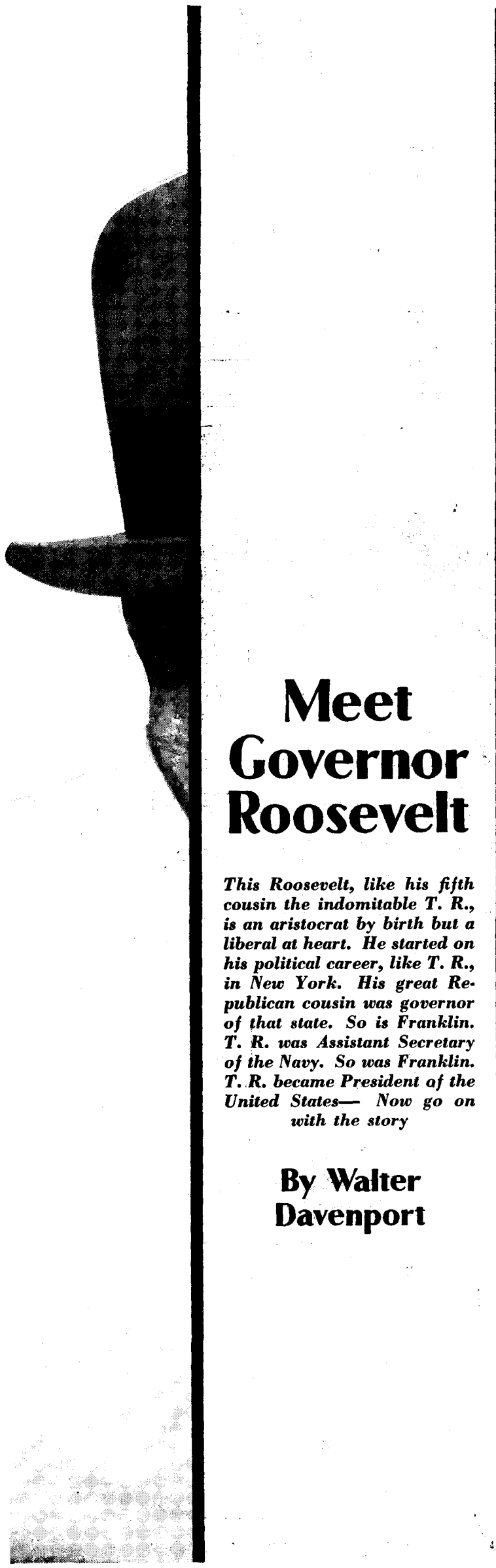


Meet Governor Roosevelt

This Roosevelt, like his fifth cousin the indomitable T. R., is an aristocrat by birth but a liberal at heart. He started on his political career, like T. R., in New York. His great Republican cousin was governor of that state. So is Franklin. T. R. was Assistant Secretary of the Navy. So was Franklin. T. R. became President of the United States— Now go on with the story

By Walter Davenport

WHATEVER the immediate future may hold for Franklin Delano Roosevelt, he cannot complain that he was not warned. And in ample time, too. When he was five years old, a comely child with flaxen curls and in manner and raiment a pretty tribute to the gentle influences of Kate Greenaway and Frances Hodgson Burnett, his father, Squire James, took him to Washington, where his hand was solemnly shaken by the ever-beset Grover Cleveland, President of the United States.

Mr. Cleveland was having a nasty time of it, what with his low tariff ideals, his civil service theories and Congress' disregard for his decision to interpret honesty as he saw it. He was pacing his office as the Squire and child entered. Placing his hand upon the lad's nicely poised head he rumbled:

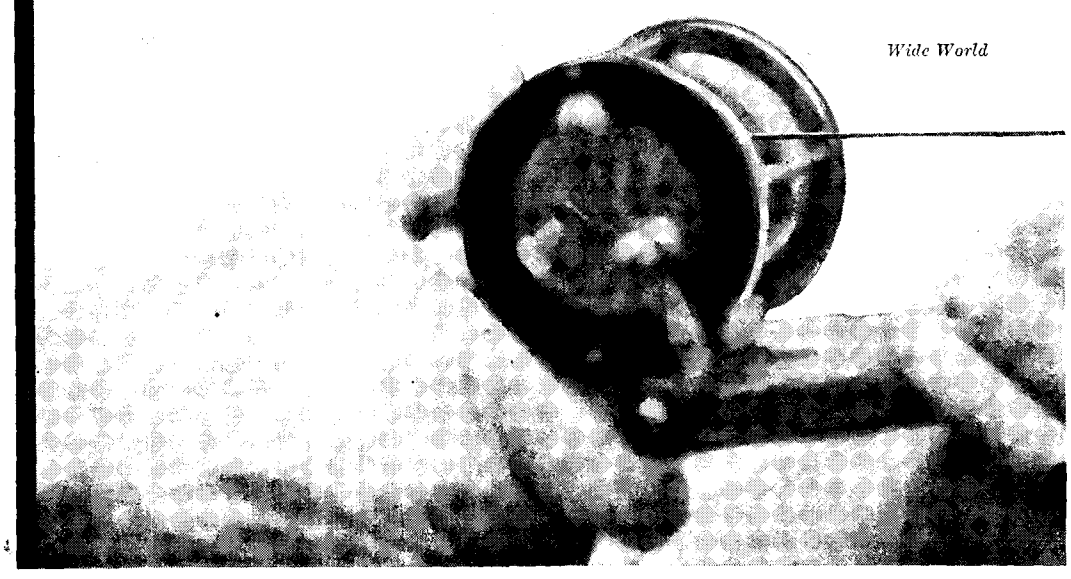
"I'm making a strange wish for you, little man—a wish I suppose no one else would make. I wish for you that you may never be President of the United States."

Whereat Mr. Cleveland and the Squire fell to the talk of men who knew the world. And the boy, Franklin, retired properly to a corner to be seen and not heard. And there, that we may skip the naturally interesting but for us unessential years of his youth and adolescence, we leave him.

But we pick him up again in 1910. It is unlikely that he had forgotten Mr. Cleveland's words, but here we behold him stepping out upon the sunny path that has led him to his current eminence. Somewhat to his own surprise and to the outspoken amazement of the Squire of Hyde Park (N. Y.) the young man had just been elected to the New York State Senate. Apparently everything except the temper of the voters had indicated the futility of his candidacy.

To begin with, he was a Democrat like his father, the Squire; and the district had been chronically Republican. Moreover, he was the callowest of political amateurs, this being his first bid for public office. Of course he wanted to win; that is why he was running. But the job itself was quite secondary in his calculations. He yearned for a public career, having elected that for his profession. He was a lawyer, having been graduated from Harvard and having then attended Columbia University's law school. But the law had not aroused his enthusiasm. Nor had he inherited his father's facility for commerce.

Whether he realized it or not, his opportunity was dead ripe. The electorate was tired of the arrogance of success-fattened Republicans who had frankly repudiated all pretense of sym-



Wide World

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pathy for mass ideals. The star of Theodore Roosevelt, Squire James' fourth cousin, was growing cold. His erstwhile following, the Bull Moose, had been shot off, neatly butchered and swallowed by the Old Guard while the Democratic establishment was dying of futility. It was too weak even to make promises. Bryanism was dead, supposedly exploded.

But a new voice with a fresh philosophy behind it was rising in New Jersey and a weary people were already talking of Woodrow Wilson and salvation. Here and there in the country new candidates, young men, were winning old seats in local and the national legislatures. And these upstarts were garnering the protest vote with words taken warm from the writings and speeches of the looming Wilson. Franklin Roosevelt was one of these.

The Magic of a Great Name

So the moment was most propitious for the bid of the Squire's son, who had an exceedingly bright and ever-ready smile, an ingratiating manner, a patent honesty and unselfishness of purpose and who spoke a naïve liberalism, a shiny idealism that was in the newest mode—Wilsonian. And his name was right too. Politically, his fifth cousin, T. R., had run his course, but his personality was marching on. The populace was lamenting the absence of the early Teddy and those furious gestures, but magic still radiated from his name. It was repeated without end during young Roosevelt's campaign that there was very, very little difference between his Democracy and T. R.'s early Republicanism.

He campaigned in a dragon of an automobile, a Red Devil no less, that threw up sky-filling billows of gray dust and blue carbon monoxide; but it was so conservatively piloted that not one farm fowl lost its life, an extraordinary record for those days. And it was not at all out of focus either that the young fellow should make his rounds in imported tweeds and a hyper-Harvard accent. Things like that were expected of the Squire's boy. James Roosevelt was in the country-gentleman mold, a transplanted Roger De Coverley, taking vastly more pride in his many rolling acres on the lordly Hudson, his velvety park with its ancient elms and stately mansion and his pampered herds than in his strong boxes crammed with railroad shares. And upon his son Franklin had descended a sort of aura of young lordship.

His campaign had a polite county-fair flavor. His speeches were velvety idealisms rather than concrete attacks upon the opposition. The farmers and small-town folk elected him as a rebuke to the Republican opposition and young Roosevelt accepted the verdict as a mandate. He had been "called" to serve.

We behold him then in the Senate in Albany. A tall, spare, terribly earnest man, pulsing with an exuberant eagerness to fight evil, whatever its shape or livery. Evil as he saw it.

At the moment, the current boss of Tammany Hall, a leaden, saturnine contract-jobber named Charles F. Murphy, was intent upon sending to the United States Senate a dapper lawyer, Mr. William F. Sheehan—Blue-Eyed Billy—who was not only terrifically popular in Tammany Hall but was the law partner of the Honorable Alton B. Parker, Democratic candidate for the Presidency in 1904. This was before the days of popular elections of senators.

Young Mr. Roosevelt had no sooner been sworn into his Senate seat than he enlisted in the anti-Sheehan forces, a tight little bloc of Democrats and Republicans that believed Mr. Sheehan was entirely too intimate with the financial interests of the railroads to be whole-souled in his championship of the common good. Not only did Senator Roosevelt join this insurgency but he became one of its most defiant spokesmen, freighting his speeches with quotations and references that left the Tammany boys limp, their jaws dropped. The story still lives, although it may be apocryphal, that one senator, an upstate vassal of Tammany, led the applause that greeted Mr. Roosevelt's maiden exhortation. When he was taken severely to task by a New York City member, who never applauded anybody but Mr. Murphy, he replied: "Well, how the hell was I to know which side the young feller was on?"

However, the anti-Sheehan bloc carried its point, Mr. Murphy withdrawing him and substituting Mr. James A. O'Gorman, to whom Senator Roosevelt had no objection. Yet, such was the impression the young fellow had made upon Tammany Hall that it was decided he should be cultivated.

Two brilliant members of Tammany's younger set were chosen to do the missionary work. One of them, Robert F. Wagner, is now in the United States Senate. The other was Alfred E. Smith, whose conquest of young Roosevelt was practically instantaneous.

Senator Roosevelt, after many years, was to become Al Smith's prophet, his knight-errant, his paladin. Thrice the enchanted patrician was to nominate the brilliant commoner for high office—once for the governorship and twice for the Presidency. And presently Al Smith, convinced that (wonder of wonders) he was about to hang his emblematic brown derby in the White House, sought to repay in some little measure the Roosevelt loyalty by drafting him for the governorship.

They were extraordinary political complements, these two. From Al Smith, Franklin Roosevelt learned virtually all the practical politics he knows. And in Roosevelt, Al Smith found a strange, compelling essence that was presently to wean him from his old standards and elevate him to a leadership of what more than fifteen million people hoped would be "the new freedom."

We lose sight of Franklin Roosevelt after his first year or so in the State Senate. We behold him occasionally thereafter bucking the will of the Tiger; but never sensationally.

Under the Wilson Banner

But in 1912, we see Franklin Roosevelt haunting the Wilson headquarters conferring with the luckless McCombs, Mr. Wilson's campaign manager, offering his services eagerly, freely, without specifications or reserve. He was extremely useful too, certain of Mr. Wilson's advisers suggesting that the likable state senator be commissioned to negotiate some sort of an understanding that would fetch Tammany under the Wilson banner. Mr. Wilson would have none of it—then or later.

In March, 1913, Roosevelt accepted Mr. Wilson's recognition of his enthusiasm. He resigned from the New York State Senate and took over the job that had been the springboard from which another Roosevelt had soared to the Presidency, via San Juan Hill. As Assistant Secretary of the Navy under the philosophic Josephus Daniels he did a sprightly job. It was a job he loved. The old sea dogs, full of brine and tradition, liked him too—detesting Mr. Daniels, the country journalist who, they complained, edited the Navy instead of administering it.

During America's participation in the Great War Mr. Roosevelt conducted himself with vigor and intelligence, snipping lots of red tape, founding the Navy Plattsburg, reorganizing the Naval Reserve, organizing the coast-guard anti-submarine patrol, inspecting our sea forces in European waters and generally endearing himself to the department by his dash and ability to goad the less precipitate Mr. Daniels to action.

Nineteen-twenty found him well in the van of those who had caught the banner of the League of Nations as it fell from the trembling hands of Woodrow Wilson. A less than sanguine Democratic party nominated James M. Cox for President and Mr. Roosevelt for Vice President and hoped fervently that nobody would bring up the League controversy. But Mr. Roosevelt at once brought Mr. Cox and the dying Wilson together with the result that Mr. Cox was converted. Together they stumped the country preaching internationalism and the Wilson idealogy.

Since then, and now conscious of the apparently fixed distaste of America for League membership, Mr. Roosevelt has abandoned the Wilsonian dream. Urged soon after he became an avowed candidate for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency, he gave his current attitude toward his old ideals. Said he:

"In common with millions of my fellow countrymen, I worked and spoke in 1920 in behalf of American participation in a League of Nations. But the League of Nations today is not the League conceived by Woodrow Wilson. Too often through these years its major function has been not the broad overwhelming purpose of world peace, but rather a mere meeting place for the political discussion of strictly European political national difficulties. In these the United States can have no part. . . ."

The thumping defeat of the Cox ticket retired Mr. Roosevelt to private life.

What might have been conclusive tragedy for a less courageous man, or for a man without the resources at Mr. Roosevelt's command, overtook him one afternoon at the Roosevelt summer camp at Campo Bello Island, New Brunswick. He became chilled. A brisk

(Continued on page 36)

As we go to press
Governor Roosevelt wires to Collier's:

This nation needs progressive leadership. We must recognize two parts of the problem:

First, adequate immediate national, state and local aid to prevent actual want in the present and immediate future.

Second, a comprehensive plan covering all phases of our economic and social difficulties.

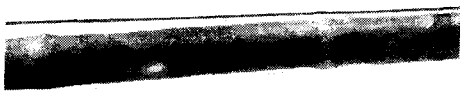
I can cite only one phase of this in this limited space. The farming interests represent half our population. They have lost buying power and this has been largely responsible for depressing industry. We must at once take the Farm Board out of speculation in wheat and cotton, try out a new plan to insure getting surplus crops out of the country without putting the government in business, and set up machinery to save the mortgaged farm by cutting down amortization and lowering interest rates.

These immediate steps must be followed by a land-utilization survey in order to eliminate marginal lands and start a very large reforestation and flood-control program.

Finally we must give assistance to those families in cities who may wish to return to good land.

I use these as illustrations of the broad planning and active leadership which must extend to all the other problems because it is clear that the solution lies not in opportunism or in last-minute remedies but in going to the sources of the trouble.

Franklin D. Roosevelt



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Hot Water

By P. G. Wodehouse

Blair Eggleston came running with a clothes brush in his hand.

The Story Thus Far:

WHILE sojourning in London with his daughter Jane, U. S. Senator Opal (who enjoys a drink as well as the support of a million "dry" voters) writes a letter to his bootlegger. Mrs. J. Wellington Gedge receives it, in error—Mrs. Gedge, who is plotting to make her husband American ambassador to France! The senator is in a tough spot. . . . Enter Packy Franklyn—young, American, rich. Packy learns of the situation. He learns, furthermore, that Jane is secretly engaged to one Blair Eggleston, serving incog as the senator's valet. Packy, too, is engaged—to the beauteous Lady Beatrice Bracken. But—

When the Opals go to France to visit the Gedges, Packy trails along in a yacht. Whereupon the excitement begins. Packy meets an old pal: the Vicomte de Blissac (Veek), France's premier drinker, who plans to visit the Gedges—whom he has never seen—*after* the big carnival, just starting. A large evening ensues. In the course of it Packy and Veek (intoxicated) meet Mr. Gedge (intoxicated) and one Soup Slattery, who, with one Oily Carlisle, is plotting to cop Mrs. Gedge's jewels. Mr. Slattery kindly offers to attend to any safe-cracking jobs Packy may have—and Packy has a bright idea. In the morning, he goes to Veek. "You're in great peril!" he exclaims. "You and Gedge had a fight last night. You almost killed him. The cops are after you. Stay right here. *I'll* go to the château, *as you!*" He then hies him to the château. "You're in great peril!" he whispers to Mr. Gedge. "You and the vicomte had a fight last night. You almost killed him. The cops are after you. I'll pretend to be the vicomte—and Mrs. Gedge won't learn the truth!" Like Veek, Mr. Gedge accepts the suggestion—with alacrity.

Packy, Jane and the senator meet. Misconstruing certain remarks by Jane, the senator thinks she is engaged to Packy. "Delighted!" he booms. "Now kiss." Orders are obeyed. The senator (who has been discovered in the act of prowling about the château—looking for that letter—by Medway, the maid) then lowers his voice. "We've got to look out!" he whispers mysteriously.

VI

STILL speaking in that low, bronchial voice, the senator proceeded to relate his story. He told of the purposeful dash for the Venetian suite, the successful discovery of the safe, the subsequent sensation of triumph and exhilaration, the walk on the terrace with chest out and chin up.

Then the recital passed into a minor key. He spoke of Medway and cigars, of Medway and enigmatic looks, of Medway and mystery novels, of Medway and parting words which if they weren't sinister, well, what were they?

"It's where these criminals try to burgle a safe in a country-house, little knowing that the blasted maid is a detective in disguise. Those were her very words, and I wish you could have seen the sort of flick of the eye she gave me when she said them. If she had told me straight out that she was a private detective, she couldn't have made it any plainer. I went all cold."

Jane was an optimist.

"Oh, she can't be."

The senator was a pessimist.

"She is, I tell you."

Packy held the scales between the two.

"It is quite possible, of course, that Mrs. Gedge may have engaged a detective to look after her belongings," he conceded. "But what this girl said was nothing but a coincidence, if you ask me."

"I don't ask you."

Jane said it was no use being a gump and losing your temper. The senator said he was not a gump and had not lost his temper.

"I am quite calm, perfectly unruffled. I am merely placing the facts before you, so that we may debate upon them and explore every avenue. All I am trying to get at is what we are going to do if this woman is a detective, and when I was a young man girls did not speak to their fathers like that."

Resisting an impulse to ask him to tell them all about when he was a young man, Packy frowned thoughtfully.

"I AGREE with you that it is a thing which we ought to know for certain before starting operations," he said. "This colleague of mine, of whom I have spoken, is a tough bozo, but I suppose even tough bozos prefer not to work in the dark. It would scarcely be fair to ask him to do his stuff in a state of uncertainty as to whether or not a female dick was likely to pop up out of a trap and make a flying tackle the moment he got in action. Grateful though he is to me, it might pique him if we let him in for anything like that."

"He means the man might find it awkward if there was a detective in the house," explained Jane.

The senator said he was aware that that was what Packy had meant. He also threw the butt of his cigar at a frog, hitting it on the nose and removing all its dubiousness as to what it proposed to do next. It made the bushes in two jumps, and Packy, who had employed the interval in tense thought, advanced a suggestion.

"Our first move," he said, "must be to find out about this girl. We must institute a probe or quiz and make her come clean."

The senator asked how the devil they were to do that.

"The problem," said Packy, ignoring his slight brusqueness, "is not so much 'How?' That part of it is simple. Obviously, somebody has got to ingratiate himself with her—not to mince matters, flirt with her—make love to her—worm his way into her confidence and get the truth from her. The question is—who?"

The senator uttered a sharp cry. For an instant, Packy supposed it to indicate the advent of one of those fits of berserk rage to which he was so unfortunately subject, and he backed a little to be ready for the rush. With a man like Senator Opal, you could never be quite sure when you might not be compelled to put in some shifty footwork.

But it was not fury that had caused the other's emotion. The cry had denoted inspiration.

"Eggleston!"

"Eh?"

"Eggleston," said Senator Opal, "is the man to do it. That infernal, ugly, idle, lop-eared valet of mine. Everything points to Eggleston."

IF HE had expected this ingenious solution of the problem to meet with unanimous approval, he was disappointed. Packy, it is true, saw its merits immediately. Apart from the fact that it was high time he started doing something constructive for the Cause, Blair Eggleston was ideally situated for the purpose they had in mind. He had endless opportunities of foregathering with this Medway, and what could be more suitable than that a valet should pass the time flirting with a lady's maid? There was a sort of artistic inevitability about it. It seemed somehow to round out the picture. As far as Packy was concerned, the senator had got one vote.

Jane was less enthusiastic. During her sojourn at the château she had had plenty of time to observe Medway, and the thought of Blair on chummy terms with one so attractive jarred on her sensibilities.

"But, Father! He wouldn't do it."

"Of course he would do it. If he has any fidelity or sense of duty in his system, he will jump at the chance. I've always treated the man with unremitting kindness, and if he won't do a little thing like this for me, I'll kick his spine up through his hat."

And in accordance with his customary method of summoning his personal attendant Senator Opal threw his head back and began to howl like a timber wolf, and continued to howl until Blair Eggleston came running round the corner of the house with a clothes brush in his hand. He had been some little distance away, but his master's voice was a carrying one:

"Come on! Come on! Come on!"

THE sharp dash which he had just taken had left Blair Eggleston short of breath. He stood panting like a marathon runner at the finish line.

"Now listen, you pop-eyed defective," said the senator.

The task of explaining to your valet that you wish him to make love to your

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Illustrated by Floyd M. Davis

"Now listen, you pop-eyed defective," said the senator

hostess' lady's maid, with a view to ascertaining whether she is a detective in disguise, is not an easy one. It might have baffled an ordinary man. Senator Opal was not an ordinary man. He did it in about sixty-five words.

"So there you are," he concluded. "Go to it."

"But . . ."

"Did you say 'But'?" asked the senator dangerously.

Jane felt compelled to intervene.

"I'm sure," she said with an apologetic smile, "you must think it an odd request . . ."

The senator would have none of this truckling.

"Never mind what he thinks. Let him go and do it. And what do you mean—'request'?"

"But, Father . . ."

"Can't waste the whole day talking. If there's anything the poor half-wit doesn't understand, explain it to him." He turned to Packy. "I want a word with you," he said. "Kiss Jane and come along."

There are few things which call for so nice an exhibition of tact as the kissing of a girl in the presence of her fiancé. Packy did his best to perform the feat in a manner calculated to cause the minimum of disapproval, but he was haunted by a suspicion that he had not quite got the sympathy of his audience.

Abstaining from glancing at young Mr. Eggleston, for, after all, he knew what he looked like, he followed the senator off the terrace.

IN SUSPECTING that Blair Eggleston might find matter for criticism in his recent performance, Packy had not erred. In the novelist's manner, as he now gazed at Jane, there was a quite definite suggestion of Othello. He breathed heavily and was, indeed, so overcome by emotion that he even passed the clothes brush absently through his hair.

"What," he asked, "is all this?"

Jane was soothing.

"I know it must have sounded odd, darling. But Father has got it into his head that Mrs. Gedge's maid . . ."

Blair Eggleston waved the clothes brush impatiently.

"I am not referring to that. This fellow Franklyn."

"Oh, that. Well, that's a long story. He has come here pretending to be the Vicomte de Blissac . . ."

"Never mind what he's pretending to be. He kissed you!"

If Jane had been soothing before, she was oil and honey now.

"Yes, I wanted to explain that. It's most unfortunate, but Father seems to think he is the man I'm in love with."

"I am not surprised, if you are in the habit of behaving toward *him as you did just* now."

"But, Blair, don't you see. . . ?"

"He kissed you!"

"Yes. Father insisted. You don't suppose I enjoyed it, do you?"

"I am not so sure."

"Blair!"

"I certainly did not receive the impression that you had any strong objection."

"Well, what could I do, with Father looking on? Did you expect me to scream for help? Or perhaps you would have liked me to tell Father that it's really you . . ."

THE remark had a sedative effect. The stern, accusing look in Blair Eggleston's eye, which would have recalled to a reader of the poetry of the late Lord Tennyson the celebrated scene of King Arthur's interview with Guinevere in the convent, gave place to one of positive alarm. An able student of psychology, like all Bloomsbury novelists, Blair had long since read his employer's character like a book. And what he had seen in that book did not encourage him to support any such suggestion.

"On no account!" he said hastily, turning a little green at the mere idea. His relations with Senator Opal had not been of such a nature as to lead him to suppose that the latter would receive with gratification the news that he was engaged to his daughter. "Do nothing of the kind!"

"Well, then!"

"All the same . . ." said Blair Eggleston.

He twirled the clothes brush thoughtfully. With his other hand he endeavored also to twirl his mustache, his invariable policy when in a dilemma. But there was no mustache to be twirled. In deference to his employer's outspoken statement that he did not propose to have a valet hanging around him festooned with fungus, he had regretfully removed the treasured possession.

"All the same," he said, "I strongly object to this kissing."

"Well, what can I do?"

"There can be no necessity for it whatever."

"Can't there? You should have been there the first time! Father was all set to strike Packy with some blunt instrument if he had jibbed half a point."

"So you have got to Christian names?"

"Oh, Blair!"

BLAIR EGGLESTON was not to be checked by any exhibition of feminine irritability. He swelled a little, and waved the clothes brush with a certain cold dignity.

"I do not think I can be said to be unduly exacting when I complain of this —er—of what is going on. And on one thing I must insist: that you see as little of this man Franklyn as possible. Personally, I am at a loss to understand what he is doing here at all."

"He has come to try to help me."

"Why?"

"*Because he feels I need help, I suppose.*"

"Oddly altruistic behavior in one who is virtually a complete stranger."

Pinkness, like the first faint flush of a summer dawn, had come upon Jane Opal.

"You needn't suggest . . ."

"I am suggesting nothing."

"What on earth is the sense of saying you're suggesting nothing when you're suggesting it with every word you say?" demanded Jane heatedly. She was a straightforward girl who disliked evasions. "That's just the sort of silly, idiotic thing people are always saying in your books."

"I am sorry if the characters in my books appear to you to be lacking in intelligence."

"Anyway, you're all wrong. I don't mean a thing to Packy . . . oh, all right, to Mr. Franklyn. Can't you understand that he's the sort of man who comes into a business like this just for the fun of the thing? Besides, he's engaged. You were there when he was telling us about it."

Blair Eggleston had forgotten this. He looked a little taken aback. He recognized that the fact weakened his position.

"So you see! Now perhaps you realize what a chump you've been."

Blair could not go as far as this.

"It is possible that I may have allowed myself to become unnecessarily . . ."

"Anyway, I should have thought you could have trusted me. I'm trusting you."

"In what way?"

"Letting you go off and flirt with this Medway girl."

The greater urgency of ventilating his grievance in the matter of Packy had caused Blair Eggleston momentarily to forget that he was a man with a mission.

"What *is* all that?" he asked with agitation.

"It's quite simple. We think Medway may be a detective. And Mr. Franklyn said the only way to find out was for someone to make love to her and win her confidence."

"It would be Franklyn!"

"It was Father's idea that you should be the one to do it."

BLAIR EGGLESTON choked. He had his personal views on Senator Opal and would have enjoyed giving them at some length.

"Well, I won't do it."

"You must!"

"I positively and definitely refuse."

"You've got to do it, Blair. You simply must. It's absolutely vital that we should find out about this girl. I do think you might do something to help. You've been about as much good so far as a sick headache."

What retort Blair Eggleston would have made to this thrust will never be known. It would undoubtedly have been something fraught with dignified

(Continued on page 38)

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The Young Idea

By Clinton W. Gilbert

THE nervousness of the Republicans at the mention of the name of Owen D. Young was relieved when Mr. Young wrote a public letter saying he could not accept the Democratic nomination for the Presidency, though the Republicans still wake up with a start at night fearing that the Democrats at Chicago may still draft him willy-nilly as their candidate. Just before his letter was published the White House was running around in circles trying to meet the issues Mr. Young was raising. One Republican leader exclaimed excitedly, "If Young is nominated we shall have to change our whole plan of campaign!" The fear of Young manifested itself in the studious avoidance of giving him any prominence in the White House plans to cushion the shocks of the depression.

When the moratorium was under consideration, the President relied upon Senator Dwight Morrow rather than upon the man who had a great deal to do with the negotiation of the Dawes plan for the settlement of German reparations—the author of that plan, according to Mr. Dawes—and certainly the author of its successor, the Young plan.

And this preference of Mr. Morrow was natural. The senator was a Republican and the nearest equivalent in the Republican party to Mr. Young, who is a Democrat.

The Republicans always looked in the direction of Mr. Young somewhat apprehensively, as if they expected something to come from his direction that might be disturbing. This nervousness about Mr. Young was illustrated when Senator Joseph T. Robinson suddenly proposed in Congress a large program of public works for the aid of the unemployed which would not only furnish employment for a million or so men but project a great buying power into the market for materials.

Now if this proposal had been just Senator Robinson's it would probably have been blasted out of the way. The administration was firmly convinced of the wisdom of its opinion that unemployment relief must be undertaken locally.

Informal moments with the neighbors at his home at Van Hornesville, New York

Underwood & Underwood

Owen D. Young

But the word had reached well-informed persons in Washington that Mr. Young was urging upon Democratic leaders in Congress a $2,000,000,000 bond issue for unemployment relief. Then the administration began considering extending the functions of the Reconstruction Corporation so that it could lend funds to states and perhaps cities for the aid of the unemployed.

Ten days earlier some of Mr. Hoover's Republican advisers from the business world, thinking the unemployment problem near a crisis, had been urging that the Reconstruction Corporation lend $300,000,000 to the cities to take care of their poor. The President, so far as could be learned, was still at that time adamant against the idea of Federal aid. Whispers of the Young plan caused, as I have said, serious consideration of a loan from the Corporation.

Senator Robinson made his proposal in the Senate. It was instantly recognized that Mr. Young as well as Mr. Baruch and ex-Governor Smith sponsored it. There were feverish conferences at the White House, and within forty-eight hours the President announced his plan, a billion and a half from the Reconstruction Corporation for the aid of the unemployed. The White House then sought the amalgamation of the Young-Robinson plan with the Hoover plan, with the united support of the two parties in Congress.

This was good politics. If the proposal of united action was acceptable to the Democrats it could be said, as one Democrat put it, that the Young plan was "just a plaster on the Hoover baby." I am not expressing an opinion on the relative merits of the two plans, I am just calling attention to the magic of a name, the name of Owen D. Young.

Mr. Young is a curiously unobtrusive person. His part in forming the plan was not announced. He apparently intended that it should be kept a secret. And so it would have been if it had not leaked out in advance that he and Mr. Baruch had been in Washington, repeatedly holding conferences with Democratic leaders there with a view to formulating a Democratic program of unemployment relief and business restoration.

Mr. Young in conference has been described to me. He sits silently smoking with a melancholy look upon his countenance. Every one who has ever taken part in a conference knows exactly what the course of conferences is. Everybody has his say or more than his say. Everybody sticks on some detail that is insurmountable to his intelligence. Some of the speakers solve the lesser details.

Finally there remains one detail—or it may be two details—that no one can solve unless there is some intelligence that cuts quickly, easily, and persuasively through the impossible. It is right here that Mr. Young begins to be heard from. He removes his pipe from his mouth and becomes animated. He goes at the big obstacle that no one else can surmount, and in a modest way suggests that it seems to him that the obstacle can be cut through or obviated in a certain way. And when the other conferees have heard him they wonder why a solution so simple never occurred to them.

Now the great obstacle to public works was that the Federal government could not start on a $2,000,000,000 public works program without wasting its money, without attempting to "squander its way to prosperity." The Federal government does not need $2,000,000,000 worth of public works. And there were two subsidiary objections: first, that Federal public works do not furnish employment where unemployment exists, in the big centers of population; and second, that with taxes what they are it is hard to add $100,000,000 or so to the annual debt service of the United States. The Republicans, whenever the subject of public works to stimulate business has come up, have been eloquent about these objections.

Self-Liquidating Public Works

Now, I can imagine Mr. Young when these obstacles confronted the conference that some time or other took place. Taking his pipe out of his mouth he begins, "Now let us see if there are not public works that are needed, that are near big centers of population, and that will pay for themselves and thus not be a burden on the Federal treasury. A vehicular tunnel under the East River between Manhattan and Brooklyn is needed, would pay for itself as handsomely as the Holland Tunnel under the Hudson does. I suppose all of you gentlemen know of bridges or tunnels that might be built near big cities in various parts of the country that would pay interest on the money invested in them and more too.

"Suppose the Federal government lent money to the cities or states and these works were built. Work would be furnished where it was needed and interest and sinking fund would be taken care of by earnings. And the entrance of the government into the market for labor and materials to the extent of $2,000,000,000 would stimulate recovery. It would furnish just what is needed to start the turn upward, somebody who is willing to buy."

This conversation is, of course, imaginary. But it took the acute mind of Mr. Young to discover that there are plenty of public works that can be built without burdening the Federal taxpayer endlessly. All that had to be done was to see that there was no insurmountable obstacle to the Federal government's borrowing and lending to states or cities, to see that the emergency was great enough to justify setting up a new precedent.

It is to him that is due the ingenious idea that the public works must be self-liquidating. The administration seems to have overlooked an opportunity when it did not draw upon Mr. Young more freely as an adviser. Its failure to do so has been the good fortune of the Democratic party.

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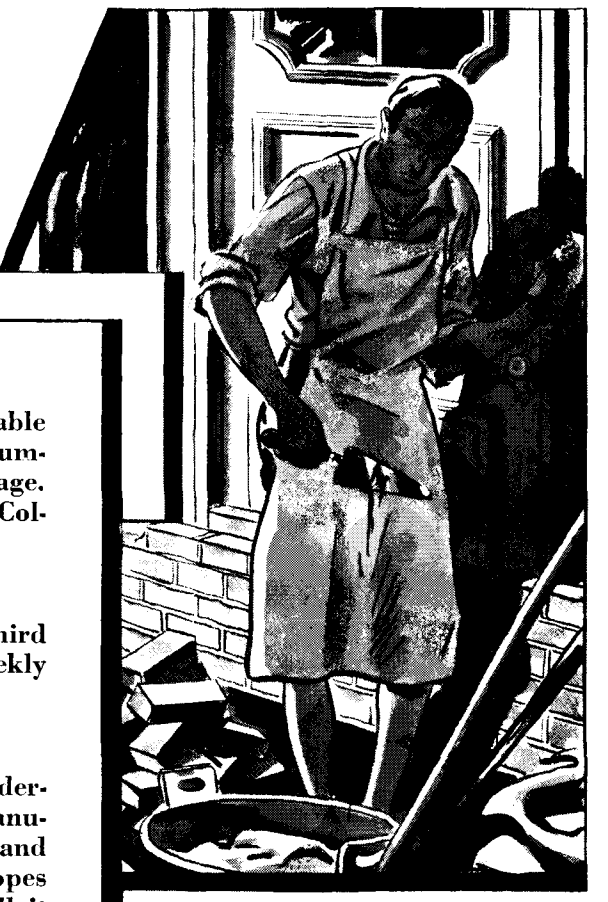

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ALONG time ago there lived near Vendôme a young couple of noble lineage, the Count and Countess de Merret. Theirs was the finest mansion for miles around. It stood on the banks of a river, surrounded by luxuriant gardens and orchards. The house still stands, but De Merret and his wife are dead; the house is empty, lifeless, moldering, cloaked in an atmosphere of tragic mystery.

Nobody knows for certain what happened to transform that opulent villa to its present mournful state. Nobody, that is to say, except Rosalie, who was the personal servant of young Madame de Merret and a witness of the decisive episode. Rosalie knows, and at length she has told.

So that now we understand why that pleasant retreat on the verdant brink of the Loire is abandoned; why young De Merret left his lovely wife and perished shortly afterward in Paris where he gave himself to a life of unparalleled excess. We understand the melancholy decline of the countess and, finally, her death of despair.

At the time of the De Merret tragedy there dwelt at an inn in Vendôme a young grandee of Spain, a prisoner of war. He was clearly a man of ample means, lived well, and was free to come and go within the limits imposed by his parole. Because he was a foreigner it was not thought strange that his habits should be outlandishly nocturnal and that he should be observed, on at least one occasion, swimming in the Loire by night. And it is significant that after his disappearance his clothes were discovered under a stone on the river's bank.

The good people of Vendôme concluded that he had drowned. But Rosalie, Madame de Merret's maid, knows that he did not drown and she knows the exact manner of his end.

In Madame de Merret's bedroom—which was situated on the ground floor of the mansion—there was a closet about four feet deep, set back in the thickness of the house wall.

Three months before the night of which Rosalie at last has revealed the dreadful secret, Madame de Merret had fallen ill. Her husband had, therefore, taken an apartment for himself, on the upper floor. He rarely entered the countess' chamber after dinner.

On the night in question, the count returned later than usual from his club. Instead of retiring straightway, as was his custom, he took a fancy to look in on his wife and spend, perhaps, a little time in tender conversation. His steps rang loudly as he approached her room. Just as he set his hand to the latch he thought he heard the door of her closet close.

He entered. The closet door was fast shut. His wife sat alone before the fire. She said, "You are very late!" Her voice seemed strange, and in her eyes he surprised a look of fright.

Rosalie, eavesdropping from the hallway, heard him say: "Madame, there is someone in your closet."

The countess, with infuriating composure and simplicity, replied merely, "No, sir."

De Merret was confounded. He did not believe her and yet he could scarcely bear to doubt, for he thought that he had never seen her more pure and saintly in demeanor. He turned toward the closet and would have opened it, but his wife took him by the hand and said: "Remember, if you find no one there, it is the end of everything between us!"

He looked at her fixedly and said, "Very well, Josephine. I know you are utterly devout and would not, at peril of your life, commit a mortal sin. Take your crucifix. Swear to me that there is no one in there. I will respect your oath. I will never open that door."

Madame de Merret took the crucifix and said: "I swear before God that there is no one in that closet."

The count said, "That suffices." Then taking the crucifix in his hand he said: "I have never seen this handsome bauble before."

"I bought it," she said, "from Duvivier. He told me he had it from a Spanish monk."

"I see," said De Merret, and pulled the bell cord. Rosalie answered promptly. He took her aside and said softly, "You wish to marry Gorenflot, the mason. But you have no dowry. I will provide it for you. Summon Gorenflot secretly and at once. He must bring his tools. You will both swear secrecy as to what is about to take place. Otherwise, no marriage, no affluence. Rouse the coachman and take my carriage. Bring Gorenflot. Hurry!"

When Rosalie returned she found De Merret and the countess conversing equably. Now, as it happened, the count had lately engaged workmen to replaster the ceilings of several rooms. And so it befell that there was plaster in quantities at hand. This circumstance inspired the design that De Merret was about to execute.

"Sir," said Rosalie, "Gorenflot is here."

The young mason entered. At sight of him the countess paled. The count addressed him. "Gorenflot," he said, "there are bricks and plaster in the coach house. Bring sufficient to wall up the door of that closet." Then, taking the mason to one side, the nobleman acquainted him with the conditions of his task and received a pledge of secrecy.

In the door of the closet were several panes of glass. Once, while the count's back was turned, there appeared behind the panes a man's face. It was dark and gloomy, with raven hair and eyes of flame. At that time the wall was half completed.

By dawn the closet was barred from floor to ceiling by brick and plaster. Rosalie and the mason were dismissed. Monsieur de Merret slept in his wife's room for the first time in months.

On rising, the Count de Merret said carelessly to his wife: "The devil! I must hurry. I have business in town." And as he was leaving he took the crucifix from its hook on the wall.

His wife thought, "He is going to ask Duvivier to identify it." When she was alone she summoned Rosalie and cried: "Bring a trowel—and a mattock. We can make a breach and mend it again before the count returns."

She attacked the wall furiously and had dislodged several bricks when the count entered stealthily. She fainted.

"Lay madame on her bed," said the count. And he sent for Duvivier. The jeweler presently appeared.

"Duvivier," said the count, "did you buy this crucifix from a Spaniard some time since?"

Duvivier examined the cross. "No, sir."

For twenty days the Count de Merret stayed with his wife in that room. Their meals were served there. During the first days faint sounds would sometimes issue from the space behind the wall of bricks. When the wife, at such times, implored her husband to be merciful, to take pity on the dying wretch within, the count invariably replied:

"What ails you, my dear? There is no one there. You have sworn on the cross."

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The Mask of Fu Manchu

By Sax Rohmer

The Story Thus Far:

SI-FAN, a mighty secret organization, is planning a world-wide revolution. The plotters *must* gain possession of certain "sacred" relics of El Mokanna, the long-dead "Veiled Prophet of Khorassân." The insidious Dr. Fu Manchu is its leader.

Sir Lionel Barton, noted Orientalist, has the relics. Although one of his associates is murdered while guarding them, he resolves to hold them at any cost. With the members of his party (Sir Denis Nayland Smith, a brilliant detective; Shan Greville, who tells the story, and his lovely *fiancée*, Rima Barton, Sir Lionel's niece) he goes to Cairo. There they are met by the famous Dr. Petrie, companion of former expeditions.

Weird adventures follow. . . . Greville, under the influence of a mysterious drug which puts him entirely in the power of Dr. Fu Manchu, hands Rima over to him. When the effects of the drug wear off, Greville remembers *nothing*, except that Fah Lo Suee, Fu Manchu's beautiful daughter, had some part in it all; and also at one time he heard a crippled beggar say: "He will be crowned in Damascus." Stranger still, he finds in his wallet a letter from Fah Lo Suee containing a tablet, which she urges him to take.

The search for Rima is frantic but useless. They dare not notify the police. At last Sir Lionel is visited by Fu Manchu's agent, Mr. Adrian Aden. As they have suspected, Rima is being held for ransom—and the price demanded is the return of the relics. Terms are made to meet in the King's Chamber of the Great Pyramid. Both sides agree on a ten-minute truce after the exchange, but Nayland Smith hides pickets in the hope that they will be able to recover Rima as she is brought to the Great Pyramid. But this plan does not succeed. *Nobody* was seen entering the pyramid.

Smith is perturbed. He stations Sir Lionel and Dr. Petrie outside and he and Greville, bearing the relics, go silently into the great tomb. Suddenly Smith speaks:

"Listen! Listen, Greville! Do you hear it?"

VIII

VERY dimly it came to my ears. From whence it proceeded I could not even imagine. . . . In those surroundings, at that hour, it possessed a quality of weirdness which was chilling:

The dim note of a gong!

Its effect was indescribably uncanny; its purpose incomprehensible. In the harsh light of the flashlight I saw Nayland Smith's features set grimly.

"For heaven's sake, what's that?" I whispered.

"A signal," he replied in a low voice, "to advise *someone* we are here. God knows how any of them got in, but you see, Greville, I was right. We are not alone!"

"There's something horrible about it," I said uneasily.

I glanced upward into the darkness we must explore.

"There is," Nayland Smith agreed, quietly. "But it has a good as well as a bad aspect. The good, that it seems to imply ignorance of our cordon; the bad, that it proves certain persons to have entered the pyramid tonight unseen by the pickets."

Silence, that dead silence which is characteristic of the place, had fallen about us again like a cloak. Honestly, I believe it was only the thought of Rima which sustained me. It was at this moment that the foolhardiness of our project presented itself starkly to my mind. To be here—it was madness!

"Aren't you walking into a trap, Sir Denis?" I said. "*I don't count from the point of view of Dr. Fu Manchu, but—*"

"BUT," he took me up, "as an expert, can you tell me how Dr. Fu Manchu's agents, having disposed of me here—which admittedly might be convenient—could hope to profit? At the moment, six men are watching the entrance. A further sixty are available if anything in the nature of an Arab raid should be attempted."

"I agree. But the *gong!* If they got in, unseen, surely they can get out?"

There, enshrined in the darkness, I saw El Mokanna!

He stared at me; his eyes were steely in that cold light.

"I had hoped you might have overlooked this fact," he said; "because it reduces us to our only real safeguard: the word of Fu Manchu! In all the years that I have fought for his destruction, Greville, I have never known him to break it. We shall go unmolested for ten minutes after Rima is restored to us! Then—unleash the dogs of war! Carry on."

"Ten minutes after Rima is restored to us!" . . . Did the light of his faith in the word of Fu Manchu truly burn so bright?

I led on and upward—and presently we found ourselves in that awe-inspiring black corridor which communicates with the short passage leading to the room called the King's Chamber, but which (as Sir Lionel has always maintained) in its very form destroys at a blow the accepted theory, buttressed by famous names, that this majestic pile was raised as the tomb of Khufu.

Automatically, I directed the beam of my light farther upward. That vast, mysterious causeway was empty, as far as the feeble rays could penetrate.

We mounted to the ramp on the left side and climbed onward. Ages of silence mantled us and, strangely, I felt no desire to give voice to the many queries which danced in my brain. An image led me on; I seemed to hear my voice speaking a name:

Rima!

I climbed more swiftly.

This might be a trap, but according to available evidence no one had entered the pyramid that night; but plainly I had heard the gong . . . and dervishes were gathering at Gîzeh—

We reached the horizontal passage to the King's Chamber; and instinctively both of us paused. I stared back down the slope as far as the light of my lamp would reach. Nothing moved.

"Will you be good enough to take over the duties of pack mule, Greville?" said Nayland Smith crisply.

HE HANDED me the case. The entrance to the place yawned in front of us. Sir Denis took an automatic from his pocket, examined it briefly and slipped it back. Then, shining a light into the low opening:

"Follow closely," he directed.

For one instant he hesitated—any man living would have hesitated—then, ducking his head and throwing the light forward along the stone passage, he started forward. I followed; my disengaged hand gripped my automatic.

I saw the end of the passage, as Nayland Smith reached it; I had a glimpse of the floor of that strange apartment which many thousands have visited but no man has ever properly comprehended; and then, following him in, I stood upright in turn.

As I did so, I drew a sharp breath—indeed, only just succeeded in stifling a cry. . . .

A bright light suddenly sprang up! So lighted, the place presented an unfamiliar aspect. No bats were visible. The chamber looked loftier, but for that very reason more mysterious. The lamp which shed this brilliant illumination—a queer, globular lamp—was so powerful that I could not imagine from what source its energy was derived.

It stood upon a small table, set close beside the famous coffer; and behind it, so that the light of this lamp shone up fully upon him, a man—apparently the sole occupant of the King's Chamber—was seated in a rush chair of a type common in Egypt. He wore a little black cap surmounted with a coral ball; and a plain, yellow robe. His eyes

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were fixed steadfastly upon Sir Denis.

It was Dr. Fu Manchu!

Nayland Smith stood quite still, the ray of his light shining down on the floor at his feet. Those incredible green eyes beyond the globular lamp watched him unblinkingly.

As I supposed at the time—although of course I was wrong—I had seen Dr. Fu Manchu once only in my life. And as I saw him now, an astounding change presented itself. That wonderful face, on which there rested an immutable dignity, seemed to be the face of a younger man. And the power which radiated from the person of this formidable being was of a character which I could never hope to portray. He seemed to exude force. The nervous energy of Sir Denis was a kind which could almost literally be felt, but that which emanated from Dr. Fu Manchu vibrated with an intensity which was uncanny.

HOW long a time elapsed in the utter silence of that strange meeting place before a word was spoken, I cannot say, but the dragging seconds seemed interminable.

The atmosphere was hot—stiflingly hot. My head seemed to be swimming. I glanced swiftly at Nayland Smith. His teeth were clenched tightly and I knew that his right hand, which he held in his pocket, rested upon an automatic. I could not guess what or whom he had expected to meet, but every lineament of his stern face told me that he had never anticipated meeting the Chinese doctor.

It was the latter who broke that unendurable silence:

"We meet again, Sir Denis—a meeting which I observe you had not anticipated. Yet you might have done so."

Fu Manchu spoke coldly, unemotionally and, except for certain gutturals and at other times an odd sibilant, his English was perfect, deliberate to the point of the pedantic, but carrying no trace of accent. I remembered that according to Petrie the Chinese doctor spoke with facility in any of the civilized languages, as well as in many savage tongues and dialects.

I had eagerly read all that my friend had written about him during the years that he and Sir Denis had warred almost constantly with their great adversary; my reading embraced hundreds of Petrie's notes which had never been published. Memories returned to me now, as I found myself face to face with this great but evil man. I wish I possessed the doctor's facility of style. His pen, I think, could have done greater justice to a scene in attempting which I find my own more than halting.

"You saw me in Ispahân," the calm voice continued. Its effect in that inclosed chamber was indescribable. "Prior to which, you had recognized my methods. You had tricked those acting for me, and I arrived too late to rectify their errors of judgment, for which, however, two paid with their lives."

Nayland Smith continued to watch the speaker, but uttered never a word.

"Perhaps my personal appearance in that street on the night of my second attempt to secure the relics was an indiscretion. But I had lost faith in my agents. You foiled me, Sir Denis. You saw me; I did not see you. You seem to have overlooked the fact that I walked without the aid of a stick. . . ."

Nayland Smith visibly started—but did not speak.

"Sir Lionel Barton's box trick," Fu Manchu went on—his peculiar utterance of the chief's name produced a horrifying effect upon my mind—"necessitated this hasty journey to Egypt, at great personal inconvenience. I arrived an hour after you. Therefore, Sir Denis, since you know with whom you are dealing, and since with my present inadequate resources I have none about me upon whose service I can rely, is there anything singular in my meeting you personally?"

"No." Sir Denis spoke at last, never taking his gaze from that lined, yellow face. "It is characteristic of your gigantic impudence."

No expression of any kind could be read upon Dr. Fu Manchu's face, except that his eyes—long, narrow and of a brilliant green color which I can only term unnatural—seemed momentarily to become slightly filmed.

"You have played the only card which we couldn't defeat," Sir Denis went on; "and here—" he pointed to the case which I had set upon the floor—"is your price. But, before we proceed further . . ."

I knew what he was about to say, and I said it for him, shouted it, angrily:

"Where is Rima?"

For one instant the long, green eyes flicked in my direction. I felt the force of that enormous intellect, and:

"She is here," said Dr. Fu Manchu softly. "I said she would be here."

The last words were spoken as if nothing could be more conclusive. I was on the point of challenging them, but somehow, there was that in their utterance which seemed unchallengeable. The crowning mystery of the thing presented itself nakedly before me.

How had Fu Manchu gained access to this place, the entrance to which had been watched from sunset? How had Rima been smuggled in?

"Your motives," said Nayland Smith, speaking in the manner of one who holds himself tightly on the curb, "are not clear to me. This movement among certain Moslem sects—which, I take it, you hope to direct—must break down when the facts are published."

"TO WHICH facts do you more particularly refer?" the Chinese doctor inquired sibilantly.

"The fact that an extemporized bomb was exploded in the tomb of El Mokanna by Sir Lionel Barton, and that the light seen in the sky on that occasion was caused in this manner; the fact that the relics were brought by him to Egypt and returned to the conspirators under coercion. What becomes of the myth of a prophet reborn when this plain statement is made public?"

"It will not affect the situation in any way; it will be looked upon as ingenious propaganda of a kind often employed in the past. And since neither Sir Lionel Barton nor anyone else will be in a position to *prove* that the relics were ever in his possession, it will not be accepted."

"And your own association with the movement?"

"Is welcome, since the ideals of the Si-Fan are in harmony with the aims of those Moslem sects you have mentioned, Sir Denis. Subterfuge between us is useless. This time I fight in the open. One thing, and one thing only, can defeat the New Mokanna . . . his failure to produce those evidences of his mission which, I presume, you bring to me tonight. . . ."

His strength, and the cool vigor of his utterance had now, as I could see, arrested Sir Denis' attention as they had arrested mine; and:

"I congratulate you," he said dryly. "Your constitution would seem to be unimpaired by your great responsibilities."

Dr. Fu Manchu slightly inclined his head.

"I am, I thank you, restored again to normal health. And I note with satisfaction that you, also, are your old vigorous self. You have drawn a cordon of Egyptian police around me—as you are entitled to do under the terms of our covenant. You hope to trap me, and have acted as I, in your place, should have acted. But I know that for ten minutes after our interview is concluded I am safe from molestation. I am not blind to the conditions. My safety lies in my knowledge that you will strictly adhere to them."

He clapped his hands sharply.

WHAT I expected to happen, I don't know. But Nayland Smith and I both glanced instinctively back to the low opening. What actually happened, transcended anything I could have imagined.

A low shuddering cry brought me swiftly about again:

"*Shan!*"

Rima, deathly pale in the strange light of that globular lamp, was standing upright behind the granite coffer!

My heart leaped, and then seemed to stop, as she fixed her wide-open eyes upon me appealingly. And Sir Denis, that man of steel nerve, exhibited such amazement as I had never known him to show in all the years of our friendship.

"Rima!" he cried. "Good God! Have you been lying there, hiding?"

"Yes!" she turned to him. I saw that her hands were clenched. "I promised." She glanced down at the motionless

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Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan

Dr. Fu Manchu remained alone in the King's Chamber, with the precious relics

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Born to Sing

The road to operatic celebrity is steep and rough. Miss Nielsen's path led through the Eden Musée and vaudeville. Here she tells you of her vicissitudes up to the time she joined The Bostonians

By Alice Nielsen

Alice Nielsen as Minna in Rip Van Winkle

THE Chicago Church Choir Company survived until we got to Salt Lake City. That it got that far or even half that far may be laid to the vast musical appetite of the provincial public of that day, to the kindness of audiences toward the efforts of children and, to a very large extent, to our own powers of endurance.

Being pretty well convinced that our quartet could not possibly continue much longer, I had written ahead to Salt Lake City, where Burton Stanley was holding forth in a season of comic opera. My appeal to him was brief and to the point: I could and would sing anything written for the soprano voice. His reply was equally succinct: There were no openings in his force but it was never possible to forecast beyond an hour or two what would happen to an opera company. Such was my confidence in myself and fate that this amounted to a promise of membership in his organization. Therefore, get to Salt Lake City as expeditiously as possible. I was eighteen years old, looked fourteen, and regarded myself as a Patti. Even a trifle better than Patti.

I recall that I was billed as The Little American Patti, which may have sounded a bit superlative to the author of that advertisement but did not summon a blush to my cheek. Patti, I told our management, was all right in her line; but what—just what—could she do that I couldn't? I had never heard Patti and don't remember having any great curiosity about the lady.

In Omaha we sang in the Eden Musée, where, for a dime, you could enter at any time and remain until you could stand no more. You not only heard the Chicago Church Choir Company sing an amazing variety of comic operas, cantatas, oratorios and popular ballads, but you saw a menagerie of wild animals, stupendous fat ladies riding bicycle races, Siamese twins, sword-swallowers, Jo-jo the Dog-Faced Boy, a gigantic tragedian doing Big Moments from Shakespeare and reciting such classics as Spartacus to the Gladiators and Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight (when sober), a four-part stock company in high-society dramas and, of course, all sorts of acrobats and equilibrists. Nobody got anything approximating an adequate salary for the prodigious amount of work he did, not even the piano player, a slight, blond youth who seemed never to stop.

Eugene Cowles, celebrated basso of The Bostonians

A Great Accompanist

If anybody in the Eden Musée had talent, this young pianist had. His was the most amazing versatility, commanding an endless repertoire. Apparently all musical instruments were submissive to his talent, and when, as sometimes happened, singers arrived without scores for what they wanted to give the audiences, he would merely nod at the name of the piece or the first few words and play it with utter unconcern and accuracy.

There are accompanists and accompanists. The great ones not only inspire the artist with confidence but so cover the singer's mistakes that none but the ear trained to music can detect error and rescue. Such was he. Somehow even his smile restored your slipping assurance. My first solo at the Eden Musée was Rossini's Inflammatus. An animal act followed me—four lions in whose cage a daring young man, as if to test their tempers, sang several songs and turned handsprings.

Such were the arrangements that virtually everything that was to appear upon the stage was always there, a series of drops and an intricate arrangement of wings separating lions, tigers, singers, comedians, magicians and acrobats from one another. I faced the audience for the first time alone with four apparently hungry lions at my back. It was bad enough to know that they were there, within a short snatch of my legs; but they had to make it worse by snuffling and chop-licking, with a growl tossed in now and then. I was supposed to bow to the audience before launching forth upon Rossini, but this, I calculated, was no place for such pretty gestures. The thing for me to do was to sing poised for instant flight and as near the open wings as possible.

Doubtless that piano player understood. But my voice refused to respond to his introductory phrases and he repeated them. I gave him a despairing look and then glanced fearfully over my shoulder toward where the lions were apparently getting hungrier by the moment.

"Sing," he cried softly. "Never mind the lions; they can't reach you. Anyway they haven't teeth enough for anything stronger than bread and milk. Sing."

So I sang, quaveringly at first, looking straight into his pleasant, amused eyes. Doubtless I made mistakes which he skillfully covered up. The audience recalled me twice, but it was he they were applauding, not I. You may have heard of him since. His name is Arthur Pryor.

Had Pryor directed the Chicago Church Choir Company from the beginning, we might have done better. As it was, he left the Eden Musée with us, and, although we disbanded in Salt Lake City, Burton Stanley—whose opera company was not in the best of health—took us into his organization and was overjoyed to get so talented an artist as Pryor. Yet for all of Pryor's genius, both our quartet and the Stanley company refused to be rescued. The latter was not a remarkable outfit in any respect except one: Stanley was his own prima donna, singing the soprano rôles in a powerful falsetto. His favorite part was Serpolette, the village baggage, in The Chimes of Normandy. I sang Germaine, the lost marchioness.

Singing in The Wigwam

But I didn't sing it long. Even a male prima donna failed to keep the audience interested to the point of paying to hear us; and when Stanley offered to pay my fare to Oakland, California, I leaped at the opportunity. Stanley planned to give Oakland a season of light opera. But there, too, he was short of the success he worked so hard for.

Within a month I was singing for Charlie Meyers, the kindly gentleman who owned and managed the famous Wigwam in San Francisco, a free-and-easy music hall where for ten cents one could hear an afternoon or night of vaudeville and for five cents more purchase an enormous glass of beer. Excellent food was correspondingly cheap.

One could entertain a large family party at The Wigwam for two or three dollars, including everything. There were menageries, Punch and Judy shows, dramatic sketches, condensed opera, ventriloquists, animal acts, acrobats, snake charmers, comedians, beer, all possible sandwiches, cigars and cigarettes—everything.

The odor of the place was never to be forgotten and never to be described. Ladies were invited to come wearing their aprons—and some did. Men were invited to remove their coats if it pleased them to. I can still see the male portions of our audiences tilted in their chairs, from the backs of which hung their coats, their sleeves rolled up, their hats on the backs of their heads, huge seidels of beer in their hands, roaring their favorite choruses with the singer on the stage.

(Continued on page 41)

Henry Clay Barnabee as the Sheriff in Robin Hood

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Almost Perfect

A mystery that could be cleared only one way. But leave it to O'Malley

By William MacHarg

Illustrated by Harry L. Timmins

In spite of my disbelief, my hair stirred when I saw that writing

"NOW I got a case," said O'Malley, "that has got everybody stuck. This is the case of that young lady that got murdered in a cottage up in Westchester, and them Westchester cops can't find who done it and have give a yell for help. Most of the suspects live in N. Y., so I get put on it. I guess you know about the case."

"Certainly I know about it," I replied, "and so does everyone else who ever reads a newspaper. She and her husband were living in a cottage on his brother's estate. There was a big week-end party at his brother's house and they went home from it early. After they'd gone to bed the cottage was broken into and she was killed and he was so badly wounded that he almost died. She'd had a checkered life before she married him and there have been family troubles since. She was killed more than a month ago and the police haven't even made an arrest."

"Well, I don't expect to make none either," O'Malley answered, "but I got to go 'round and make motions like a cop. That lady was a trouble-maker and plenty people might have wanted to get rid of her; but they can't learn if it was somebody out of her past killed her, or maybe one of the guests, or it might be even a member of the family. Here we are!"

We were at the Grand Central Railroad station, and a young man was awaiting us.

"This is Mr. George Bolder," O'Malley introduced him. "He's going out with us to show us how it happened."

I looked with interest at the husband of the murdered woman. There had been a family upheaval at the marriage. Mrs. Bolder had been many things before he met her and was working in a flower shop when he married her. He was about twenty-five years old and was pale from being in the hospital. His right arm was in a sling, but he had recovered from his wounds enough to be able to make use of it.

BOLDER did not believe that any member of the house party had killed his wife, for he had offered a reward of ten thousand dollars for the apprehension of her murderer. He had frequently said that he believed she had been killed by someone whom she knew before he married her.

"This must be solved, O'Malley," he said now. "Until it is, unjust suspicions will rest on innocent people."

We took a train to Westchester. The Bolder place was fine and large, standing on high ground overlooking the Hudson, with a big house and numerous outbuildings. Until recently the cottage, which was some distance from the house, had been under police guard, but now they had got all the evidence it offered and merely kept it locked. O'Malley had the key. It had one large room with an open fireplace, and on one side was a bedroom and on the other a breakfast-room and kitchenette. George Bolder had been here before, to describe the circumstances to the police, but the cottage could not help affecting him.

"We came home here," he explained unsteadily, "about midnight. The party at the house was still going on. I did not usually lock the cottage door, but I did that night, because there had been some drinking and I was afraid it might occur to someone at the house to play a prank on us. The windows were open but were screened. My wife was restless after the party and wanted to read in bed.

"The light annoyed me, so after a while I got up and closed the door between this room and the bedroom and went to sleep here on the couch. I awoke later and was aware of someone in the room. Naturally, I supposed it was my wife and spoke to her. When she did not reply I got up to investigate.

"THERE was a small fire in the fireplace and I could perceive dimly that the intruder was a man. My idea was that it was someone from the house playing a joke on us, but he seized me and I found that the struggle was in deadly earnest. We fought desperately about the room. I cried out to my wife for help but she did not answer.

"I did not know that the intruder had a gun until he pressed it against my breast and shot me. I fell with my body partly in the fireplace and became unconscious. The maid, who came later to prepare our breakfast, found me."

His right arm had been badly burned as he lay in the fireplace.

"You wasn't able to describe this guy?" O'Malley mentioned.

"I didn't see him clearly enough to do that, but I am certain he was someone I had never seen before. I am trying, O'Malley, to keep separate what I saw and knew at the time and the things I have learned since. I know now that my wife was dead at the time I called to her for help; and I have been told that the intruder entered through a bedroom window."

"Yeah, a screen was cut. It was cut from the outside because the ends of the wire turn in. There had been some trouble at the house party, I understand, Mr. Bolder?"

"Yes; my wife and my sister-in-law quarreled and my brother joined in. But there was nothing unusual in that," Bolder said sadly. "We came home early because of it, but the suspicion that my brother, or anyone else at the party, attacked us is ridiculous."

It was plain that the room had been the scene of a terrific struggle. A table was overturned and chairs were broken. We went around and looked at everything in this room and in the bedroom and the kitchenette. There was a burnt match in the fireplace and O'Malley picked it up; and there were some books on a shelf dealing with spiritualistic subjects.

"You interested in dead folks trying to talk to us?" O'Malley asked him.

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Wolf Meat

A story of love and courage in a day when might was right

By Harold Lamb

OUT of the mist the dragon's head appeared. Then came its body, long and low and lined with shields. From the mist it wallowed toward the shore. It turned into a narrow bay, long oars moving slowly like fins at its side.

So, upon a winter's noon when the snow lay deep under the firs, the dragon ship came into Thord's bay. The first to see it was a young girl, walking upon the outer wall of Thord's hall.

Bright quick eyes she had, and she knew well the like of ships. An instant she stared with a swift-drawn breath, and then was flying down the stone steps, her tawny hair twisting about her slender throat. Into the great hall she burst.

"My father, a Viking ship has put into the shore." And she stamped her foot. "Make haste!"

Sir Thord, a broad, mild man, reached behind his chair for his weapons. In other days he had fought off raids of the Vikings who came in their long boats from the northern sea. But of late he liked better to trade with them. Times were hard and he had few men to follow him when he went warfaring out of the manor.

Another man got to his feet. A champion he was, tall and dark, with a shield of arms embroidered on his long robe. He had fur at his wrists and throat, this Valgard—for he was the king's warden of the coast who gathered in tithes and hung up miscreants. Few could match him ahorse or afoot, with sword or axe or spear. A man of mark—a fine huntsman, and rich. He laughed across the table at the excited girl.

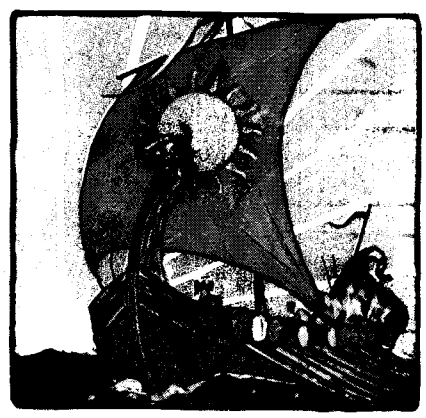
"God send," said he, "that this seafarer be the Red Elf. I have looked long for him."

THE girl Astrid had heard much talk of the Red Elf, who was the most elusive of the Vikings. Men said that he sailed all the seas, in any weather. He followed war like a raven, and he wooed the kiss of the young storm maidens adorned with seaweed. Some said that devils flew behind his sail, beating air into it with their wings. All agreed that he had the gift of foresight—he could see that which was to be. And a drunken Scot swore that he had seen the Red Elf land and flit over the snow more swiftly than a running horse. A hard man to lay hand on, this Red Elf who haunted the seas.

"What luck," muttered Valgard, while his squire laced his mail habergeon upon his shoulders, "that this Viking ship should put in while I am guesting here."

"Luck!" echoed old Thord, drinking from his goblet. The hall was full of the stalwart, well-armed liegemen of the warden. Two score and ten of them. They would be a match for a Viking crew. The warden had looked twice at Astrid, and had lingered here, after the storm that brought him to seek a haven had passed on.

Valgard said no word about the maid, but he lingered, and Thord bethought him that it might come to a match between them. A good thing it would be, too—if the proud Valgard should ask Astrid for his bride. Thord no longer had gold or silver in his chests. The fishing had been bad, and he could not pay the tithes the warden demanded.



Ay, by chance and misfortune the wolf of poverty sniffed loud at Thord's door.

TWO fishermen came running in with word from the shore.

"My lord," said they, "a Viking ship is at anchor by the rocks. Yea, 'twas harried i' the storm and seeketh meat and fresh water. Yonder seafarers will be after peace, and not war."

Thord looked up. "Will they trade?"

"Yea, my lord, that they will do. They have rich trove from other lands and they will trade this day for meat and drink, which they lack."

Valgard lifted his shield, smiling. "If 'tis the Red Elf himself, we must beware. He hath more tricks in him than a fox.

"Now I will tell you what to do. Send word to the rovers by these churls"—he nodded at the fishermen—"that you will keep the peace and in an hour you will come to the landing with cattle, wine kegs and grain. You will do this, but I will go with my liegemen into the wood beside the landing. When the Viking chief comes ashore I will sally out and make him captive. Then will we have some of his men and his trove that he brings ashore. And the devils left in the ship can do naught but row away."

Thord got to his feet uncertainly. He thought that the Vikings might be wolves; still, if they pledged a peace they would hold to it. But before he could speak Astrid was at his side, holding high her small head.

"Sir Warden," she cried, "this ship has come into my father's land, not yours. What do we know of this Red Elf—surely it may be another!"

"Hush, child—" began Thord.

"Why," she demanded, "do you not go, Sir Warden, with your armed liegemen and guard my father openly at his trading, so that no harm may come of this landfall?"

Valgard smiled, his eyes upon hers. "I will not have it said that I stood by with sword in sheath while the Red Elf fed and got away. We know not for certain it is he, but who else would come out of the sea at this time?"

The girl looked up at her father. "Will you do this?"

"Ay," said Thord heavily, and bade the fishermen take back the message of peace to the ship. He could not do without Valgard's help—and his wild girl had angered Valgard. She said no more, but when she would have slipped from the room, the warden laid hand upon her arm. At once she freed herself and sprang away through the door.

"Forgive her, my lord," muttered Thord uneasily. "I have spoiled the girl, I fear—"

"Nay, she is a beauty and knows it not." Valgard wondered why the image of this maid should be burned into his brain. She was willful, and untaught—a shabby little brat queening it in this dark, cracked hall. But the flash of her eyes, the soft gleam of her hair haunted his thoughts. What if she should be clad in brocaded silk—with pearls twined around that slim throat? What if her hair were shaken loose upon her shoulders, and color brought into the pale cheeks?

So Valgard mused, until it was time for him to set out with his men to the ambush in the wood by the landing. It would take him some time to work his way quietly around, through the trees.

Astrid was before him. In soft boots and flying cloak she flitted over the drifted paths. The firs, sighing under the wind, drowned the slight sound of her feet, until she came out in a clearing within sight of the shore. And then she stopped, frightened, hands pressed against her heart.

The man in the clearing had been amusing himself tossing pine cones at squirrels. Before he heard her, he sighted her figure moving toward him—and he turned, snatching up a long spear from the snow and poising it. Astrid thought to see it flying toward her. But he lowered it, looking from right to left. He came swiftly toward her.

HE HAD fiery red hair, cut short of his shoulders. Over his left arm hung a bossed shield with gold gleaming, and a long scarlet mantle. Gaunt and brown was the face from which his blue eyes glanced warily. But when he stood leaning upon the spear shaft before her, his eyes smiled.

A thought came to her. "Are you the Red Elf?" she asked, breathlessly.

He had the arm ring of a chieftain, and silver shone on his belt. Although he did no more than look at her, she felt afraid. "My name," he said slowly, "is Karli. But what are you?"

"Go back to your ship," she whispered. "Go back quickly, and away. One is coming in secret through this wood, and he will deal badly by you—and he hath fifty swordsmen to back him."

The Viking did not move. "Is it so?" he asked. "Yet just now the people of the manor sent a pledge of peace."

"I will not have my father foresworn and mocked by men. 'Tis the king's warden who comes by stealth, seeking to take the Red Elf, who hath a rare good price on his head, and is beside a playmate of fiends—"

DISMAYED, she stopped, wondering tardily whether this red-haired Karli might not be the Red Elf himself. She had looked for an old and crafty man, while this Viking was young and aimless enough to sport with the squirrels. Yet his spear had almost sped into her breast.

"Sit down," he said quietly, laying his mantle upon a rock, "so that we may talk. You must be Sir Thord's daughter?"

"'Tis so, and 'tis the truth I have told you. Go—call in your men and make away from the shore, or they will hang you."

"Listen," quoth Karli the Viking.

Anxiously she strained her ears, hearing a distant roar. "A heavy sea beats on the headlands," she explained.

"Ay, and we have come out of it well with our lives, into the shelter of your bay. For a day and the half of a day we have tasted no food. Now my men are eating snow. Think you they will put out again unfed?"

She noticed then that his leather jacket was stained, his hands cracked and bleeding. Had the dragon ship been out in that two weeks' storm? "What will you do then?" she asked.

"Talk a bit," he said gravely. "My neck, it is safe enough now that I have such a hostage."

For a moment she did not grasp his meaning, and he began to speak of the Red Elf. "So the landsmen call him. Now the truth is, that *he* is son of the slain Earl of the Norsemen, and the price has been put upon his head by his foes, who would like well to send the son

The warden had looked twice at Astrid, and had lingered

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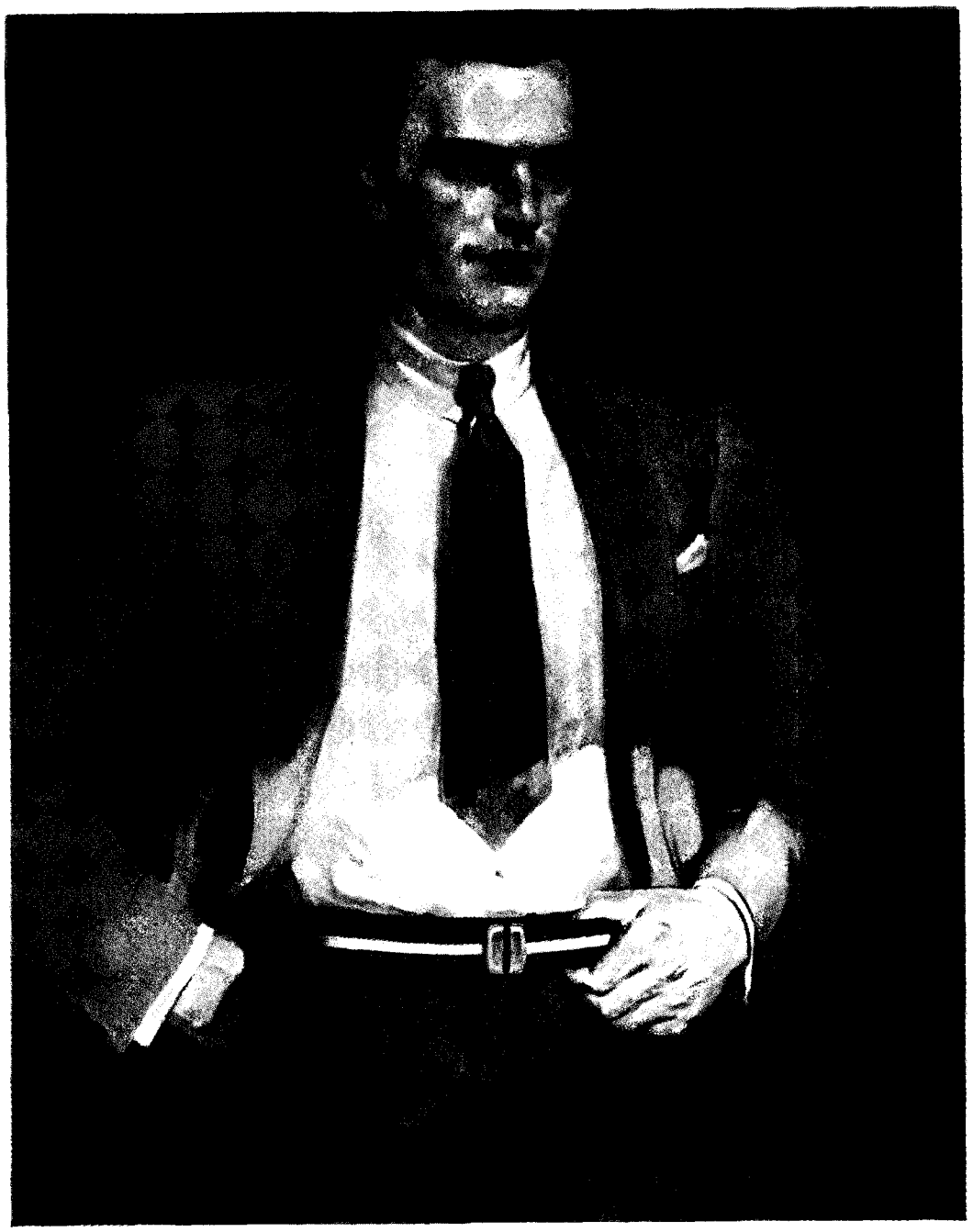

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Hickok style observers report an unprecedented swing toward clothes and accessories that add life and color to men's dress.

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In belts—the preference seems to be for two types—a plain stripe effect—and a check pattern—both in two color combinations—black and white or tan and white.

•

Hickok's interpretations are shown in the handsome Henley models pictured below. This summer you will see the Henley at the National Open, The United Hunts Meet, the Olympics—you will see it in Wall Street and on Park Avenue.

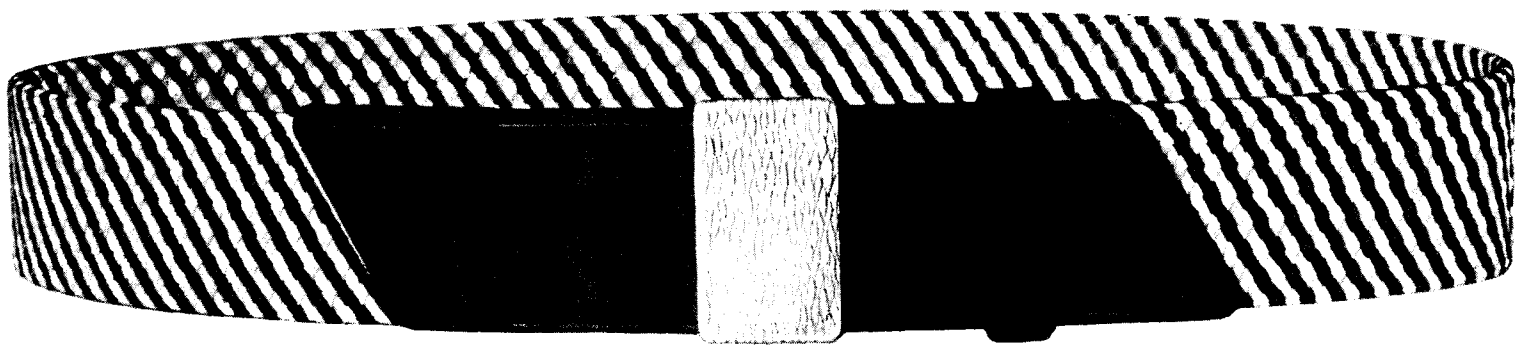
•

The prices are also an innovation—The Henley "Stripe", a belt of full grain cowhide with initial buckle of Hickok Duro (silver) plate, complete for $1.50. The Henley "Check", an attractive belt of heavy, rayon fabric, trimmed with full-grain cowhide, and buckle of Hickok Duro (silver) plate, all for $1.00.

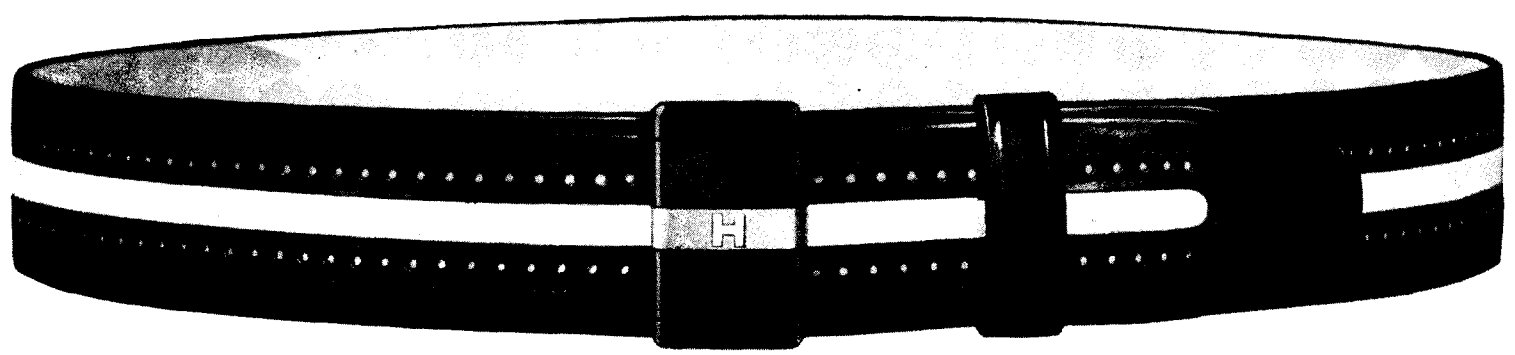
•

You can get the HENLEYS at any good store.
Be sure to look for the name—"HICKOK".

The Henley
"CHECK"
$1.00



The Henley
"STRIPE"
$1.50



HICKOK

BELTS • BUCKLES • BRACES • GARTERS

STYLE LEADERSHIP

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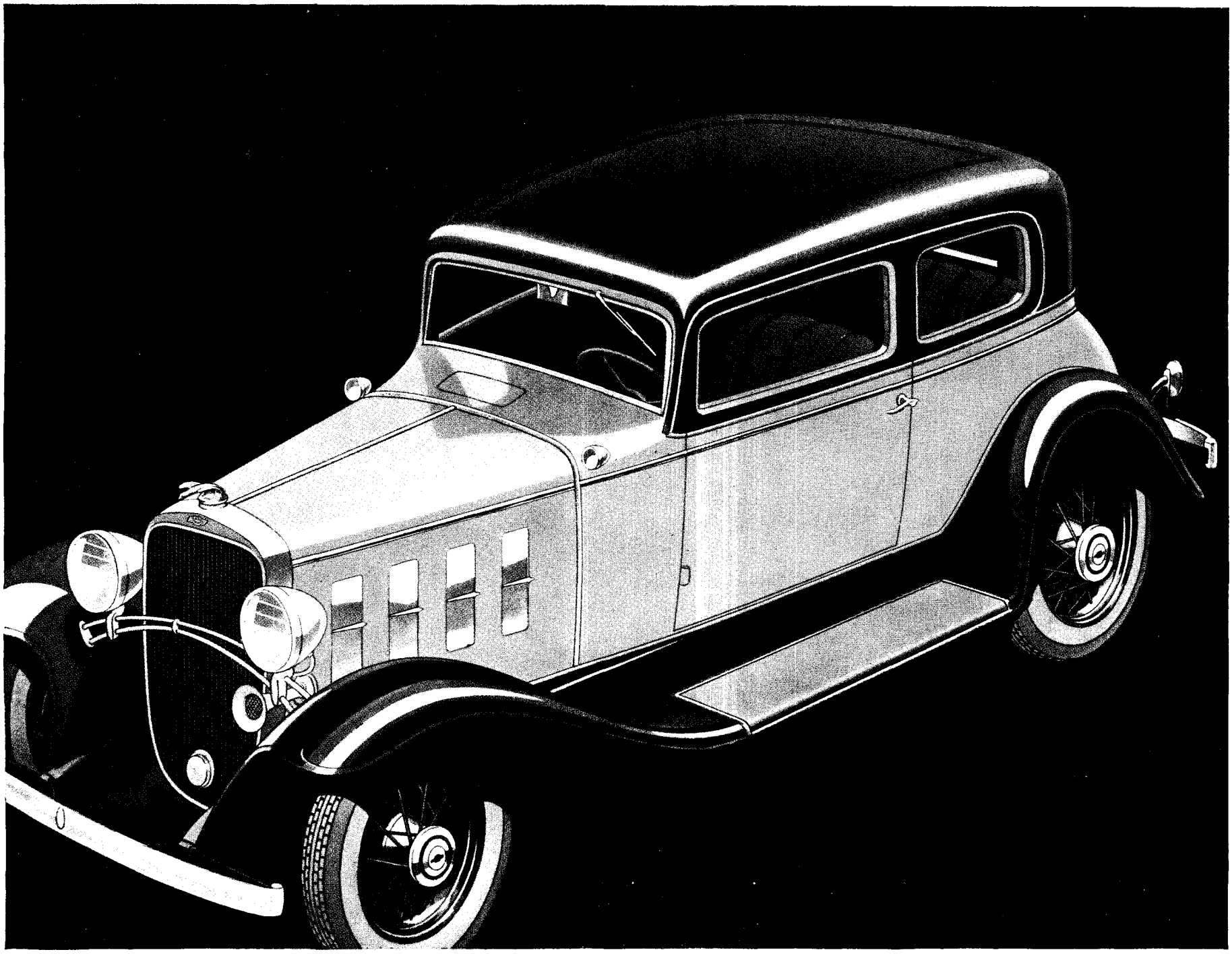

Costs less to run than any other car—
Costs less to buy than ever

America's most popular car—the new Chevrolet Six—also holds the distinction of being *America's most economical car* as well. It uses less gasoline than any other automobile. Gives higher mileage on a filling of oil. Stands up much better, after long service, than any other low-priced car. And costs less for maintenance, adjustments and repairs! These economies have been *proved* by thousands of owners, including many of the largest, best-known business corporations in the country. And today, new thousands of families may take advantage of Chevrolet's low cost: Due to recent price reductions, the Chevrolet Six sells for less money than any other car ever to carry the Chevrolet name. Some models are priced as much as $50 and $55 lower than the figures which made them outstanding values before! And such popular body-types as the coach, special sedan, sport roadster and convertible cabriolet now rank as the lowest-priced multi-cylinder cars of their respective types on the market. So, if you have always admired the Chevrolet Six—and wanted to own one—get the facts and figures on Chevrolet costs from your Chevrolet dealer. You'll probably find, to your surprise, that you can own a Chevrolet for less money than it would cost to keep your present car another year. And you'll be driving a big, modern car in the bargain—with Free Wheeling, Synchro-Mesh shifting, Fisher bodies—and all the other newest advancements of 1932!

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CHEVROLET · $445 AND UP F.O.B. FLINT, MICH.

Special equipment extra. Low delivered prices, easy G.M.A.C. terms. Six wire wheels and fender wells on all models at $15 list additional.

THE GREAT AMERICAN VALUE

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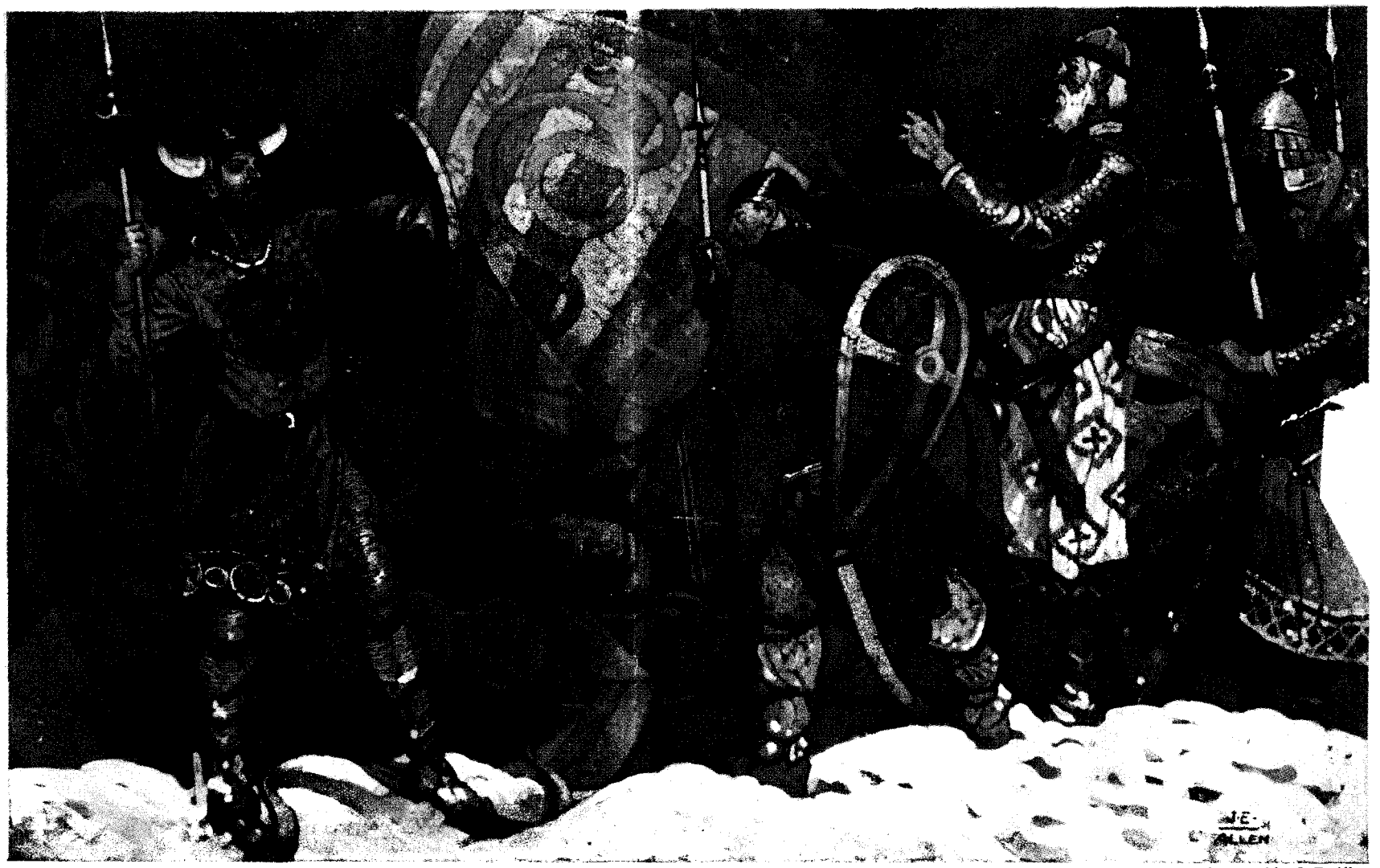

Illustrated by J. E. Allen

Slowly Karli went forward, planting each ski with a short step. "A greeting to you, Sir Thord," he said

to join the sire. So this Red Elf and his messmates hie them far over the water—ay, to the Emperor at Constantinople, and the dukes of Sicily. They go warfaring elsewhere to save their necks, and—"

"Stop! Are you a churl to hold me captive, when I came to warn you?"

KARLI'S blue eyes gazed at her impassively. For all his ready words, she could not guess at his thoughts.

"Hold you fast I will," he said, and smiled. He reached out his hand to touch her loosened hair, and she did not see that his powerful fingers trembled—so amazed was she at his words.

Swift as a startled deer she sprang to her feet and away from him. Valgard had said rightly that Astrid did not know her own beauty. Standing there flushed and indignant, she had, Karli thought, the bearing of a storm maiden. More than that, he knew she was a girl who had never been humbled by man's hand.

"You would like," she cried again fiercely, "to lead me into your ship, to be a hostage to save your life from the warden's swords."

He rose to his feet and his ruddy face grew white.

"Use you as a shield I would not," he said gravely, "for it is in my mind to ask you as a bride from Sir Thord."

She gasped. "And—and what think you he would answer?"

"I am not skilled in this matter of wooing," muttered Karli uneasily, "but perhaps he will give you up without too much regret."

Astrid's gray eyes twinkled and she laughed low. "You are not a wooer at all, but a great fool. Now you cannot even keep me as a hostage—see, I am out of your reach."

"You will not fly so fast I cannot overtake you."

Challenged, the girl turned and ran fleetly toward the trees. She heard metal clash behind her and glanced over her shoulder to see if Karli had fallen. Instead, he had come upon her with two long leaps. He caught the girl up in his arms, his shield beneath her knees, his free arm pinning hers behind her back. His strength astonished and disconcerted her. Then his head bent and he kissed her eyes and lips.

Gently he set her down. "Tell me your name," he said.

"Astrid."

"Now, you see, Astrid, that I free you of my own will. It shall not be said of the Red Elf that he took his wife by force without a fair and proper wooing."

Blood rushed through her heart, beating her cheeks and singing in her ears. Then a new thing came into her bewildered head. The Red Elf had the gift of foresight. Was he looking now into the unseen? Fear came upon her again, and she ran back into the trees. Once she stopped and looked back. After all, he had let her go. He was leaning on his long spear, his eyes following her. She went on, vanishing into the dark pines.

KARLI walked slowly down to the shore. He had forgotten his scarlet mantle that lay upon the rock. At his coming a dozen stalwart vikings looked up inquiringly.

"Back to the ship," he said, passing them.

He went on, to the flat rock of the landing, and over the long plank, stepping past the shields on the ship's rail. He went to his quarters on the high stern, curtained in with leather sheets. Rolling aside his sleeping furs, he lifted a plank beneath them, reaching down into a compartment where chests of iron and sandalwood were stored with rolls of cloth-of-gold, brocades and silk. He took out a carved casket that held ropes of softly gleaming pearls, with emerald necklets. They would bring color to Astrid's beauty—

After a moment he said, "Break out the carpets, and hang out the gold lanterns. I mean to bring a bride to the ship this night."

The vikings exchanged glances, surprised and amused. Some of them clashed their shields, thinking that they would be led to a landfall and a spoiling of the manor house in the distance beyond the trees. Karli heard the sound.

"'Bide ye! No man may set foot out of the ship until I give the bidding. We have made a peace with the manor folk."

"Karli," growled one, "when will we have food to set between our teeth?"

"Tonight, messmates," he laughed, "we will feast in Sir Thord's hall, or we will not eat at all. There is a warden sitting in yonder wood with fifty swords behind him. So if ye set foot ashore they will cut you down, and say afterward that you came raiding. But for my head they would get a price."

It was late afternoon before groups of men appeared on the road to the landing that ran beside the wood. These brought neither cattle nor barrels with them. Instead they carried arms of sorts, and a few wore mail. A broad figure with a gray beard strode before them, bearing sword and shield.

"This is not good, Karli," spoke up one of the crew, "for these landsmen bring iron to us instead of meat."

"Keep to the ship," said the Red Elf, "and the iron will not harm ye. That should be Thord with his henchmen—not the warden's band."

"What is in your mind to do?"

"I will try my luck, for there is no other way."

Karli went back over the plank with his shield and spear, and the small casket that held his bride-gift tied to his belt. But he carried also a pair of lengths of wood, seasoned ash, each as broad as his hand and each curved over gracefully at one end. When he had climbed out of the rocks he laid these skis down on the smooth snow and bound his feet in the leather thongs at the middle of each. He did this swiftly, for the Norsemen all used skis from childhood. On the other hand, the people of this coast did not know the use of them.

SLOWLY Karli went forward, planting each ski with a short step, since he was climbing the slope toward the oncoming landsmen. "A greeting to you, Sir Thord," he said.

"May the devil burn you and all yours, Viking," responded the lord of the manor.

Panting, Thord stood there with his hand on his sword, and the red faces of his men glared behind him.

"Sir Thord," he said, "I will do you no ill, and I am after keeping the peace. But where are the cattle and wine you would bring?"

"By God," cried the old man, "is it not enough that you have taken my daughter—that you ask for meat and wine also?"

Karli smiled. "Astrid is not upon the ship, nor have I carried her any whither."

"She is on the ship. This fisherman here saw you snatch her up i' the wood,

(Continued on page 44)

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More than 800 INTERNATIONALS WORK FOR NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

AND WE SERVICE THEM THROUGH 163 COMPANY-OWNED BRANCHES

National Biscuit Company
after years of experience with INTERNATIONALS
buys more of these trucks than ever

In these days, when economy is vital and essential, business organizations and institutions are swinging more and more to International transportation. The National Biscuit Company, an old and satisfied user of Internationals, has purchased scores of these trucks during the past year and a half! International Harvester has earned this association with America's leading bakers through better trucks, better service, better cooperation and lower prices.

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After-sale service clinches the Harvester Company's plan of seeing to it that money invested in International Trucks pays unusual dividends. It is offered to every International user... whether he owns 800 trucks or one. For this purpose, 163 Company-owned branches are maintained in the United States alone, where trained mechanics handle everything from greasing to mechanical maintenance—working by factory-standard methods with factory-standard parts.

Apply the tested economies of International Trucks and Service to your own problems. Inspect the full line at the showroom of your nearest International branch or dealer. Select any model you want for a convincing demonstration on your own job.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
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The Perfect Secretary

Continued from page 8

hold on to your steel stock. I have prepared a list of other very solid stocks—quite a list. Buy these now while they're cheap and pay cash for them. Sell when you have a nice profit and buy something else. Jump in and jump out."

"I suppose I'll have to have some visible means of support—some headquarters where I can receive mail and answer it. Find me the right offices, Miss Badger."

Miss Badger found them and furnished them and Jerry was delighted with her selection.

He accepted Miss Badger's advice about stocks—with but one exception. He did not buy his stocks outright. The market was bearish and nothing Miss Badger could do or say could alter his determination to buy on margin.

The paper profits mounted. Seemingly there was no limit to the market on any stock listed on the New York Stock Exchange. Miss Badger kept the books and watched the trades. So did Jerry. Then they would compare notes and decide what to do. If they decided to sell, Miss Badger signed a selling order—his name, per herself, and took it over to the brokerage house. She signed his checks also.

ABOUT the middle of September, 1929, Miss Badger began to get nervous. She figured up Jerry's profits one day and suggested that he sell everything.

"I think this market will last another year, Miss Badger," he replied, "so I am not going to sell now. Think of the perfectly awful income tax I'd have to pay. However, I'll reduce my holdings by half right after January first. That will insure me the return of my original capital, plus interest; so you see I can safely gamble with the other half."

"This market," Miss Badger urged, "is too good to be true. If others are suffering from financial hysteria, that is no reason why you should contract the disease."

"Well, you've contracted it. You have every cent of your savings in the market."

"Not any more, Mr. Jerry. I've sold and taken my profit. *Please* get out, Mr. Jerry."

She pleaded so hard that eventually he promised he would get out on November first, and this was the best she could get him to consider doing. And, in order that he might not be bothered about it further, he took a pleasure trip to New York.

On October twenty-ninth occurred the great stock-market debacle that will for long be known as The Big Crash. On November second Jerry Orcutt walked into his office. Miss Badger saw at a glance that her employer had not slept very much for the past three days.

"Well, Miss Badger," he greeted her, "it seems I should have taken my father's advice and played your judgment. Is there anything left—lunch money, for instance?"

Miss Badger's slightly protuberant eyes protruded farther and there was a flash of anger in them now. "Yes, you boob," she snapped at him, "there is something left. I sold you out, lock, stock and barrel, one week before the crash. You've got a trifle over five million dollars in twenty-five of the strongest banks I know of, because it is not my policy to put all of your eggs in one basket."

"You mean," Jerry Orcutt babbled, "I'm saved!"

"I hope so, although I doubt it. Fools are very hard to save. They're like horses in a livery-stable fire. You get them out safely and they break away and dash back into the flames and are consumed."

Then Jerry Orcutt did something he would not, a minute previous, have thought it possible he could do. He bounded out from behind his desk, clasped Miss Badger in his arms, and kissed her mustached lips and said very huskily: "Bessie Badger, you're the finest, sweetest woman God ever put on earth."

"I am," Miss Badger reminded him, "an unlovely old maid and you know it. I promised your father I'd look after you. I—I—why, Mr. Jerry, haven't I known you since you were a boy in knickerbockers? I think you were seventeen years old when you—kissed me last."

So Jerry kissed Miss Badger again, and there was even a bigger lump in his throat now, for some hint of a yearning for love, of a baffled maternity, on the part of Miss Badger came to him; he ran his hand over her untidy hair and patted her cheek, but said nothing. And his silence was golden.

Presently Miss Badger pulled herself together. "Liberty bonds have gone off a little, in sympathy with other securities," she gulped, "so I suggest you invest all but about a hundred thousand in Liberties and short-term Treasury certificates. They're tax free, you know. And here's the key to your safe-deposit box. I'm leaving you, Mr. Jerry. I'm fifty years old and I'm going to retire. I've saved some money and your father gave me two hundred thousand in Liberty bonds and I've doubled all that, and on four and a quarter per cent I can live nicely."

"It's time you had some fun," Jerry agreed. "You'd enjoy some travel, but on a limited income that will not be possible. You mustn't dig into your principal. Bessie, your courage and judgment and indifference to orders have made me five million dollars. But for rebellious you I'd be a pauper today. So I'm going to give you a quarter of a million in Liberty bonds as a going-away present."

MISS BADGER frowned and sniffed and wrinkled her nose. "You really think you owe me something?" she demanded coldly.

"I certainly do."

"Well, then, suppose you give me half a million! Surely my action in saving you five millions is worth a ten-per-cent cut, if it's worth a nickel. I have poor relatives I'd like to do something for when I die, and, as you say, I'd like to travel."

Her unsuspected rapacity shocked Jerry for an instant. Then he remembered this woman had given her life to the Orcutt family. She had missed practically all that makes life sweet to a woman. . . .

"I'm sorry I appeared to be such a short sport, Miss Badger. You shall have half a million. I imagine I can manage to wiggle along on what's left."

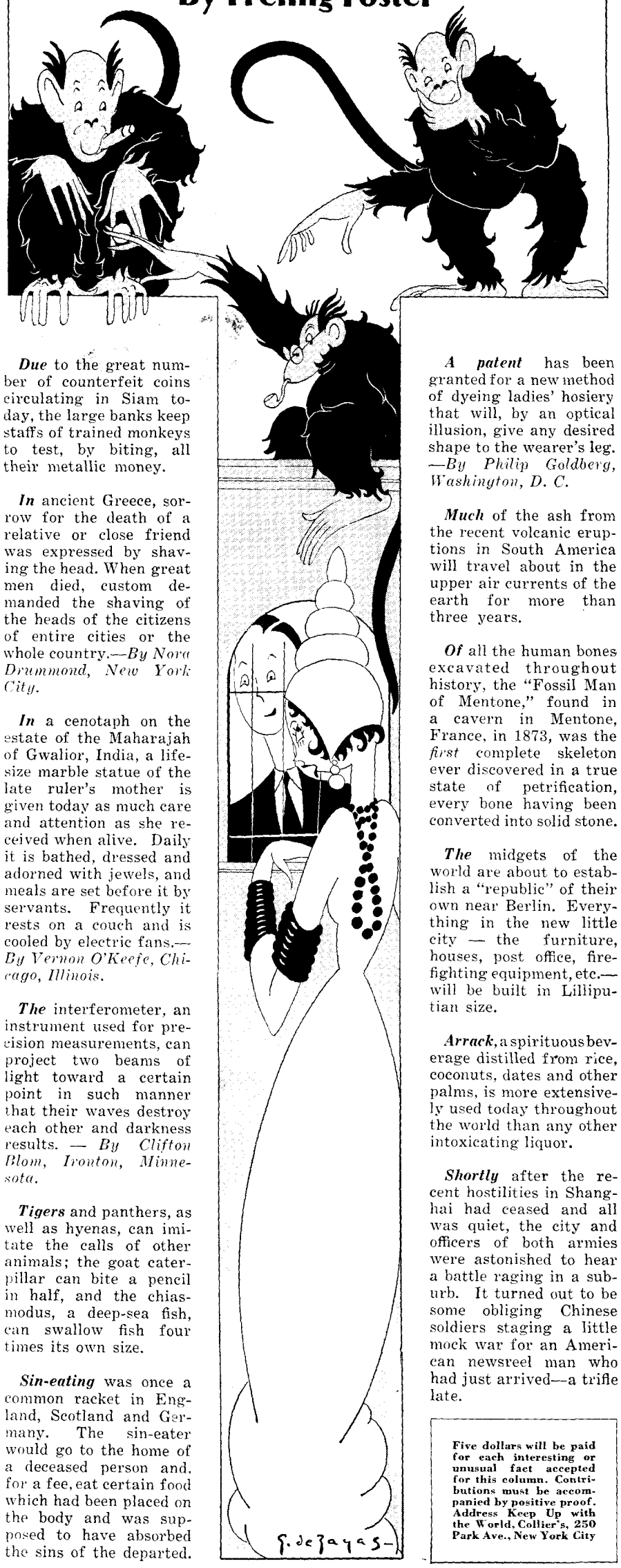
"Thank you," Miss Badger replied, coldly businesslike. "And for the extra quarter of a million I'll give you some advice that may save you, perhaps, a few millions. Keep out of the market. It's dangerous and will be for a long, long time."

"Draw yourself a check," was his answer. So Miss Badger drew it and signed it. The remainder of the week they devoted to registering his signa-

(Continued on page 30)

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster



Due to the great number of counterfeit coins circulating in Siam today, the large banks keep staffs of trained monkeys to test, by biting, all their metallic money.

In ancient Greece, sorrow for the death of a relative or close friend was expressed by shaving the head. When great men died, custom demanded the shaving of the heads of the citizens of entire cities or the whole country.—*By Nora Drummond, New York City.*

In a cenotaph on the estate of the Maharajah of Gwalior, India, a life-size marble statue of the late ruler's mother is given today as much care and attention as she received when alive. Daily it is bathed, dressed and adorned with jewels, and meals are set before it by servants. Frequently it rests on a couch and is cooled by electric fans.—*By Vernon O'Keefe, Chicago, Illinois.*

The interferometer, an instrument used for precision measurements, can project two beams of light toward a certain point in such manner that their waves destroy each other and darkness results. — *By Clifton Blom, Ironton, Minnesota.*

Tigers and panthers, as well as hyenas, can imitate the calls of other animals; the goat caterpillar can bite a pencil in half, and the chiasmodus, a deep-sea fish, can swallow fish four times its own size.

Sin-eating was once a common racket in England, Scotland and Germany. The sin-eater would go to the home of a deceased person and, for a fee, eat certain food which had been placed on the body and was supposed to have absorbed the sins of the departed.

A patent has been granted for a new method of dyeing ladies' hosiery that will, by an optical illusion, give any desired shape to the wearer's leg. —*By Philip Goldberg, Washington, D. C.*

Much of the ash from the recent volcanic eruptions in South America will travel about in the upper air currents of the earth for more than three years.

Of all the human bones excavated throughout history, the "Fossil Man of Mentone," found in a cavern in Mentone, France, in 1873, was the *first* complete skeleton ever discovered in a true state of petrification, every bone having been converted into solid stone.

The midgets of the world are about to establish a "republic" of their own near Berlin. Everything in the new little city — the furniture, houses, post office, fire-fighting equipment, etc.— will be built in Lilliputian size.

Arrack, a spirituous beverage distilled from rice, coconuts, dates and other palms, is more extensively used today throughout the world than any other intoxicating liquor.

Shortly after the recent hostilities in Shanghai had ceased and all was quiet, the city and officers of both armies were astonished to hear a battle raging in a suburb. It turned out to be some obliging Chinese soldiers staging a little mock war for an American newsreel man who had just arrived—a trifle late.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by positive proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York City

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Use SIMONIZ

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LAST LONGER

Millions make it easy for themselves and save money by using Simoniz. You can, too! It makes and keeps cars bright and beautiful.

And your car *needs* Simoniz. Every car does—*new* or *old*. There's nothing like the mighty protection it gives. Simoniz guards the finish in all weather and keeps the colors from fading.

It's easy to Simoniz a car. If yours is dulled and discolored, clean the finish with the wonderful Simoniz Kleener. You'll be surprised how quickly, easily and thoroughly it cleans and restores the lustre.

Then apply Simoniz. It gives lasting beauty and weather-proof protection.

Simoniz your car! Do it right away. Then it will stay beautiful and always look new.

THERE *is no substitute for Simoniz or Simoniz Kleener. So insist on them. They're sold everywhere at hardware and auto accessory stores. Get a can of each today. They cost very little.*

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

(Continued from page 29)

ture at his banks and cancelling Miss Badger's authority to sign checks, to getting his books closed and cleaning up his correspondence.

At parting, Miss Badger's passion for service manifested itself for the last time. "Shall I engage a new secretary for you, Mr. Jerry?" she asked hopefully. "I know a wonderful girl. She'd suit you admirably."

Jerry reflected that, now Miss Badger was leaving him, he would prefer something radically different in the secretarial line—somebody with less efficiency and sound business judgment, but with more youth and pulchritude. "No, thank you," he answered. "I'll have very little use for a secretary for some time, I imagine. This office will merely be a headquarters—"

"I understand," Miss Badger murmured, and held out her hand. "I'll drop in and visit you from time to time," she promised.

ON HIS way home that night Jerry Orcutt dropped in at the office of The Chronicle and inserted the following advertisement:

WANTED: A perfect secretary. Must be cheerful and possessed of a sense of humor. Must be easy to look at and dress in excellent but quiet taste. Must be well educated, a fast and accurate stenographer and a good bookkeeper. See Mr. Gerald Orcutt, 415-417 Borden Building, at 9 A. M., today.

Shortly after midnight, his man, Butts, brought him a telegram. He read:

GERALD ORCUTT
2248 WASHINGTON ST
CITY

I AM THE PERFECT SECRETARY FOR WHOM YOU ADVERTISED IN TOMORROW MORNINGS CHRONICLE STOP WILL REPORT AT EIGHT FORTY FIVE TOMORROW AND HANG A SIGN ON YOUR DOOR ADVISING THE HUNDREDS OF OTHER APPLICANTS THAT THE JOB HAS BEEN FILLED STOP YOU CERTAINLY NEED A PERFECT SECRETARY FOR SUCH A ONE WOULD NOT HAVE PERMITTED YOU TO INSERT AN ADVERTISEMENT WHICH BUT FOR ME WOULD MAKE LIFE A BURDEN FOR YOU ALL DAY TOMORROW STOP I HAVE A SENSE OF HUMOR BUT IF I DO NOT GET THIS JOB THAT SENSE OF HUMOR WILL BE BADLY STRAINED STOP IT IS ASSUMED OF COURSE THAT THE SALARY WILL ENABLE ME TO DRESS IN EXCELLENT BUT QUIET TASTE STOP PLEASE TELEGRAPH CONFIRMATION OF MY APPOINTMENT

EILEEN RAINEY
APARTMENT 18
1856 HYDE STREET

For a long time Jerry Orcutt read and re-read this amazing message. "I had forgotten that tomorrow's paper is printed and circulated tonight," he soliloquized, "but this girl didn't—and she was smart enough to look me up in the telephone book, get my address and telegraph me. Smart girl! I'll bet she's a whiz-bang!"

He went into his library and telephoned the following message to the telegraph company:

MISS EILEEN RAINEY
APARTMENT 18
1856 HYDE STREET
CITY

YOU WIN STOP REPORT TOMORROW AT EIGHT FORTY FIVE STOP YOU HAVE A MONTH IN WHICH TO MAKE GOOD STOP FAILING OVER THE RIVER THEY BECKON TO YOU GERALD ORCUTT

At eight-thirty he was at his office, eagerly awaiting the new secretary's arrival. Exactly at eight-forty-five he heard her enter the general office. A moment later he heard the typewriter clicking; a desk drawer opened and shut while she searched for the paste; she crossed the room, opened the office door and pasted the sign on it, warning the impending rush of applicants that the position advertised for had been filled. Then she entered his private office, smiled at him and said: "The perfect secretary reports for duty."

On the instant every fiber of Jerry Orcutt's being appeared to have been galvanized. He stood up and made his best bow, appraised her in one swift glance and murmured: "I imagine we'll work along together very nicely, Miss Rainey. I'm not very ferocious. Where were you employed previously?"

"Headly & Beamer, stock brokers. They let me out on November first."

"I believe they blew up. What did they pay you?"

"Forty a week."

"Well, I'll pay you fifty—for a starter." He handed her a check book and a sheaf of his personal and household bills. "Make out checks for these and I'll sign them. I don't know anything about the workings of your office, so you'll have to find out for yourself. My former secretary practically ran the show and did what she pleased."

"I understand perfectly."

She gathered up the bills and check book and retired to her own office, leaving Jerry Orcutt in a state best described as wilted. For Miss Rainey was extraordinarily easy to look at—so easy, in fact, that one could gaze upon her all day without desiring any other attraction and without fatigue. In point of age she was about twenty-three or -four. Her hair was dark auburn, wavy and bobbed; her eyebrows were dark and unplucked, her lashes black and very long, her eyes very dark blue, which was surprising because one suspected they should have been brown or hazel.

Her mouth was rather generous, her chin firm, her teeth very white and even; her shoes were snappy little brogues with military heels and she wore a tailored suit of brownish tweed, a white linen shirt waist and a brown four-in-hand silk tie. She had small feet and hands and graceful ankles. But her voice was her crowning attraction. It was soft and low and faintly husky.

ABOUT two-thirty Miss Badger, like an unquiet ghost that returns to earthly scenes, dropped in (as she explained) to see how he was getting along. He introduced her to Miss Rainey and asked her to explain to the latter the routine of her labors. Having done this, Miss Badger came into his private office, closed the door carefully behind her and said:

"Well, you certainly picked a pippin, Mr. Jerry."

"Wouldn't she stop a parade?" he answered, with a note of pride of possession in every word. "And I picked her in the dark, too—absolutely sight unseen."

"She's a lady, Mr. Jerry. I never realized before how badly this place needed brightening up."

Two months passed. During those two months Jerry Orcutt sold the market short and added considerably to his profits. Then he did what smarter financiers were doing the country over. He decided the bottom had been reached. So he decided to buy and buy heavily—on margin, and ride the market slowly up to another huge profit.

The year 1930 was a busy and anxious one for Jerry Orcutt. The only comforting note in his life was Miss Rainey. When his eyes were weary from reading horrible reports of new lows, he could rest them on her.

(Continued on page 32)

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But all Pennsylvania men are not alike!
Neither are all Pennsylvania motor oils!

TODAY, 100% Pennsylvania motor oil is accepted throughout the world as the finest possible motor oil. Any automobile engineer will tell you this.

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Along every roadside today you will find an ever-increasing number of "catch-penny" oils; cheaply refined inferior oils, trading on Pennsylvania's fair name and honor.

It is well to remember that only the finest Pennsylvania oil can win every fight in your motor . . . the gruelling battles against heat, cold, carbon and friction.

And one sure way to get the finest of Pennsylvania is to ask for VEEDOL.

VEEDOL is made by the world's largest refiner and marketer of Pennsylvania crudes. VEEDOL is heat-proof. Cold-proof. 99 1/10% carbon-free. Made so by a new and secret $2,000,000 refining process.

No other motor oil at any price can give you more miles of perfect lubrication or more complete motor protection.

Yet VEEDOL actually costs less than the price usually paid for other high-grade 100% Pennsylvania oils.

A TIDE WATER ASSOCIATED PRODUCT

DON'T MERELY ASK FOR "PENNSYLVANIA" . . . ASK FOR

VEEDOL MOTOR OIL

AND GET 100% PENNSYLVANIA . . . AT ITS FINEST

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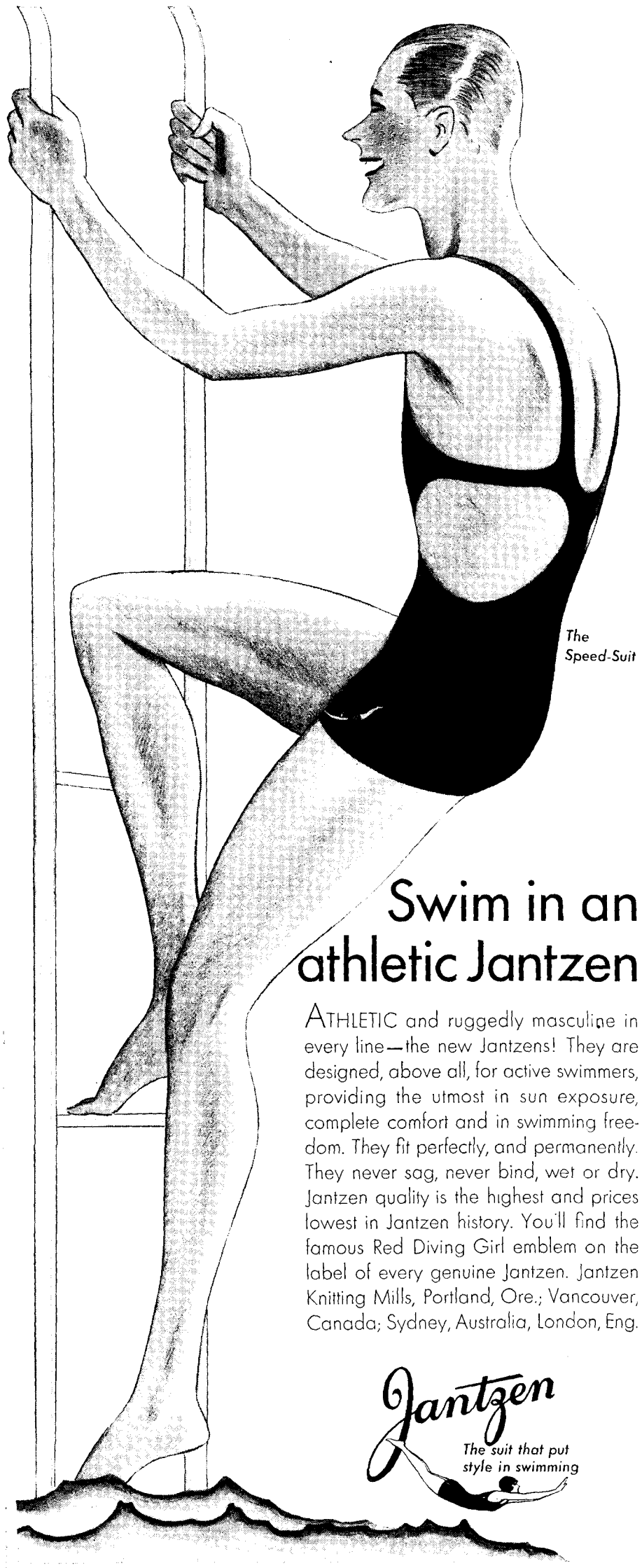
FASHION SWIMS IN A PERFECT FITTING JANTZEN



Swim in an athletic Jantzen

ATHLETIC and ruggedly masculine in every line—the new Jantzens! They are designed, above all, for active swimmers, providing the utmost in sun exposure, complete comfort and in swimming freedom. They fit perfectly, and permanently. They never sag, never bind, wet or dry. Jantzen quality is the highest and prices lowest in Jantzen history. You'll find the famous Red Diving Girl emblem on the label of every genuine Jantzen. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Ore.; Vancouver, Canada; Sydney, Australia, London, Eng.

Jantzen
The suit that put style in swimming

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS, (Dept. 14), Portland, Oregon
Please send me style folder in colors, featuring new 1932 models. Women's ☐ Men's ☐

Name Address

The Perfect Secretary

Continued from page 30

One day in November, 1930, Miss Rainey received frantic telephone calls for more margin. So she added up the bank balances and decided that something had to be done. She came into his office and told him about it. And suddenly Jerry Orcutt made a decision:

"Eileen—you don't mind if I call you by your first name, do you?—I'm through. I don't think the bottom has been reached and I do think it will not be reached until I'm broke—and then they'll sell me out. How much have we left in the kitty?"

"Eighty-two thousand nine hundred and five dollars and seven cents."

"Call all my brokers up and tell them to sell me out, and if I owe them anything when the smoke clears away I'll pay it. Then see what sort of deal you can make with the landlord to cancel my lease on these offices. After that close the books and you'll be through."

"For quite a long while, I imagine," Miss Rainey suggested, and her slightly husky musical voice was huskier than usual, pregnant of sobs. "Well, I've been pretty lucky, after all. I know girls who joined the army of the unemployed a year ago."

"I CAN get you another job, if you think you can manage it, Eileen. May I call you Eileen?"

"Certainly, Mr. Orcutt."

"Call me Jerry," he commanded.

"Yes, Jerry. What is the new job you speak of?"

"Well, there will not be much of a salary to it, but you will, I think, be able to manage until brighter days dawn. I can offer you a job—for life—as general manager of a pin-headed, twelve-for-a-nickel, broken-down financier."

He came out from behind his desk, possessed himself of both of Eileen Rainey's hands and continued: "Eileen, I love you. I'd rather have you than all the money in the world."

Miss Rainey burst into tears. "Idiot!" she raved, "I could slay you. If I had ever been able to see any love in your poker face—if I had had any suspicion you loved me I'd have fought you all over the lot and made you sell out six months ago."

"I don't think I can very well stand being scolded today," he reminded her. "Do you love me?"

"Of course I love you, Jerry. I adore you. But oh, my dear, my dear—"

"Shhh!" Jerry warned. "Somebody's in the outer office." He kissed her hungrily. "Go out and see who it is. I'm not up to seeing anybody today."

So Eileen Rainey mopped her eyes, pulled herself together and went out into the general office. An instant later she thrust her head in. "It's Miss Badger," she announced, and, without waiting for his permission or his protest, she showed Miss Badger in.

"Well, Mr. Jerry," Miss Badger greeted him, "how's America's greatest financier this morning?" She sat down and wrinkled her nose. The sight of her annoyed Jerry. Now that he was ruined the memory of her rapacity recurred and rankled.

"Played for a bull market and the bears got me," he growled.

"Badly?"

"Well, Miss Rainey is on the telephone now, telling them there will be no further responses to their yelps for more margin, and to sell me out."

"Hum-m-m! How much have you got left?"

He handed her the sheet Miss Rainey had just left him.

"Ouch! Mr. Jerry, you must feel as poor as Job's turkey."

"On the contrary, I do not. I feel as rich as Crœsus. Miss Rainey has just promised to marry me."

"Good!" said Miss Badger. "That girl's an angel."

Jerry Orcutt felt impelled to do something, so he came from behind his desk, lifted Miss Badger to her feet, tucked her into his arms, lifted her leathery chin and kissed her with considerable tenderness on her mustached rabbit mouth. "Thank you," he said. "We'd both love to have you with us when we get married. We have to have two witnesses, you know."

Miss Badger's eyes flooded with tears. "You always were the dearest boy in the world, Jerry Orcutt. You're the only human being that has ever kissed me, that I can remember. I was an orphan child and—well, I told your father I'd stick on the job and look after you. He told me to see to it that you didn't marry a hussy—so I—planted Eileen on—you. I—I—retired—to give her the chance—and you almost spoiled it all by advertising for—a—p-p-perfect secretary—three hours after I'd left you—which wasn't quite nice. I knew Eileen. She lived in the apartment next to me—and she was always so nice to me—always such a lady—and she was out of a job and I—I told her if she'd let me—m-m-m-manage it—I'd land her—a grand job. So she said she would—and I sent that telegram. It worked—just as I wanted it to. But—but that isn't all. It occurred to me that some day you might—lose your money—and I had to provide against that. So I bilked you out of half a million—banked on your soft heart you wouldn't refuse me—after what I'd *done for you*—and I shorted the market with that half-million—and I've got a million and a half back for you and I'm going to give it to you now because Eileen will watch over you—and you've had your lesson—and oh, Jerry, Jerry, I'm so damned happy—and I've never been happy before—there, there, dear, don't cry now!"

But Jerry couldn't help it, and when Miss Badger realized that, she pulled *his* head down on her shoulder and, in the bright terminology of the country editor, "a pleasant time was had by all," until Jerry suddenly disengaged himself and dashed out into his general office.

"Don't telephone my brokers, Eileen," he yelled. "I'm saved, I'm saved. I've got lots of money for margins now. If you've told any of them to sell me out, call them back and tell them not to."

SOMETHING descended upon his head from the rear. It was Miss Badger's handbag and she had given him a furious clout with it. "You haven't got the money yet," she shrilled. "You're out! Keep right on telephoning them, Eileen darling. The man's insane. He doesn't know when he's well off. Tell them all to sell him out."

"For God's sake, Bessie Badger—" Jerry started to plead, but the perfect secretary nodded and once more Miss Badger's handbag swatted him. "Good!" murmured the perfect secretary. "Safety first. Hit him again, Miss Badger—and harder! He's an idiot! And I've known it for six months."

Miss Badger glared at her. "*You've* known it for six months! Why, you little chit, you wouldn't have known anything about it if I hadn't told you. I told you he loved you and you wouldn't believe it. You hush up! He's a dear!"

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These are the days for making those snapshots you've promised yourself... and have neglected. Photo Finishers all over America have designated June 19 to 26 as TAKE-A-PICTURE WEEK.

The illustration is enlarged from a 2¼ x 3¼ negative made on Kodak VERICHROME Film. This new film doesn't need bright light, doesn't make people face the sun. Ask your dealer for VERICHROME. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.

• • •

For thirty minutes of good music, tune in on the Kodak Week-end Hour, each Friday evening, over Columbia Network.

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Dill's Best is intended for

men who take naturally to

pipe smoking—and take

pipe smoking seriously.

Asleep on the Deep

Continued from page 11

And thus, it must be recorded, the night passed. Ken could not keep awake. He tried hard, he tried agonizingly, sometimes he succeeded for minutes. But the sleep he was fighting was one more formidable than the one which comes regularly at the end of the normal day; he would again succumb.

At dawn, a big steamer broke into the small circle of their horizon. A boat put out from it and lifted them in.

When Ken awoke two full days later in a cabin of the rescuing steamer Jupiter and began hazily to recall how he had got there, it was natural that his first question should be as to the welfare of Miss Genevieve Parker. And the young ship doctor who was bending over him laughed joyously. "There's a girl!" he cried.

"Yes?" Ken grunted a bit testily.

"TWENTY-FOUR hours after being picked up—and there wasn't much left of either of you when we did pick you up—she was stepping out on deck for a little stroll!" the young doctor went on, enthusiastically.

"Twenty-four hours?" said Ken. "How long have I been here?"

"Forty-eight. Lying there like a bump on a log. Perfectly inert. We had to feed you milk through a tube."

"Milk through a tube," he murmured. The phrase somehow fitted what more and more he was thinking of himself, the better he remembered.

"Oh, heavens!"

The words were of a mortal agony. Special details of what he remembered had suddenly sprung into sharp relief.

For instance, certain statements. Boastful sentences: "Please let me help you. Please place yourself in my hands!"

Also there was that first time the raft had capsized, and he had come up under it. A mysterious pull at his leg had *saved him—or at least had remarkably* facilitated his coming back to the surface.

Indubitably, of course—he saw it now—it was she who had pulled him up by the leg.

After all that boasting, at the most critical moment, what had he done? He had gone to sleep. Leaving her all alone in the night on the face of the waters. It was she who had cared for him.

"I can never see her again!" he concluded tragically. "Boob! Jackass! She'll never want to see me again!"

The ship doctor returned and took his pulse. "*Stronger, eh?*"

"I'm all right," Ken answered darkly.

"We're coming into port. We'll be docking in an hour. Do you think you can walk down the gangplank, or shall I put you down for one of the stretchers?"

"Stretcher? What do you take me for?"

The ferocity of the retort had made the young doctor recoil. He now laughed. "I guess you can walk off the ship all right!" he decided.

And this Ken did, when the ship had docked in New Orleans. But in his own way, following a black plan suggested by his black despair. Not by the regular passenger exit, but down below, through a big hole, with the freight, surreptitiously and incognito.

He had on borrowed clothes, and they looked it. He stopped at the telegraph office, and wired to his Uncle Ned, who, after all, was responsible for this winter cruise which was ending so badly. He waited on a chair till the answer had come, and a roll of bills had been placed in his hands. With this he moved on to a clothing emporium and re-outfitted himself. He did not look at all like a castaway as he registered at a hotel, cannily preserving his incognito by putting his name down as John Brown.

A train was leaving that night for the north, for Back Bay and for home. Another train was leaving in the morning for the north, for Back Bay and for home. Something—he did not know what—made him decide to take not the train of tonight but the train of tomorrow. Without shaking at all his gloomy determination.

Evening came; he dined in solitary splendor in a solitary corner of the splendid dining-room, and chewed the cud of his severe self-satisfaction together with a planked steak. He passed the following two hours in a big leather chair of the lobby, smoking cigars with an air of insouciance and leisure. Then there was nothing to do but go to his room.

He went to sleep finally. He woke twice, and each time, addressing the ceiling, said loudly, "Don't be an ass; she'll never want to see you again." In the green dawn he was up, and shaving for his train. But a caprice made him ring for the morning paper, and he started glancing at it as he shaved.

He dropped his razor when he had done but one cheek; blindly, the newspaper spread before him, he moved over to an armchair.

For the entire front page was given to an account of the landing of the survivors of the Sirius, and the main story was about him, Ken Holbrook. It made of him a hero, and told flamboyantly how, dying of thirst, of hunger, of privation, of exhaustion, for thirty-six hours he had sacrificially buoyed up a young woman named Genevieve Parker to her final and marvelous rescue.

"Oh, Lord!" he said.

And still sitting there, on the edge of his armchair, he dropped the paper to the floor and saw the shape of Inexorable Duty slowly and solidly rise before him.

There was no way out of it. He had to do it. "I've *got* to see her. I can't let her believe I gave this story to the reporters. I must square myself."

IT WAS hard, but it must be done. He moved to the telephone dolefully. The newspaper said she was stopping at the Alamar. He got the Alamar and asked for Miss Genevieve Parker. He heard, "Hello!" and his heart started to dance, then abruptly leaped into his throat. He got it down out of there, and shouted stiffly into the receiver, "Miss Parker. Something. Has happened. Which makes it imperative. I should-see-you-may-I-call-on-you."

He heard, "Why—of course," and almost perished. He said, "May I come right away?" and the voice answered, "Whenever you wish."

Which proved to be right away. It was only when he had arrived and stood before her in the parlor of her suite that he discovered it was only seven o'clock in the morning; a little clock ticking busily behind her was saying so. At the same time he found that his left cheek was still unshaved.

He had forgotten how extraordinarily he liked those little dark-gray eyes, and the short up-curling lashes above them, and the light sprinkle of minute freckles below them. His arms were hurting because they did so want to pick her up—slight body, gray eyes, curled lashes, freckles and all—and toss her up toward the ceiling, and catch her as she came down, and then hold her thus, very still. Instead, he planted himself firmly four paces from her; a bit in the manner of a second delivering a challenge to a duel, he said, "I have come to assure you that I had nothing to do with this terrible article in this lying sheet!"

"Oh, dear!" she said, in consternation. "What lying sheet?"

"This!"

He still had it, in his coat pocket, rolled up in the shape of a club. He jerked it out and brandished it aloft. "Let me see," she said; and he passed it to her, and she unrolled it and began to read. "Yes," she murmured once, and then again, "Yes."

When she had finished, she turned to him as if wondering at his agitation. "Why, yes," she said. "That's right. That's the way I gave the story to the reporters. . . ."

"You?" he said. "*You* gave out that story? To the reporters? The way it stands?"

"Why, yes!"

"But why?" he cried weakly.

She considered him a moment. "Because," she said, "I imagined that it might bring about—well, what it *has* brought about."

"Wait a minute," he said groggily. "Wait a minute." And put his hand to his head.

HE DROPPED his hand from his head and looked at her. "Does that mean—does that mean—really does that mean—that you were willing to see me again?"

"You must be a foolish boy," she said. "Only a foolish boy would think—that a girl could pass—an entire whole night with a man—in the center of a big ocean—and not wish to see him again!"

His arms ceased to hurt him. They were ecstatically yielding to an impulse placed in them surely as early as the beginning of Time itself. She rose to the ceiling, dropped dizzyingly, and found herself shaken as if she had been perched at the tiptop of a coconut palm in a cyclone. The storm passed; she remembered some of the French she had learned when a little girl, and said, "Oo-oof!"

Later, after they had exchanged many confidences, he confessed to her what had ailed him since he had been taken out of the water.

"Again that shows you are a foolish boy," she said. "Because how could I help it if I had such endurance and couldn't get tired? That was on account of the way I had trained and trained and trained all spring and all summer."

"Trained for what, sweet?"

"Why, you know. Oh, no! You don't, do you? I forgot! You see, my name isn't Genevieve Parker, darling. . . ."

"It isn't?"

"I use the Parker when I travel, because the newspaper men bother me so. But my real name is Genevieve *Lee!*"

Lee—Lee—Genevieve Lee—the name was awakening loud echoes in his mind. Memories of some feat. Of some great feat. He had read of her in the papers, certainly read of her in the papers.

"You don't recall, do you? I am the daughter of the American minister to Turkey," she prompted.

Now he remembered! "You're the girl that swam the Channel last summer!" he shouted.

"No, dear," she said meekly. "Don't you remember? It was the Bosporus."

"And I undertook to take care of you in the water!" he said.

But she consoled him. "Maybe you'll have many chances to take care of me on land," she said. "I'm not so good on land!"

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For your children's sake

—there is no substitute for Welch's

Can you compromise where your children's health is concerned? No—we think not. And that is why we cannot compromise on the high standards to which Welch's Grape Juice is made. Please let us explain.

Welch's is the grape juice doctors recommend for its purity. It is made from the finest grapes—washed clean, pressed, pasteurized and bottled under scientific laboratory control . . . under standards absolutely unequaled in the grape juice industry. Under Welch standards, no "seconds," underdeveloped or overripe grapes can ever be used.

Welch's juice is rich in iron, vitamin B and calcium*—those vital elements your children need to prevent anemia . . . to build red corpuscles . . . to develop strong bones and teeth.

There's always a reason for price. No grape juice can be made to sell cheaper than Welch's without cutting the quality to a questionable standard.

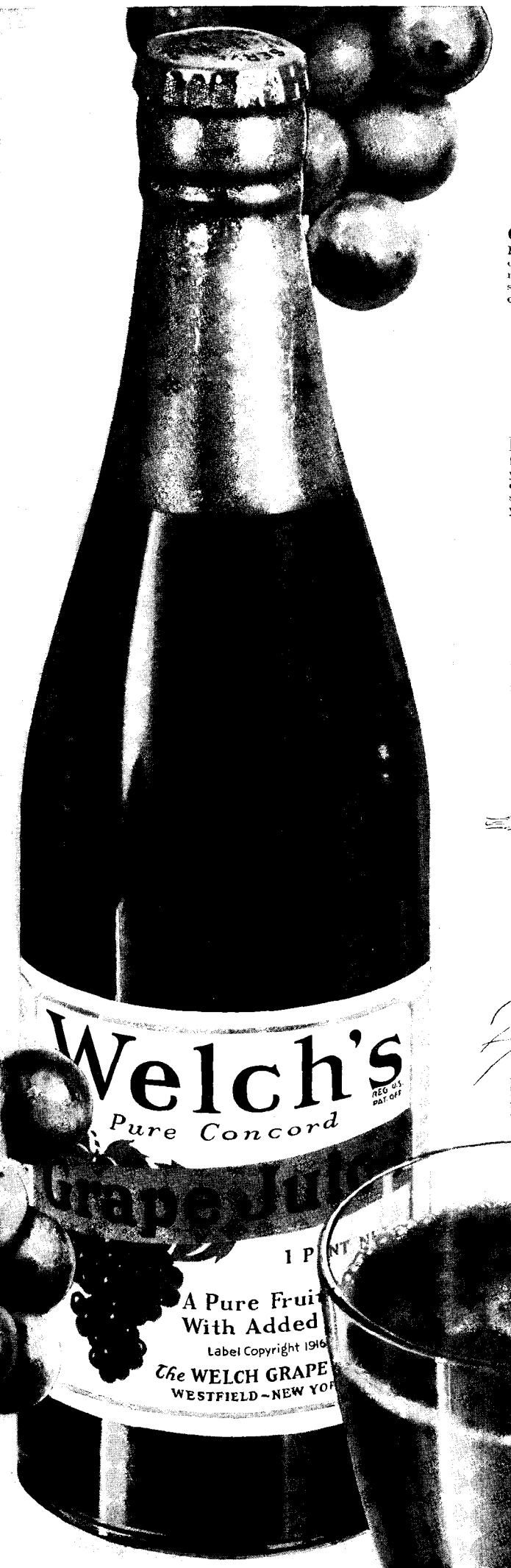
But after all, you really do not save in buying other brands of grape juice—made to sell on price alone. Welch's is ***full-strength juice***—never adulterated. Add half as much water, and you still will enjoy the richest flavored, most healthful grape juice made.

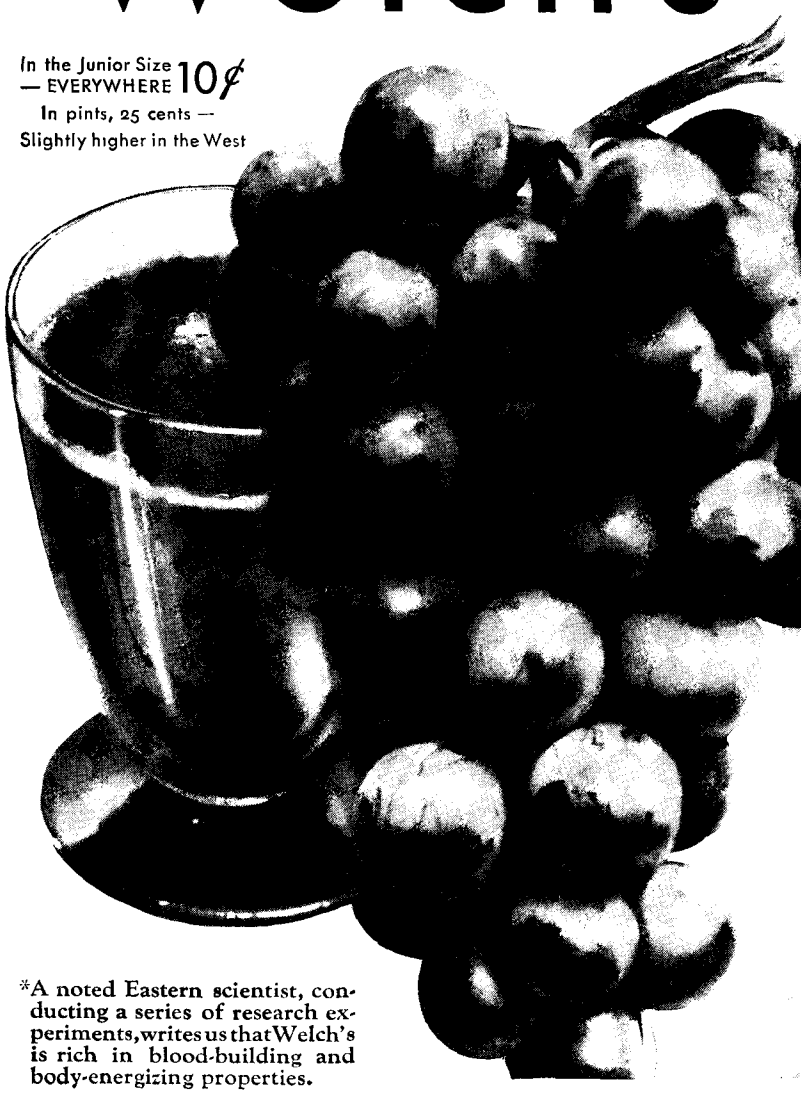
For your children's sake, there is no substitute for Welch's!

Welch's *have been makers of quality products since 1869. Grape Juice, Grape Jam ("Grapelade"), Grape Jelly, Tomato Juice, all under the famous Welch label. Write for booklet of recipes. Welch's, Dept. A, Westfield, N.Y.*

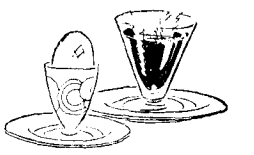
Welch's

In the Junior Size — EVERYWHERE 10¢
In pints, 25 cents — Slightly higher in the West





Children
Foremost among fruits in the child's diet necessities. A glass between meals is quickly assimilated. Restores strength to tired bodies without slowing meal-time appetite.



Breakfast
In these busy, hurrying days, enjoy your healthful breakfast fruit the quick *Welch* way. Just pour and serve. Add ice or one-third water if you like. Delicious! Economical!

Dinner
Serve Welch's iced as a cocktail. Cool fragrance that reaches out and tempts your appetite! Rich, attractive color that charms the eye!

Entertaining
Serve Welch's—with the assurance that *all* your guests will enjoy its exhilarating flavor. Sparkling and delightful with ginger ale!

Sleep
A soothing night cap to induce sleep. Mildly laxative. Anti-acid. Particularly beneficial to nerve and blood health.

PURE—PASTEURIZED
Standard for 60 years

*A noted Eastern scientist, conducting a series of research experiments, writes us that Welch's is rich in blood-building and body-energizing properties.

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DR. PAUL GERBER OF VIENNA

Do you want a BETTER APPETITE?

asks this Famous Doctor

LACK OF A HEALTHY desire for food is one of the first signs of a "run-down" condition. Heed this danger signal!

If you want a better appetite—a better digestion—greater enjoyment and "pep"—why not learn about the simple food-remedy doctors have found so beneficial . . . *Fleischmann's Yeast?*

Here's what a famous Austrian physician, Dr. Paul Gerber, says about fresh yeast. Dr. Gerber is head of the Department of Internal Medicine in the Rainer Hospital, in Vienna. He states:—

"Yeast* keeps the whole intestinal tract clean and active. It checks the spread of poisons from clogging food wastes. *It improves the appetite and has a tonic effect on the general health.*"

Fleischmann's Yeast, you know, actually strengthens the intestines—fosters secretion of digestive juices—balances the diet with appetite-stimulating vitamins B and G, and the "sunshine" vitamin D.

Get on the road to health. Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast and find out what it will do for you! At grocers, restaurants, soda fountains. Directions are on the label. Just eat 3 cakes regularly every day.

"It was what my system needed"

"Two years ago I had to give up and take a complete rest," *writes* E. D. W. Hathaway, *Alameda, Calif.* "A friend of mine in Chicago suggested Fleischmann's Yeast. It was what my system required. I am now as husky as ever and on the job every day."

***IMPORTANT*—Fleischmann's Yeast for health comes only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It's yeast in its fresh, effective form, the kind doctors advise.**

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Meet Governor Roosevelt

Continued from page 15

run and a plunge into the surf set him up momentarily but again the chill struck him and he was hastened to bed. On the following morning the doctor told him that he had infantile paralysis. Progressively he grew worse. After many weeks he left his bed. His fortitude, his cheer, his unflagging optimism never deserted him. A robust constitution, warm baths and persistent exercise added their quota to his survival.

In 1924 he mounted the platform on his crutches in Madison Square Garden and nominated his friend Al Smith for the Presidency. Mr. Smith failed that time of nomination but Mr. Roosevelt devoted much of the following four years to paving the way to Houston, Texas, where he again sponsored his hero, his Happy Warrior.

Battle Loyal

Seldom in political history has a man had a fiercer advocate than Al Smith had in Franklin Roosevelt. His pen, his tongue, all his mental resources were active in the Smith defense and championship. For example, in 1927 Mrs. J. W. Nicholson of the National Women's Democratic Law Enforcement League called upon the women voters to avoid the Smith boom because, cried she, Mr. Smith was a Constitution nullificationist. She made bold to notify Mr. Roosevelt that this was her opinion of his Happy Warrior and challenged Mr. Roosevelt to controvert it. He did so with smart alacrity. His letter to Mrs. Nicholson concluded thus:

"You know, there is an awful lot of rot talked about New York. I have traveled extensively of late and do not hesitate to say that there is more consumption of distilled liquor per capita in most Southern states and in some Western states among the white population than there is in upstate New York or even in New York City."

For a long time thereafter Mr. Roosevelt declined to include the subject of prohibition in his statements made with a view to strengthening his appeal for the nomination. Presently, however, he announced his wetness:

"The Eighteenth Amendment has not furthered the cause of a greater temperance in our population. On the other hand, it has fostered excessive drinking of strong intoxicants and has led to corruption and hypocrisy, has brought about disregard for law and order and has flooded the country with untaxed and illicit liquor."

Soon thereafter he went further and announced his advocacy of the Smith-Raskob propaganda that the enforcement of prohibition should be taken from the Federal government and turned over to the individual states.

He has conducted the office of governor on a high ethical plane. The recent gibberish from the Republican side of the legislature to investigate his administration is foredoomed to the failure it merits.

He has wangled, coaxed and elicited considerable useful legislation from a generally unfriendly legislature. An old-age pension law, for example, although the opposition was not too great because it was by no means a party measure.

Similarly he promoted a $50,000,000 bond issue for the better care of state prisons, and the state's hospitals for the physically and mentally sick. He has a particularly active urge toward social service and legislation. Reforestation and rural taxes have occupied much of his thought. He successfully advocated a constitutional amendment to enlarge the former (over the protests and active opposition of his predecessor in office, Al Smith) and accomplished a reduction of the latter. Into the state's workmen's compensation act he has put more of the vocational occupations and is now advocating an unemployment insurance bill very similar to the one Wisconsin's young governor, Philip Fox LaFollette, pressed to adoption in that state.

One of Governor Smith's most spectacular fights in Albany was for cheap electricity. Unceasingly he demanded that the state produce from its own hydro-electric plant on the St. Lawrence River low-cost power for general distribution within the state. The chronically Republican legislature repeatedly blocked the program, clinging to its traditional deference to private interests. But Mr. Smith's repeated assaults softened the opposition and when Mr. Roosevelt succeeded Mr. Smith, the Republicans were about ready to capitulate before the growing demands of their constituents.

Therefore, it was not too difficult for Mr. Roosevelt to carry the old project to the next stage. A survey was made and for a time it seemed as if the project was assured. But the Federal government, in a Republican administration, came to the rescue of the protesting private power plants. It said that the plan was not one for the State of New York to prosecute, that it was an international matter and that a treaty with Canada had first to be negotiated. And there the matter rests, leaving large numbers of New York citizens wondering why the fight wasn't carried on to Washington and demands made upon the State Department immediately to inaugurate treaty negotiations. It is not, probably, that Mr. Roosevelt is easily discouraged; it just happens that such methods are not his favorites.

Nothing of Tammany in that program. And yet Mr. Roosevelt has had a trying time disengaging himself from Tammany Hall in order that he might appear before the country as he wishes—an independent Democrat. In appearance, method, background, culture and association he is utterly dissimilar to the Tammany type. He is a Protestant, an active and honored layman of the Protestant Episcopal church.

Seabury Sets to Work

In New York you are assured by Democrats who are lukewarm in their support of him that more than once he has wished that something might have postponed the exploratory work of Mr. Samuel Seabury, whose investigations into the vitals of the Tammany Tiger made it imperative that Mr. Roosevelt take a positive stand.

In theory Mr. Roosevelt must approve of the activities of Mr. Seabury although he was not so quick to accept Mr. Seabury's estimate of the New York City machine as he was to join the anti-Tammany bloc in the State Senate in 1910.

In 1929, when the volatile Congressman Fiorello LaGuardia sought without anything resembling success to be elected mayor of New York, he accused one of Tammany's pet magistrates of having borrowed $20,000 from the gambler Arnold Rothstein. He accused Tammany pillars of other untoward acts, several voters becoming almost indignant. But Tammany Hall elected the jaunty Jimmie Walker by an overwhelming vote and the Republican legislature, hoping to save something out of the flood, voted an investigation. Governor Roosevelt vetoed the measure but a court removed the accused magistrate anyway.

Again the horrid accusations of Tammany graft were heard in 1930 when Mr. Roosevelt was running for reëlection. Again Tammany rallied to its own and Mr. Roosevelt was returned to Albany with a 700,000 majority. Again the legislature (habitually Republican because of the upstate influence) wanted to investigate but Governor Roosevelt asked the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court to make the survey, which it proceeded to do with Mr. Seabury directing.

Whereupon five magistrates slid off the wool sack and for a time it seemed that the police department would be depopulated. Twelve detectives of the vice squad of the police department were suspended when Mr. Seabury indicated that their efforts in cleaning New York City of vice were not wholly unselfish. Charges of inadequacy were brought unofficially by Mr. Seabury against the celebrated Mayor Walker and the mild, elderly District Attorney Crain. But Governor Roosevelt dismissed both indictments as insufficient. Thereat the investigation seemed about to fall apart. The legislature, refusing to let the crusade die, insisted upon its own investigation. And the country has reverberated with the accusations by Mr. Seabury and the denials of Tammany.

Slipping Bonds

Once the spiritual kinship of the James Roosevelt line and the Theodore Roosevelts was intimate. To make the bond the stronger, Franklin Roosevelt married Anna Eleanor Roosevelt, President Theodore Roosevelt's favorite niece. It was a rally day for all the Roosevelts and it happened on St. Patrick's Day, the year after Franklin's graduation from Harvard. President Theodore, the electric Alice and Theodore, junior, were among those present and intensely interested.

Since then the knots in the bonds between the two branches have loosened and slipped a bit. We do not know why or how and it's really none of our business. But it was in 1920, when Franklin was running for Vice President, that a public demonstration of the rift was offered. Theodore Roosevelt, junior, whose political aspirations were as lively as possible but whose appeal to the voting population lacked something, was campaigning for the Harding ticket. Theodore, junior, was to be rewarded with the cabinet assistantship that his father had held under President McKinley and his cousin Franklin under President Wilson. While appealing for votes for Mr. Harding, Theodore, junior, repudiated Franklin ungallantly.

"He's a maverick," cried Theodore, junior. "He doesn't have the brand of our family."

One may not blame Franklin Roosevelt for failing to laugh at Junior's sally. He may have smiled since, however, particularly when he compared the results of his cousin's appeal for votes with his own. Theodore, junior, ran for governor of New York too, you may recall. And while we do not wish to impute small motives to Franklin Roosevelt in his desire to be President, still it would be less than human of him not to indulge in a gloat, however small, if he, the maverick, should arrive some day in the White House.

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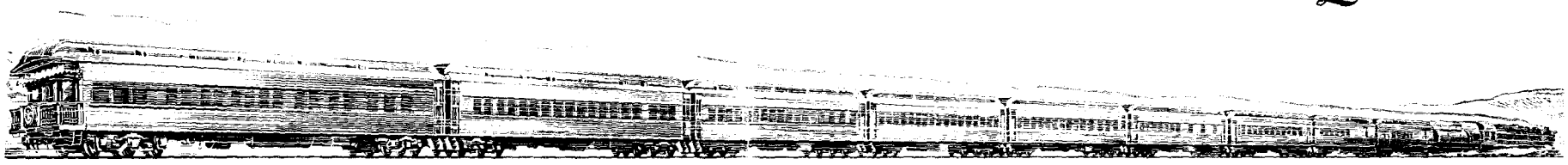
COOL ...CLEAN... QUIET



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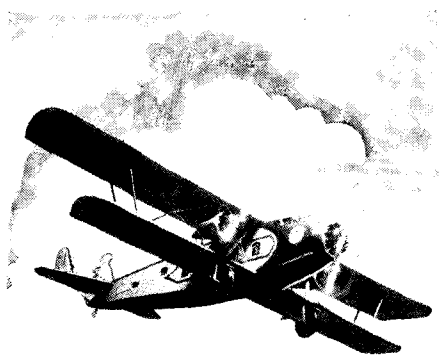

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SHE SPREADS HER WINGS

and a 2700-mile network of men springs into action!

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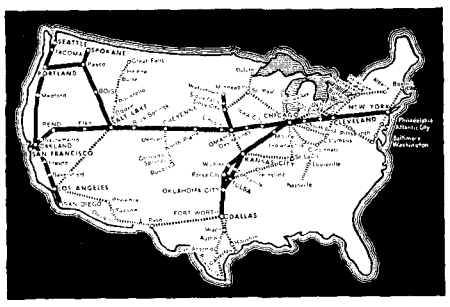


Hot Water

Continued from page 17

rebuke, but it must remain among the good things that were never spoken. For at this moment Jane put forward a suggestion that wiped the words from his lips.

"Do you want me to tell Father that you refuse?"

He swallowed unhappily.

"Oh, I suppose I'll have to do it."

"That's the way to talk!"

"But let me tell you that there are moments, when I think what I have been —er—let in for, when I ask myself . . ."

He had no time to reveal what he asked himself, for Packy had come hurrying on to the terrace.

Packy seemed amused.

"I've been having rather a trying time with that poor fish . . . I beg your pardon—I mean with your respected father. He had three separate schemes to put forward, and each was loonier than the last. It took me quite a while to persuade him that he had better leave all the active work to me."

Blair Eggleston barked sharply.

"Why the mirthless laugh?" asked Packy, surprised.

"Correct me if I am wrong, but it appears to me that I, though insignificant and of scarcely more use to you all than a sick headache, am about to do a certain share of what you describe as the active work."

Packy stared.

"What! Holding Medway's hand? You don't call that work? Child's play. And most enjoyable, to boot. Besides, an experience like that will be useful to you in your business. I shouldn't be surprised if you didn't get a plot for a novel out of Medway."

"Blair's novels haven't any plots."

"No? Why's that?"

"He thinks they're crude."

"I must read Blair's novels some day. Not just now. Later."

"The critics say they have a strange, fearless quality."

"Well, that's always something, isn't it?"

The literary discussion was interrupted by the abrupt departure of the author. With a dark frown on his face, Blair Eggleston was stamping off towards the house.

Packy watched him with concern.

"A little peeved?"

"A little. I sometimes wonder . . ."

"What?"

"Oh, nothing."

"Pardon me," said a deprecating voice behind them, "but are you doing anything just now, Vicomte?"

They turned. It was Miss Putnam who had spoken.

"Mrs. Gedge was very anxious that I should show you our leaky cistern."

It had not been Packy's intention to pass the summer afternoon inspecting leaky cisterns. The suggestion, which would have enchanted a plumber, left him cold. However, he was courteous.

"It will be a real treat," he said. He turned to Jane. "Will you join us?"

"I don't think I will, thanks."

DESPITE the fact that he had been reluctant to start upon this sightseeing expedition concerning which Miss Putnam seemed so enthusiastic, Packy became conscious of a certain pleasurable excitement as he followed the secretary to the upper regions of the house. This cistern, after all, had played an important part in his life. If there had been no leaky cistern, there would have been no falling out between Mr. Gedge and the Vicomte de Blissac; and if there had been no such falling out he would not have been here in the château now. It was as one visiting a historic monument that he came at length to Journey's End.

"This," said Miss Putnam, "is the cistern."

It was the first time Packy had been formally introduced to a cistern, and he was not quite sure of the correct etiquette. He bowed slightly and eyed the repellent object with interest.

"It leaks," said Miss Putnam.

"You are sure of this?"

"It leaks all the time."

"Not on Sundays?"

"Mrs. Gedge wanted you to see it before she sent for the plumber. Naturally, she is a little annoyed. The Vicomtesse assured her that everything was in perfect order."

"She's like that. A great kidder."

"Well, if you are satisfied . . ."

"Oh, quite. I consider that Mrs. Gedge has a cast-iron case. She has caught Mother bending and will, I trust, soak it to her good."

They took their leave of the cistern. Packy would have been quite content to walk in silence, but Miss Putnam became chatty again:

"I do so envy you having been in this lovely home as a kiddy, Vicomte. What memories you must have!"

"Oh, yes."

"You don't speak very enthusiastically."

"I am never fond of talking of those days," said Packy, who felt that this sort of thing must be firmly dealt with at the outset. "Mine, you see, was not a happy kiddyhood. Lonely. Neglected. I prefer to forget it."

"How very sad."

"Oh, I'm all right now. I've perked up a lot recently."

"How idiomatically you speak English, Vicomte."

"Yes?"

"I am sure nobody would take you for a Frenchman."

HERE again, in Packy's opinion, was a trend of thought that called for prompt measures.

"I was educated at an English school."

"But what seems so odd to me is that you speak English so like an American."

Packy was beginning to dislike this woman.

"I have traveled in America much. Ah, mademoiselle," said Packy, with Gallic fervor, "how great a country!"

"I am glad to hear you say so, being American myself."

They passed through the hall and came out onto the steps which led to the gravel drive in front of the château.

"Oh!" said Miss Putnam.

What had caused the exclamation was the sudden appearance of an ancient taxicab. It had rounded the corner of the drive and was bowling briskly towards them.

"This must be the duc."

"The who?"

"The Duc de Pont-Andemer," explained Miss Putnam. "A telegram arrived from Mrs. Gedge saying that he would be coming today."

Her woman's instinct had not deceived her. The cab came to a grinding halt at the steps. Its door opened. And from it, hopping in an aristocratic way, there emerged a gentleman of distinguished mien.

"Good afternoon," said the newcomer, advancing with a sunny but dignified smile. "Permit me, shall it not, to introduce myself. I am the Duc de Pont-Andemer."

GORDON CARLISLE was a man who in his time had played many parts. Starting at the bottom of the ladder as the genial young fellow who had found a ruby ring in the street and was anxious, as the thing was of no use to him, to sell it for what it would fetch, he had worked his way up by sheer talent and application to the top of his profession. To impersonate even a South American hidalgo with title deeds to lands rich in oil and minerals was nowadays a mere nothing to him.

It is not to be supposed, therefore, that the task of depicting a member of the French aristocracy would occasion him any concern. He was glowing with careless confidence.

Packy, on the other hand, though a young man not easily put out of countenance, was experiencing an attack of something akin to panic. He had not anticipated that he would be called upon to forgather with ducs.

"How do you do, Duke? I am Mrs. Gedge's secretary," said Miss Putnam.

"Mademoiselle!" said Mr. Carlisle, bowing.

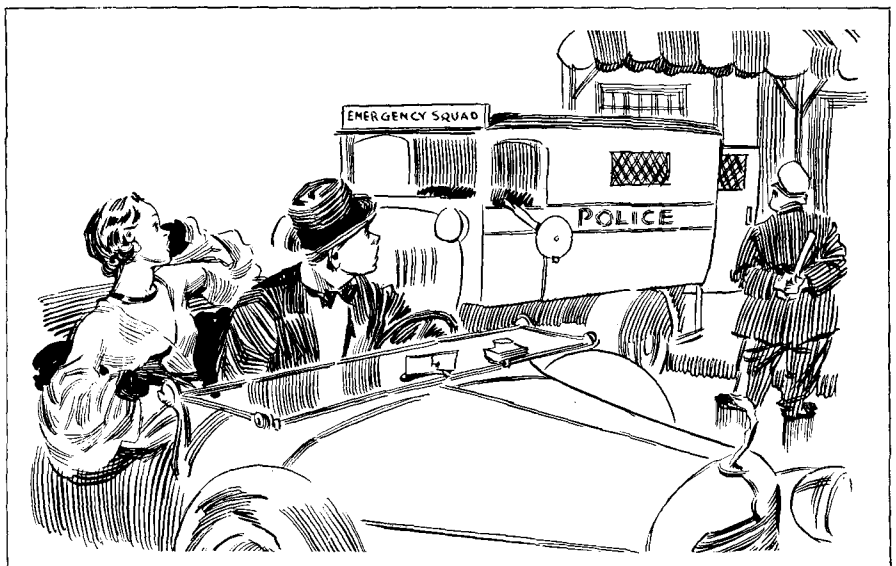
Miss Putnam beamed upon this worthy upholder of the *politesse* of the *ancien régime*.

"I hope you had a pleasant journey."

"Most, thank you. The sea was like a . . ."

"Mill-pond?" said Miss Putman. A

(Continued on page 40)



"I told you we'd be late—the party has already started"

Gilbert Bundy

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Your dealer knows that Hires Root Beer is made from natural juices...

He gladly pays more for it

Yet You Pay No More Than For Cheap Oil Flavored Imitations

HIRES ROOT BEER is as natural and delicious as the delicate juice of fresh, luscious oranges or tomatoes.

This famous national favorite contains the luscious and wholesome juices of 16 roots, barks, herbs and berries, and is blended by a slow, costly percolating process.

Hires Root Beer is wholesome—the first Root Beer that has been accepted by the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association.

Don't be fooled by imitators into accepting oil flavored substitutes. Even the foam is often faked with an added drug (saponin).

Wise dispensers gladly pay more for the genuine Hires Root Beer. Because it is so appetizing and refreshing, it holds good will, builds business. Yet *you* pay no more when you insist upon and get Hires Root Beer instead of an oil flavored substitute.

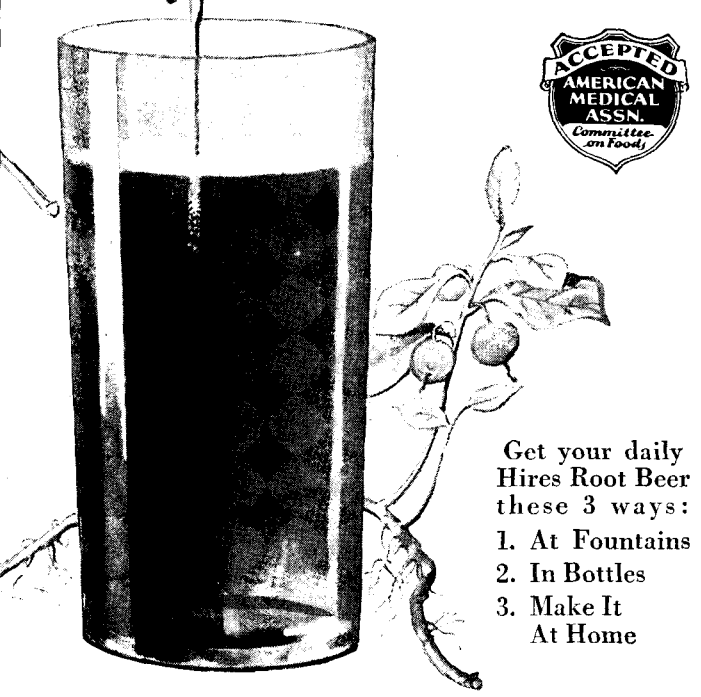
Drink **Hires Root Beer** FOR THIRST AND CHEER

Which will *you* have?

THE GENUINE!
Hires Root Beer contains the natural juices. It's satisfying like the juice of oranges or tomatoes—it is free from drugs

or

THE IMITATION!
Harsh, disagreeable after-taste because of oil flavors and chemical foam. Made in a few seconds by imitators who fail to duplicate the natural taste of Hires Root Beer.



Get your daily Hires Root Beer these 3 ways:
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2. In Bottles
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Don't just ask for "root beer"—

Say *Hires Root Beer* to get the Genuine.

DEPENDABLE FOUNTAINS GLADLY PAY MORE FOR HIRES ROOT BEER — YET *YOU* PAY NO MORE THAN FOR AN IMITATION

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THE UNPOPULAR HUSBAND

by ALBERT DORNE

EVERYONE LIKED HELEN. SHE WAS ALWAYS ASKED TO AFTERNOON AFFAIRS. BUT EVENING PARTIES WHEN HER HUSBAND HAD TO BE INVITED — THAT WAS ANOTHER STORY
HER HUSBAND WAS SOCIABLE, FOND OF A GOOD TIME. IT BORED HIM TO STAY HOME NIGHT AFTER NIGHT. BUT PEOPLE DIDN'T SEEM TO WANT HIM. COULD IT BE.....?
YES, OTHERS HAD NOTICED, TOO. AT THE BRIDGE CLUB SHE CAUGHT A WHISPER "...HELEN IS CHARMING BUT HE'S IMPOSSIBLE — SO CARELESS ABOUT 'B.O.'!"
THAT VERY DAY SHE BOUGHT LIFEBUOY. HE LIKED IT AT ONCE. ITS CREAMY, GENEROUS LATHER MADE HIM FEEL SO FRESH AND FULL OF PEP — SO CLEAN. NOT A TRACE OF "B.O." NOW!
NO MORE LONELY EVENINGS. FRIENDS DROP IN OFTEN —INVITATIONS ARE MANY. LIFEBUOY BATHS HAVE ENDED THE FAULT THAT KEPT HIM UNPOPULAR

No excuse for "B.O." (body odor)

even on the hottest day!

SOME social faults may be overlooked. But "B.O."—*body odor*—never! Yet it's so easy to be guilty and not know it, especially in hot weather when we perspire more freely. Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, abundant, searching lather purifies and *deodorizes* pores—stops "B.O." Helps protect health by removing germs from hands. Its pleasant, *extra-clean* scent vanishes as you rinse.

Fine for the skin

Lifebuoy is the secret of millions of good complexions. Its pure, bland lather cleanses gently, but thoroughly — freshens dull skins to healthy radiance. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROS. CO., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

LIFEBUOY

· FOR · FACE · HANDS · BATH ·

STOPS BODY ODOR PROTECTS HEALTH

Hot Water

Continued from page 38

student of cross-word puzzles, she was seldom at a loss.

"A meal-pont. Exactly. . . . And this gentleman?"

"This is the Vicomte de Blissac. How nice it will be . . ."

It seemed to Packy that at the mention of the vicomte's name some kind of fleeting emotion had shown itself for an instant in the visitor's face, but he was too preoccupied with his own predicament to give it attention. He plunged desperately into small talk.

"How do you do? Nice to see you."

"It is to me," replied Mr. Carlisle with his unfailing politeness, "a great privilege to visit your historic château. The Château Blissac has figured much in our country's history. I shall enjoy it."

"And, Duke," said Miss Putnam, smiling in a roguish sort of way, "you'll also enjoy having somebody to talk to in your own language. It will be nice for the Vicomte, too."

A SOMEWHAT strained pause followed the delivery of this dictum. For the space of perhaps a quarter of a minute the French aristocrats stared at each other dumbly. Here, you would have said, watching them, were two strong, silent Frenchmen.

Mr. Carlisle was the first to rally from the shock.

"Parfaitement," he said.

"Alors," said Packy.

"Parbleu!"

"Nom d'une pipe!"

There was another pause. It was as if some theme of deep interest had been exhausted.

Packy indicated the sky, as something to which he felt the visitor's attention should be directed.

"Le soleil!"

"Mais oui!"

"Beau!"

"Parbleu!" said Mr. Carlisle, rather meanly falling back on old stuff.

They paused again. Packy, except for *"Oo lá lá!"*, which he did not quite know how to bring in, had now shot his bolt.

But Mr. Carlisle was made of sterner stuff. If there is much to be said from a moral standpoint against Confidence Trickery as a profession, there is this to be urged in its favor, looking at it from a purely utilitarian point of view —that it undoubtedly breeds in its initiates a certain enviable coolheadedness and enables them to behave with an easy grace in circumstances where the layman would be nonplused. Mr. Carlisle, after what he would have been the first to confess a bad two minutes, was his resourceful self once more.

"But really, my dear fellow," he said, with a light laugh, "all this is vairy delightful, but you must not tempt me, no. My English it is not good, and I promise my *instructeur* that always I would speak it only. You understand?"

The interval of silence had enabled Packy to dig up a really hot one.

"C'est vrai," he said, with a glance at Miss Putnam which suggested that that, in his opinion, would hold her for a while. *"Mais, c'est vrai, mon vieux. Oo lá lá, c'est vrai!* I, also, study the English and do not wish to speak the French."

He regarded the descendant of the proud Pont-Andemers with an almost doglike devotion. He felt he had never met a more charming, delightful man. A Frenchman, yes—but how nobly he had lived it down by this sturdy refusal to speak or listen to his native tongue. Let him but carry on along these lines, never swerving from his determination, and Packy saw no reason why their mutual visit to the Château Blissac should not result in one of those great friendships you read about.

The departure of Miss Putnam, which occurred at this point, gave him an excuse for tearing himself away.

"Well, Duc, I'll be seeing you," he said cheerily. "I have a date. Good-by."

"Au revoir," said the Duc de Pont-Andemer.

He watched Packy disappear across the lawn. Then, turning, he strode briskly off down the drive. He wished to have a word with his friend and colleague, Mr. Soup Slattery.

He found Mr. Slattery, as he had expected to find him, in the cocktail bar of the Hôtel des Étrangers. The safe-blower, his modest day's gambling concluded, was refreshing himself with a Gustave Special.

He looked up as Mr. Carlisle approached.

"Hello! You back?"

"Yes, I'm back."

"How did you make out?"

"Oke. I'm in the château."

Respectful admiration shone in Mr. Slattery's eyes. He was a man who could give homage where homage was due.

"Nice work, Oily. You're certainly smooth."

As a rule, Mr. Carlisle liked compliments, but he cut these short.

"Listen, Soup. Things aren't so good as you think."

"How's that?"

"There's another bird in this château, on the same lay as us."

"What!"

"That's right. I found him there when I arrived. He says he's the Vicomte de Blissac."

"I know D. Blissac."

"So do I. It isn't more than a year since I took a couple of thousand bucks off him one night in London. That's how I know this bird isn't him."

"Was he on to you?"

"No. He thinks I'm a French duke. We've got to get rid of him."

Mr. Slattery's massive jaw protruded.

"You betcha we've got to get rid of him. And quick. I'm not going to have anyone muscling in on our territory."

MR. CARLISLE nodded, well pleased. Negligible though he considered him as an intellectual force, he had known that he could count on Soup when it came to crude physical action.

"He's too big for me to handle, so it's up to you. What you've got to do is go have a talk with him, and it better be tonight."

"I'll talk to him. But how," asked Mr. Slattery, the difficulties of the undertaking beginning to impress themselves on his somewhat slow mind, "do I locate him?"

"I don't know yet where he's sleeping, but I'll find out, and I'll leave a plan of the house under a stone on the right side of the front doorsteps, so you can get it when you come. And somewhere there'll be a window open for you. Okay?"

"Kayo," said Mr. Slattery shortly.

"You go to this guy, then, and knock the daylights out of him."

Mr. Slattery, without speaking, extended a massive arm and clenched and unclenched the hamlike fist at the end of it. Mr. Carlisle, smiling approvingly, bade him farewell and set out for the château with an easy mind. He felt he had left the matter in good hands.

(To be continued next week)

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Born to Sing

Continued from page 22

But I was learning. Luck was haunting me. The Valerga Company was giving the appreciative patrons of the Wigwam Forty Minutes of Comic Opera, and it was short a soprano. Charlie Meyers at once introduced me to Madame Ida Valerga, one of the best teachers of her day, who had coached Adelina Patti and whose brothers, Frank and Dick, and sister Kate sang in those forty minutes. Valerga listened to me sing. To show her what I could do I sang my high C and held it until the blood pounded in my ears. Probably my eyes bulged, too.

"Tut, tut, child," she cried, "what nonsense. Don't throw away your top notes. Save them, save them. Even the great Patti had to save them. My faith, child, Patti received applause for many high notes that she never uttered. You see, when she could no longer afford to waste them, when she had very few left to give, she resorted to tricks. You too must know the tricks. When she was to sing her final top notes, my dear, she would move into the wings and another woman would stand close behind her and sing the note. But this is only one trick."

Learning to Wear Skirts

Valerga knew this because it had been she who had supplied many of the declining Patti's final high C's.

"But you, my child, are young," she said. "Save, save while you are young. You shall sing with my sister and brother and I shall teach you."

Ida Valerga herself was singing at the Tivoli, not far away. Art in The Wigwam was long but not serious; but the Tivoli was dignified—relatively, anyway. There a stock company held forth in the more popular Italian, French and German grand operas, digressing now and then to sing The Bohemian Girl, for example, and Fra Diavolo. The Mikado, Patience, The Chimes of Normandy, Erminie and so on. Tilly Sallinger was the prima donna—the leading one at any rate, and Grace Plaisted was the soubrette.

I'm not at all sure how it happened, but one afternoon Bauer, the Tivoli conductor, came to hear me in The Queen's Lace Handkerchief at the Wigwam. I suspect that Ida Valerga was responsible, although she never admitted it. Poor dear, she couldn't. Hadn't she many singing relatives who looked longingly at the Tivoli?

At any rate, Bauer asked me to go to the Tivoli and I leaped at the chance. At The Wigwam, where I had gathered in a large following, I was getting ninety dollars a week. Bauer offered me thirty. Yet I did not hesitate. Here was my chance to sing myself into the ears of those who knew music, whose word in the musical world counted for something. Here was my chance to sing The Barber of Seville, Don Giovanni, Faust and Mignon.

What Bauer offered me was simple enough—the understudy to Sallinger and Plaisted; but what a job Ida Valerga had on her hands! I had to unlearn practically everything, from walking to breathing.

I may not have mentioned it, but in addition to a naturally placed voice I had been endowed with legs which seemed to please the hearty audiences at The Wigwam as much as my voice did—possibly more.

I think that there were two or three occasions when I went on the stage of The Wigwam with my legs partly covered by short skirts. Only twice or thrice. The patrons of that very human establishment—the men anyway—protested so vehemently on those occasions that Charlie Meyers all but forbade me to wear skirts at all. All of which was quite agreeable to me, inasmuch as I loathed the things anyway.

But at the Tivoli it was a bit different. Not, mind you, that pleasing the eyes of the audiences was regarded as unnecessary there; but, as Madame Valerga told me, there would be certain rôles in which tights were as unnecessary to the singer as red ears. For example, I might not expect to make a hit as Lucia or Marguerite on the strength of my legs.

I learned to wear skirts, although there were bad moments. Once, forgetting that I was clad to the instep, I fell down a whole flight of stairs. At The Wigwam the great John L. Sullivan had appeared on the same bill with me. That night Mr. Sullivan, although he did not know it, made me his slave. And

(Continued on page 42)

"C'mon, put up yer dukes!" *Sydney Hoff*

First Thing in the Morning . . .

Hip . . Hip . . Hurrah *for the* Saline Cocktail

WHEN you wake up to find Old Man Gloom crawling into view with his derelict army of Headache, Upset Stomach and "I-Feel-Like-The-Devil!"—grab a Saline Cocktail and watch 'em decamp—and cheer!

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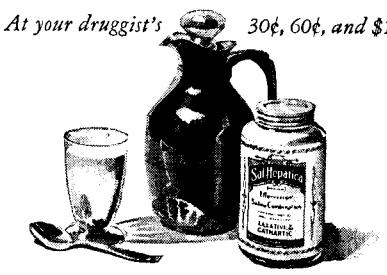

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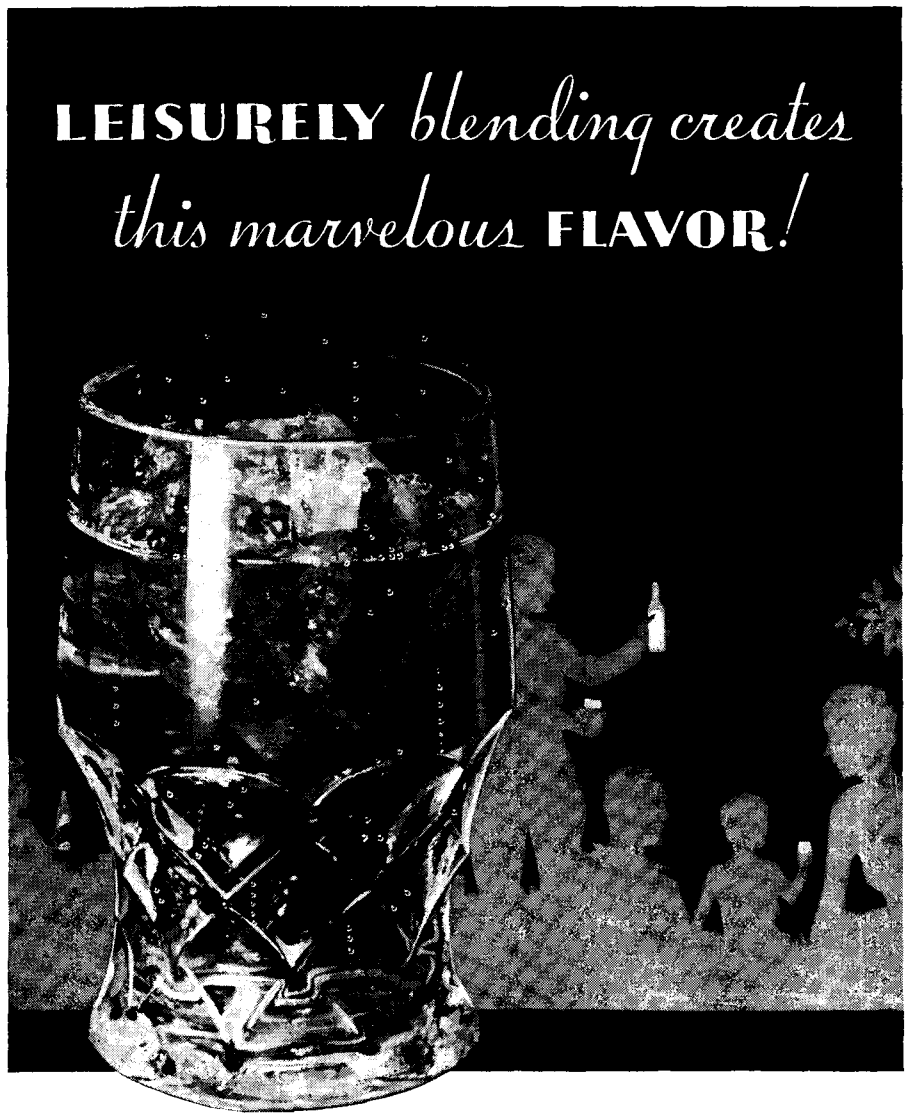

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(Continued from page 41)

this in spite of his condition: Mr. Sullivan was quite drunk.

As I remember it, he sang a song—A Shamrock From My Dear Old Mother's Grave—in a crashing baritone. There was a riot of applause and Mr. Sullivan seemed pleased—so much so that he dispensed with the monologue he was supposed to give and launched forth upon a eulogy of his mother that dissolved me in tears. Any man, thought I, who loved his mother so fervently was at heart a good man. And it would have been unlike me not to have told him so.

"Mr. Sullivan," I said, "you're a good man and I—"

"Sure I'm a good man," said Mr. Sullivan. "I can lick any—"

"I just wanted to tell you," I went on hurriedly—a little frightened too, "that I don't care who you fight, you will win. Any man who loves his mother—"

I got no further because John began again to bellow A Shamrock From My Dear Old Mother's Grave. They led him away.

Stage Fright

So it was while I was learning to wear skirts that John fought James J. Corbett in New Orleans. I was deep in my lesson when the rumor arrived that my mother-worshiping hero had been knocked out. On the ground floor there was a saloon, the head bartender of which had taken a fatherly fancy to me. And I liked him—Tim Boyle.

The wardrobe mistress, my instructress in skirt-manipulating, had come up with the rumor, and I, dressed for the lesson, announced my disbelief. Forgetting all about the skirt, I ran to the door, opened it, tripped and fell in a bruised heap at the bottom of the stairs.

Tim Boyle gathered me up. Was I hurt—badly? I confessed that I wasn't any too pleased, but demanded the truth from New Orleans. Tim wept. Our idol had collapsed.

Ida Valerga, out of the goodness of her heart and the pride she had in her craft, was determined that I should sing a star's rôle. Because she occasionally did Lucia di Lammermoor at the Tivoli and had no adequate understudy, she concentrated on that fine old stand-by for my first important appearance.

I suspect that Valerga was eager for someone to take her place—that she had grown tired of singing Lucia and that she preferred to teach, anyway. However, one morning Valerga was satisfied with me. She was to sing Lucia that night.

"My child," she said, "my head aches. Run on now and rest. Be sure to rest. Come to see me at four o'clock."

At four o'clock she told me she was too ill to sing that night—that I would sing in her stead.

Well, I sang Lucia, my first complete grand opera, as a star, in a recognized opera organization. I sang it and experienced for the first time in my life (but not the last) that ghastly terror that all artists must face at one time or another—stage fright.

I appeared to be going well until the flute and I tackled the Mad Scene. The flute was altogether capable. But I, after a couple of fumbling starts, elected to call it an evening. Somewhere in the midst of that scene, my legs took charge of me. The next thing I knew was that I was in the wings with George Lask, the stage manager, holding me by the shoulders.

"Get back there and finish it," he barked. "You're doing it beautifully. Get back there and sing. Lord, but you look madder than Lucia herself. You look the part—now sing it. Get on, get on."

He literally threw me back to the stage. And I finished—somehow.

But my customary cockiness returned almost immediately and the valuation I placed upon my talent soared. And I was sailing along blissfully, on thirty dollars a week, until the management of the Tivoli decided that the audiences needed a change of musical diet. There would be a pause of a few weeks in opera and in its place an extravaganza would be put on—all of which suited me perfectly until I was informed that there was no place for me in it.

The shock was terrific. That thirty dollars hadn't gone far. I had rescued my mother from her drudgery and she had fetched Ben, my son, with her from Kansas City. Getting Ben was no trivial accomplishment. His father's family had taken him and had notified us that they intended keeping him. There was nothing to do, of course, but capture him by whatever means we might. So one morning, quite early, Mother loitered around the house until little Ben came out on the porch. Enticing him to the fence with candy, she grabbed him, hustled to the railroad station and arrived in San Francisco with the baby in her arms. He was charmed by the ride, the excitement and, although a bit strange with us for a day or so, was soon quite happy. Anyway, I had him. It may have been altogether illegal, but I had my baby.

The prospect of losing that thirty dollars a week for even a couple of months terrified me. Perhaps I might have gone back to The Wigwam. Perhaps I could have got on elsewhere. But the Tivoli was the Tivoli and I wanted to stay there. I tried to convince the management that I was a superior extravaganza singer but the reply was always the same—there was no part for me in this piece; be patient, be patient.

It was no time to be patient; I had no desire to starve patiently. I had to work—and keep on working. Now it happened that a few weeks earlier the talented Ada Lewis had played San Francisco. If you are old enough you'll remember her—Ada Lewis, The Tough Girl. She did a Bowery dance in a cap pulled askew, a tight short jacket, an abbreviated red skirt and stockings with horizontal white stripes. Her dance had captured San Francisco, just as other cities had given her furious approval. She had, in short, started something—a craze, as we called it then.

From Lucia to Maggie

On the night the extravaganza opened at the Tivoli, I got into an Ada Lewis costume, adding a few original touches —pigtail braids, shoes far too big for me and worn white gloves. In a cloak that hid my costume I went to the theater and watched the first act from the wings. I had picked my time rather neatly, because at the dress rehearsal I had noticed a lull just before the first-act finale. This lull was taken up by a few bars of fast dance music by the orchestra. That was my chance. It took nerve, but I had nothing to lose.

I had the idea that I'd do it alone. But when the time came, I saw one of the lesser comedians standing in the wings, his part done, waiting for the finale. So I grabbed the startled man and together we ran out on the stage.

Abandoning him in the middle of the stage, I did an Ada Lewis dance—a tougher, rougher Lewis, dancing for my bed and board, for my thirty dollars a week. I danced as I had never danced before. My imagination went as wild as my legs. In the wings I could see the amazed faces of the assembled company, their cue for the final ensemble held up by the orchestra leader who abandoned the score and had shouted to his musicians to play Ada Lewis' music. And they did it, from memory.

I must have danced six or seven minutes before going off. The audience, the

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orchestra too, stood as they applauded and demanded more.

"Get on there, get on there, damn you," shouted George Lask, giving me a push stageward.

I danced five encores. Things happen like that—sometimes. I brazenly butted my way into a show that had no part for me. I continued my specialty for twenty weeks—the duration of that extravaganza. From Lucia di Lammermoor to Maggie Murphy.

Now it was sometime during the latter part of that run that San Francisco was notified that The Bostonians were coming. The Bostonians, if you don't know it, were by all means the most famous and most talented singing organization in America. I doubt very much whether any opera company—grand or comic—has ever had more beautiful voices.

A Frantic Fortnight

There was the unhappy Jessie Bartlett Davis, a mezzo-soprano who has probably never been excelled on any stage. She died in her forties, when she should still have been in the ascendant.

With her were the noble Eugene Cowles, Henry Clay Barnabee and George Frothingham, bassos; Peter Lang and Edwin Hoff, tenors; the lovely Marie Stone and Carlotta Maconda, sopranos; and their own chorus.

Without ever having met any of these Titans, I announced to several minor members of the Tivolians that I, Alice Nielsen, would not be with them next year. Why? Oh, nothing except that I was going with The Bostonians. Now there wasn't much thought behind the announcement. At that moment there was about as much chance of my being taken on by The Bostonians as there is now, The Bostonians having long ago vanished. But I was not the sort that took such difficulties too seriously.

But presently it occurred to me that I had better do something about getting acquainted with them. Knowing no better tactics, I fell back upon the method I used to get my first stage job—with The Mikado. I modified it, of course; it would scarcely do to return to stage-door singing. But although I did not sing in the street, I began to haunt the Baldwin Theater where The Bostonians were singing, and one day, at the stage door, I recognized Henry Clay Barnabee, who was then sixty years old, or even more.

"Mr. Barnabee?"

"Yes, yes, m'girl; I'm Mr. Barnabee."

"Would you listen to my voice?" I panted. "I want to sing for you—with you."

"Tut, tut, tut, m'girl. Where are you from?"

"The Tivoli, sir."

Perhaps this impressed him a little, although a true Bostonian was not to be impressed by voices from without. But somehow (perhaps because I told him that Ida Valerga had taught me Lucia) he took me back into the theater.

"Can you sing clear English?" he demanded. "Damn' few singers can."

Doubtless I assured him that I could. Anyway he caught Macdonald and Mrs. Macdonald (Marie Stone) on their way out and the three of them listened while I sang Annie Laurie, Comin' Through the Rye and Il Bacio, the lilting song that Arditi wrote for Adelina Patti.

When I had finished, Macdonald, Stone and Barnabee arose with vast dignity, and in terrible silence left the theater. Whether I had done well or badly, I didn't know. They said absolutely nothing. I suppose I should have been disconcerted; perhaps I should have taken their silence for disapproval. What I actually did (and I know that it's hard to believe) was to return to the Tivoli and announce that I was celebrating my engagement by The Bostonians by giving a supper that night to the chorus! The Bostonians had two weeks more in San Francisco. In that time, I thought, I would do something desperate to compel them to take me. I would have to, after all this.

Those two weeks passed in the swiftest days I had ever known. And day followed day with no word from Barnabee.

Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of the second week passed—and no word. On Saturday a messenger arrived asking me to read what he had fetched in the envelope and let him have my reply. It was a contract with The Bostonians! They offered me $50 a week to travel with them and sing ingénue rôles and understudy the lyric soprano parts.

And almost immediately I was taken under the wing of Clara Barnabee, wife of Henry Clay Barnabee. It was one of the oddest friendships a girl ever formed. She was one of the loneliest, unhappiest and most unselfish women I have ever known. Her love for me became oppressive, tyrannical and in time unbearable. And yet it has been the fortune of few women to know such devotion.

Miss Nielsen will continue her story in next week's Collier's.

"I called your number twice—where was ya?" *Richard Decker*

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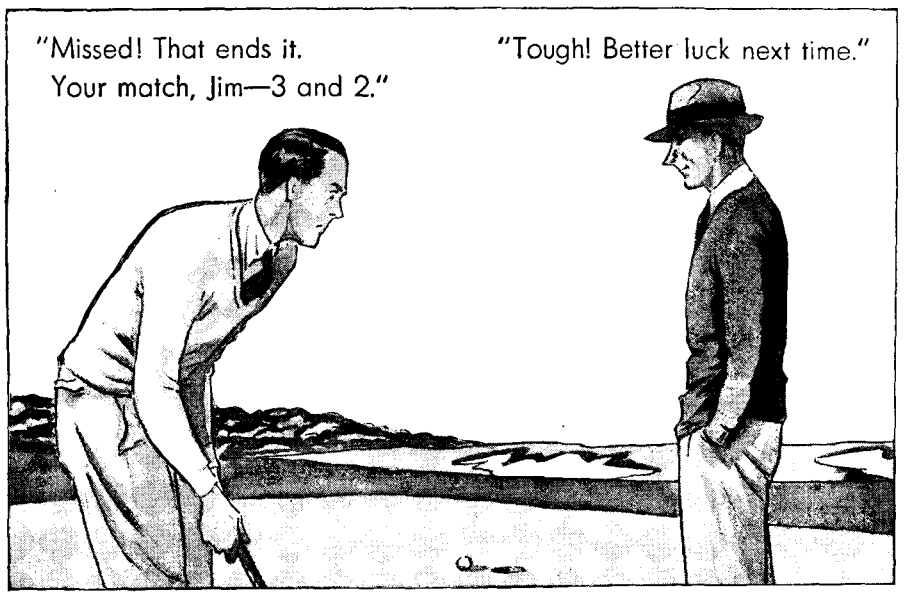
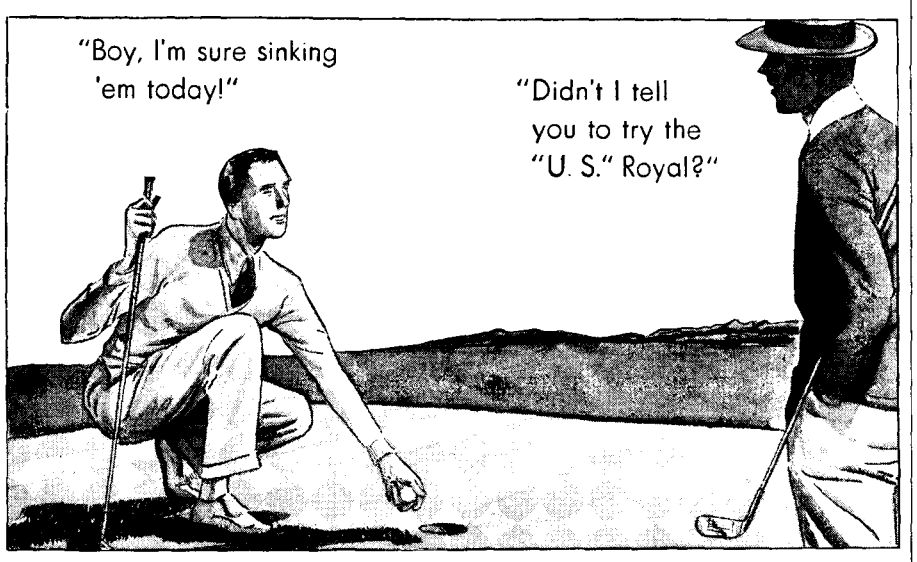
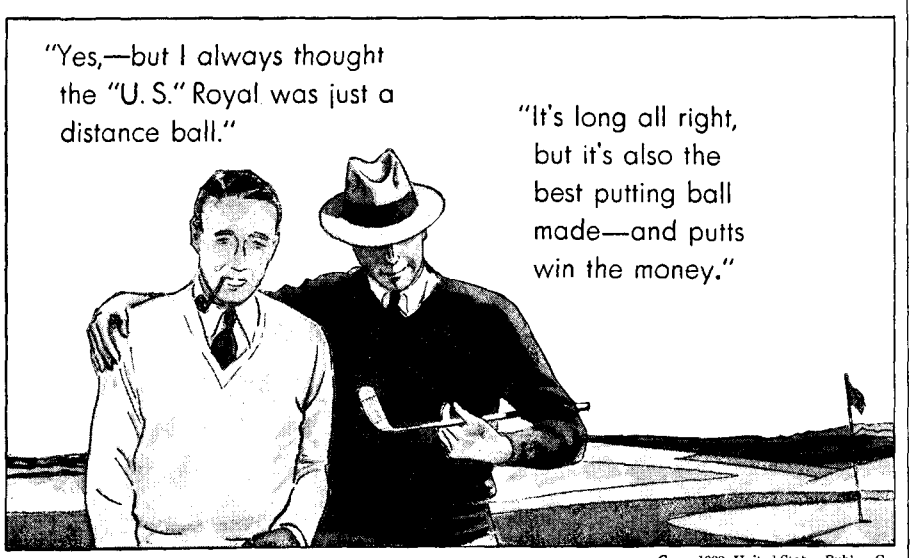


THE FOLLOWING WEEK

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Wolf Meat

Continued from page 27

and ran with the word to me. Another saw you bear her over the ship's rail. And now yield her up to me, you spawn of Satan's penthouse!"

"Is this your peace?" asked Karli without anger. "Now, listen. Where is the lying knave who said he saw me carrying Astrid to the dragon craft?"

"He is not here. He is"—Sir Thord swallowed hard—"one of the warden's liegemen."

"Well, find him and fetch him. And since you must e'en go to the ambush in the wood, look well at the tracks there in the snow. For yonder are my tracks, coming and going. A stone's throw within the trees you will see where Astrid came to speak with me—she who hath more of honor than the lord her father and his messmate the Lord Warden. You will see where she went back to the manor."

WITHOUT a word Sir Thord went off into the wood. He was gone a long time and he came back trailing Karli's forgotten mantle in the snow. He came alone and stood there, pulling at his beard.

"No one," he said, "is in the wood any more. They have gone, every soul of them, upon the forest road."

"The girl, Astrid?"

"Ay, else she would be with me."

Karli looked keenly at the dazed man and saw that he spoke the truth. Then Karli turned his mind back to what had happened in that wood. He thought of Astrid running back to her house, and coming upon the horsemen. She might have told the warden what had passed between her and the Red Elf, or she might not. But he had kept her there, and presently a man of his had been sent to say to Thord the lie that his daughter had been carried to the ship. So the warden had not meant Thord to see his daughter again.

Even while he pondered a woman came down from the manor, saying that some of the warden's men had hastened back to the house and loaded all Valgard's gear upon the pack horses, and had departed an hour since.

Twilight fell upon them with a darkening fall of snow. The people crowded about, whispering and waiting to hear what the Viking would say. Thord had sent for his horse, which was led up, saddled.

"How many more have ye?" Karli asked. "Swift-paced horses?"

"No other than this," Thord admitted, ashamed. He held his life as little against his daughter, and he meant to ride after the warden.

"Well," said Karli, "it seems that we twain must go upon this search alone. But do you ride fast, old man, for I have need of you."

Thord, his foot in the stirrup, stared at the dim form of the Viking. "What! Your boat cannot follow the inland road, and this quarrel is not yours."

"It is not to my mind," the Viking responded, "to leave my bride in another man's arms for long. Show me the road."

Although Thord galloping headlong, following the tracks along the road, the Viking kept beside him. The horse plunged down slopes, slipping and pulling itself together. The Viking whirled from side to side, to break the speed of the descent. Over fallen trees the horse leaped, and the man leaped beside him.

Night had fallen, but the snow had ceased and the air grew clear. Thord could no longer make out the tracks of the riders. Karli, however, went on without faltering. The forest thinned out around them, and they saw ahead of them at one side two red eyes of light.

Cautiously they went ahead. They saw that the lights were fires. Valgard and his men had turned off the road to halt for the night. They did not look for pursuit so far from the sea, and they had gone down a steep slope, across clear ground to a cluster of pine trees. So they were a hundred paces from the road—some of the men cutting up a dead tree, others taking the saddles from the horses. Valgard's servants were rigging up a shelter, out of boughs and tent cloths, between the two great fires.

Valgard was sitting on a log. He still had on his steel cap and mail and he held a wine cup on his knee, while he gave orders to his men. Within the shelter beside him the girl Astrid crouched upon a mantle. Her face was white but she did not weep.

All this Thord and Karli saw clearly, in the red glow of the fires.

"Men say," Thord whispered to the Viking, "that you have the gift of foresight. Can you see what will come out of this?"

"Faith, no," Karli laughed, leaning on his spear.

Anxiously Thord peered at him. After all this seafarer was young and heedless. He had only human strength in him.

"Hail them, Sir Thord," he said, "and summon this Valgard to give up Astrid, if he will not have manslaughter at this place."

Throwing back his head, the old lord shouted: "Ho, Valgard! I am Thord and now I call upon you to release my daughter to come to me. 'Tis an ill deed you have done, to lay hand upon the maid of the house that sheltered you."

IN THE moment of surprised silence Valgard stood up, his hand on his sword, peering up into the night. But he could not see the two of them. Yet in that moment—for he was a shrewd man—he had guessed that Thord, escaping from the Vikings, must have followed alone on the solitary charger of the manor.

"Good or ill," he shouted back, "'tis not for you to say, old man. You are the messmate of the Red Elf and his outlaws—ay, you have given them food and shelter, despite me—and now must I hold your maid a hostage."

Some of the men-at-arms laughed, and Thord ground his teeth.

"That is a black lie, Valgard. Will you give up the girl?"

"She is here. Come you down, and take her."

Suddenly Astrid's clear voice rang out: "Nay, Father—for they—"

Turning swiftly Valgard dealt her a heavy blow on the mouth, and she fell back. Thord saw then that her ankles were bound together, so that she could not move upon her feet. "May God requite you for that blow," he roared, and jerked at the rein of his horse.

But Karli's hand held the rein and forced the beast back to the road. "Bide here, old man. Sure it is weary of life you are this day." Then his deep voice hailed the camp: "You need not shout so loud, Valgard, for the Red Elf hears. Now you must make ready and take your weapons and summon your men, for the Red Elf will be coming down with his arms."

Valgard's manner changed on the instant. He called his men from the horses; they snatched up weapons, and at his bidding ranged themselves in a

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long half-circle before the fires—two or three paces between the men. A half-dozen archers advanced steadily beyond the half-circle toward the slope. Valgard fitted his shield on his arm, drew his sword and stood beside the shelter.

All this Karli watched attentively. Except for his eyes he did not move at all, until he began to clear the snow from his skis by sliding them back and forth.

Then he leaned forward a little, half crouched. He slid one foot forward and was over the edge of the slope. In a second he was speeding down the wide track made by the horses—faster and faster. He reached the archers, who had barely glimpsed him. One threw a shield in front of him with a warning shout, and he leaped over it.

Out of the night he shot into the half-circle of the men-at-arms. Erect, he sped between two of them. An axe swept at him wildly and he crouched on his skis to let it clear his head.

Faster than a bird on the wing, with the great spear gripped before him, he bore down on Valgard.

No time for Valgard to leap aside. Throwing his shield before him, the warden struck blindly at the spear with his sword. No swordsmanship could turn that spear with such weight behind it. The blade clattered off the wood—the spear's point crashed through the shield, smashed through the body armor, and came out red between Valgard's shoulder blades.

BUT Valgard's body had been cast back through the tent shelter, and Karli was whirling on the snow beside it.

The Viking gripped the ground, drew his skis under him and reached out his free arm. He caught Astrid by the waist, threw her over his shoulder. With an effort he stood erect, shouting at the dazed watchers.

"The Red Elf has taken his bride away. 'Tis ill to follow!" And he slid one foot before him, gliding out of the light among the trees, in a wide circle that would take him back to the road through the darkness.

Few realized what had happened until he was passing from sight. Javelins were flung, and some of the warden's henchmen started to run after, through the deep snow. But he was lost to sight, and they stopped at the edge of the firelight. Some cried out to saddle the horses, but no one did so.

They were looking at the dead body. Of what avail to follow a man who could fly through the night like that and strike such a blow? They crossed themselves and shook their heads. And afterward they told in the towns a tale of how they had seen the Red Elf swoop down out of the night sky, riding on his hoofs, with the wings of a fiend beating behind him and fire coming out of his head—

IN HIS arms Karli carried the girl home. And at dawn Karli and his Vikings were still breaking their long fast, while the lights glowed in the hall and a great fire roared from the hearth. The maids of the place hastened from table to table carrying pitchers of ale, and the men made a song when they heard how Karli came down with his spear on the warden's men. Old Thord thumped the board, for good red wine had been carried in without stint and his mind had grown a little mixed. He was proud to have an earl's son sitting in honor beside him on the high seat and he thought that the days of the manor would be lively now.

As for Astrid, she had put on her best red garment—although she knew, now that she had seen the silks and brocades in one of Karli's open chests, that her dress was shabby indeed. The other maids looked at her in a new way, and she held her head high. At the same time she was half frightened. For Karli said no more of his suit before these people—in fact he said nothing at all. With flushed cheeks he looked down at his hands. The Red Elf had grown fearful. And Astrid ever listened for his voice.

Until suddenly he rose from his place and caught her hand. He led her apart from the others, and took a casket from his belt. From it he drew ropes of pearls, and hung them, with quivering fingers, about her throat in a clumsy tangle. Then he thrust great silver arm-bands set with shining emeralds upon her wrists, so that he hurt her. Still he had naught to say, but he put his arm about her and kissed her.

At the tables the Vikings laughed deep.

"Astrid," he whispered, "I am crestfallen and fearful, for I know not how to set about wooing you."

She straightened the pearls upon her throat, and looked up at him gently.

"I know little of such things," she said, "but it seems to me that you manage well enough as it is."

"If you can't be hilarious, madam, you'll have to leave!" *Roland Coe*

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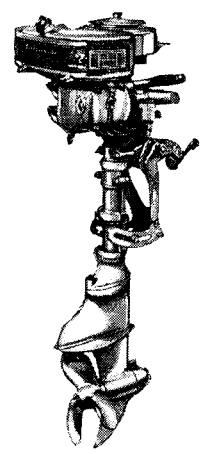

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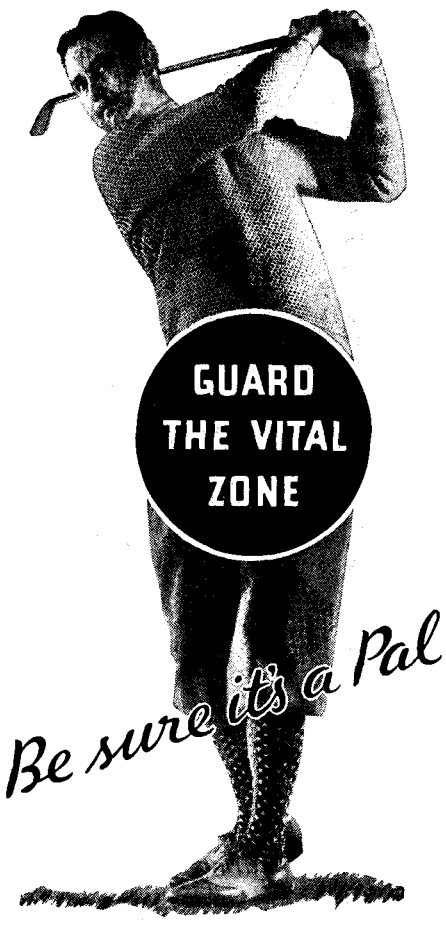

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Almost Perfect

Continued from page 23

"Those aren't my books. They belonged to my wife. She believed in that sort of thing."

We came out of the cottage and lighted cigarettes.

"Not three lights off of one match," O'Malley warned, and he lighted his with the match which Bolder offered him. Then we went back to town and Bolder left us.

"Did Bolder's brother or any of the others have a gun?" I asked.

"We can't find so. The guy that used the gun took it away with him, so there ain't no clue in that."

We parted and I did not see him for a couple of days.

"How are you progressing?" I asked him when we met.

"Like a guy walking backwards. I seen Bolder several times and he's been giving me all the help he can, but I get nowhere. I got to see him now."

I went along. George Bolder was at the town house and we found him there.

"Did you get a letter from a nut, Mr. Bolder?" O'Malley inquired.

"A letter!" Bolder exclaimed. "I have had hundreds of them. I did not know there were so many cranks. Of course I have paid no attention to their letters."

"That's the way to treat 'em," O'Malley commended; "but this one guy wrote to the commissioner too. He said he'd wrote to you. The commissioner give the letter to the inspector and the inspector give it to me; I can't just tell the inspector the guy's a nut. Can I see the letters?"

Bolder showed us a huge pile of letters, most of them unopened, and O'Malley looked them through.

"Sure, here's the right one," he said finally. "This guy says that if someone who was loved by Mrs. Bolder would consult him, he thinks he can get the murderer's name."

"Someone whom she loved would mean me," said Bolder. "If you think any result is possible from such an experiment, I should be glad to help you."

"I don't expect we'd get anything, but it would help me at headquarters."

We went to the address given in the letter. The name signed to it was Norton and the writer proved to be a tall, pale, impressive-looking man.

"You claim to be a second-sight guy?" O'Malley asked him.

"I make no claim as to that, but I have been sometimes successful in obtaining messages from those who have passed on, by means of slate-writings."

"O. K.," O'Malley told him.

"I don't believe in this," I whispered to O'Malley. "But if Mrs. Bolder saw the person who killed her, she undoubtedly recognized him."

NORTON brought out half a dozen small slates such as school-children use, and gave two of them to Bolder, asking him to wash them clean. After washing them, Bolder, following Norton's directions, put a small piece of chalk between the slates and tied them tightly together. Then, for at least ten minutes, we sat in silence while Bolder held the slates upon his knees with his finger-tips pressed tightly on the top one. He then untied the slates. In spite of my disbelief, my hair stirred when I saw that writing had appeared on one of the slates; but the words were meaningless. I read: "Husband. Love. Oh, daughter, daughter!"

"At any rate," said Norton, "somebody, probably Mrs. Bolder, is trying to communicate with us."

We tried again, getting only incoherent words, and then made a third trial.

"Anything this time?" O'Malley asked.

"Merely the same stuff," Bolder replied contemptuously.

He erased it and we made a fourth attempt, but got only the same words that had been in the first writing. Norton seemed much embarrassed by his failure.

"I didn't never think we could get the guy's name," O'Malley stated, when we were again in the cab, "but I can tell the inspector that we tried it."

We dropped Bolder at his house. Then we got a department car and drove out to Westchester; but we did not go anywhere near the Bolder place but put the car in a garage.

"We got to move a little fast," O'Malley said. "You a good walker? You're going to get some exercise."

WE WALKED several miles and finally came out on the hills above the Hudson a half-mile from the Bolder place, where we found a couple of Westchester police officers awaiting us. When it was dark, we moved closer to the Bolder cottage and hid ourselves in bushes.

Suddenly the three officers jumped up and began to run, and I ran with them; but I did not know what it was all about until I saw that they were pursuing someone. The man dodged among trees and bushes but did not cry out, and finally they caught him. When I got up to them I saw it was George Bolder.

"You find what he threw away," O'Malley directed one of the officers.

The officer went away with a flashlight and came back, in a few minutes, with a revolver wrapped carefully in his handkerchief. Bolder said nothing as we led him back to the cottage. There was soot on his hands.

"I'm in the dark about almost all of this, O'Malley," I said an hour later. "Bolder killed his wife and you got the goods on him, but how you did it I don't see yet. This seems to have been one of those strange cases of two people who find it unbearable to be apart and intolerable to be together. They separated several times but could not stay away from one another. Mrs. Bolder was ruining his life and her own, and he killed her in a sort of desperation after planning the way of doing it for months.

"The shot passed unnoticed in the noise of the party at the house. Then he cut the screen, arranged the room to indicate a struggle and shot himself, perhaps more seriously than he intended, since he almost died of it. In spite of that, he carried out his plan—dropping the revolver into the hole under the brick which he had removed from the bottom of the fireplace, replacing the brick, and lighting the fire which he had laid, so that the ashes hid the fact that the brick had been moved. Then he became unconscious. Was it the match that you picked up that made you suspect him?"

"Maybe. There wasn't no other matches in the cottage like it, and it was like the match he gave me to light my cigarette. He got 'em at his club. But he might have lit the fire before the murder. Anyhow I figured that if he had done it he must have hidden the gun before he passed out so it couldn't be far away. So I played him."

"But why," I said, "did he give himself away? He was safe. Why did he come back to take the revolver from the place where he'd hidden it?"

"You're always pretty dumb. You were there when we got the writing on the slates."

"Certainly I was there," I returned indignantly, "and I know how the writing was done."

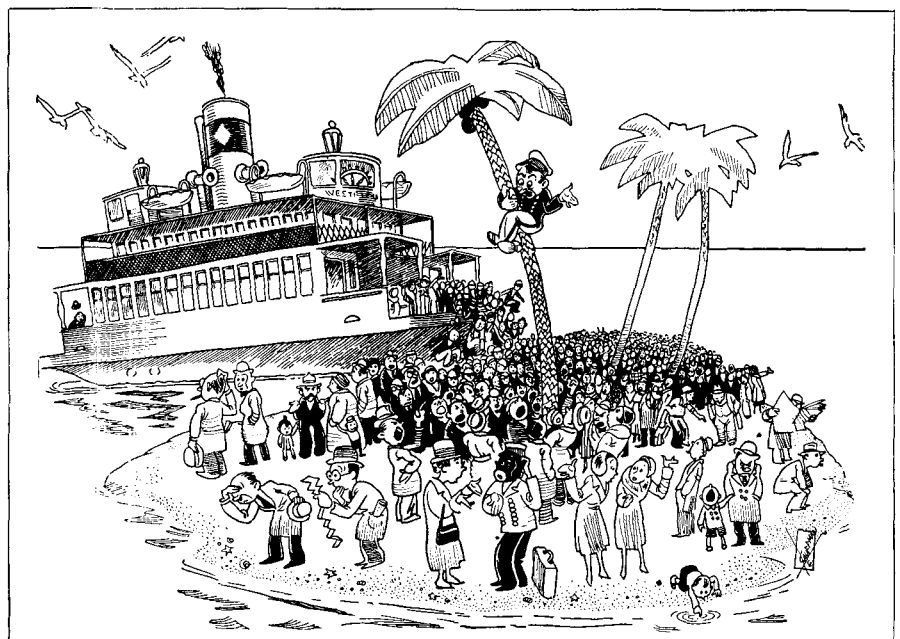
"Sure about that?" O'Malley asked. "You didn't see all those slates, did you?"

"That's right," I remembered. "The third time it was done you merely asked Bolder if there was anything different and he replied 'No' and washed it off without anyone else seeing it. Was there something different on that slate?"

O'MALLEY handed me a slip of paper. "I forgive you," I read. "Danger. Danger. Hide it better."

"I see," I said admiringly. "Bolder thought this was a message from his wife, and he came here and took the revolver from the place where it had been safely hidden for more than a month and might have remained indefinitely. This was great work, O'Malley—as clever a trap for a criminal as I have ever heard of!"

"Yeah?" O'Malley said sarcastically. "Clever? Or was I a boob to pin the murder on the guy that offered the reward? He won't give me no ten thousand for catching himself, will he?"



"But I did start for Brooklyn! I tell you it was the fog!" *G. Francis Kauffman*

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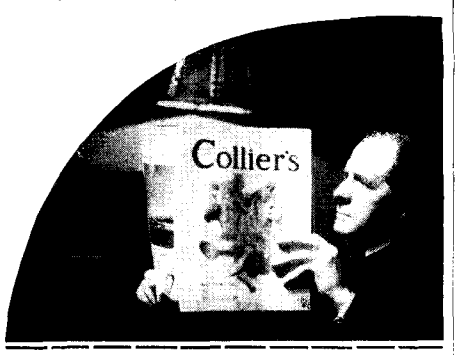

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The Mask of Fu Manchu

Continued from page 21

high-shouldered figure seated before her. "It was *my* part of the bargain."

Describing a wide circle around the sinister Chinaman, she ran to me and I had her in my arms. I could feel her heart beating wildly. I held her close, stroking her hair: she was overwrought, on the verge of collapse. She was whispering rapidly—incoherently—of her fears for my safety, of her happiness to be with me again, when those low even tones came:

"I have performed what I promised, Sir Denis. It is now your turn. . . ."

MY LAST recollection, as I stooped and went out, must always remain vivid in my mind.

Those golden records of the Masked Prophet, one of the unique finds in the history of archæology, lay glittering upon the narrow table in the light of that strange globular lamp. Dr. Fu Manchu, his long pointed chin resting upon his crossed hands, his elbows upon the table, watched us unfalteringly.

One grave anxiety was set at rest. In reply to a pointed question of Nayland Smith's, he had assured us that Rima had not been subjected to "damnable drugs or Lama tricks" (Sir Denis' own words). And, fearing and loathing Dr. Fu Manchu as I did, incredible though it may seem, I never thought of doubting his word. A hundred and one questions I was dying to ask Rima, but first and foremost I wanted to find the sky above my head again.

The Great Corridor was empty from end to end. And, I leading and Nayland Smith bringing up the rear, we stumbled down to that point where it communicates with the narrower passage. Here I turned, and looked back as far as the light of my lamp could reach.

Nothing was visible. I could only think that Dr. Fu Manchu remained alone in the King's Chamber, with the precious relics.

I glanced at Rima. She was clenching her teeth bravely, and even summoned up a pallid smile. But I could see that she was close to the edge of her resources.

"Hurry!" snapped Nayland Smith. "Remember—ten minutes!"

But even when, passing the lowest point, we began to mount towards open air, somehow I could not credit the idea that Dr. Fu Manchu had carried out this business unaided. I paused again.

"It was here that we heard," I began—

As though my words had been a cue, from somewhere, utterly impossible in those circumstances to define, came the dim note of a gong!

Rima clutched me convulsively. In that age-old corridor, in the heart of the strangest building erected by the hand of man, it was as uncanny a sound as imagination could have conjured up.

"Don't be afraid, Rima," came Nayland Smith's voice. "It's only a signal that we are on the way up!"

"Oh!" she gasped; "but I can't bear much more. Please get me out, Shan! Get me out. . . ."

I led on as swiftly as possible.

As we had arranged, five men with Dr. Petrie were immediately outside the entrance.

"Thank God, Petrie," said Nayland Smith hoarsely. "We've got her! Here she is! Take care of her, old man."

Whereupon, at sight of the doctor, Rima's wonderful fortitude deserted her. She threw herself into his arms with a muffled scream and began to sob hysterically.

"Rima, dear," I exclaimed, "Rima!"

Petrie, supporting her with one arm, waved to me to go on, at the same time nodding reassuringly.

"Come on, Greville," said Nayland Smith. "She's in safe hands, and better without you at the moment."

We had arranged—I confess I had never dared to hope that our arrangements would be carried out—to take her to Mena House. Down on the sands at the foot of the slope, Sir Lionel and Hewlett were stationed. And, as I jumped from the last step:

"Have you got her, Greville? Is she safe?" the chief asked hoarsely.

"Yes, she's with Petrie. She's broken down, poor little lady—and I don't wonder," Nayland Smith replied. "But she's come to no harm, Barton. Keep out of the way—leave her to Petrie."

"Where has she been? How did it happen?"

"It's impossible to ask until the nerve storm has worn itself out. Anything to report, Hewlett?"

"I'm staggered, Sir Denis! But, thank God, you have Miss Barton! There's one thing. A few minutes after you went in, as we were closing up on the pyramid, we heard a most awful wailing sound. . . ."

"A *bull-roarer*, Smith!" the chief shouted. "But God knows where the devil was hidden; we never had a glimpse of him."

Nayland Smith glanced aside at me.

"Possibly the counterpart of the *gong* signal," he whispered. "But which came first?—and how did one signaler hear the other?"

I saw Hewlett glancing at the dial of an illuminated wrist-watch.

"Three minutes to go, Sir Denis," he announced. "How many are inside?"

"Only one," Nayland Smith replied, in a curiously dull voice.

"Only one!" the chief cried incredulously.

"One, but the biggest *one* of all."

"What! You don't mean . . ."

"Exactly what I do mean, Barton. We left Dr. Fu Manchu alone in the King's Chamber."

"Good Heavens! Then for all his cunning—"

"He's trapped!" Hewlett concluded. "How he got in, and how he got Miss Barton in, is entirely beyond me. But that he can never get out is certain."

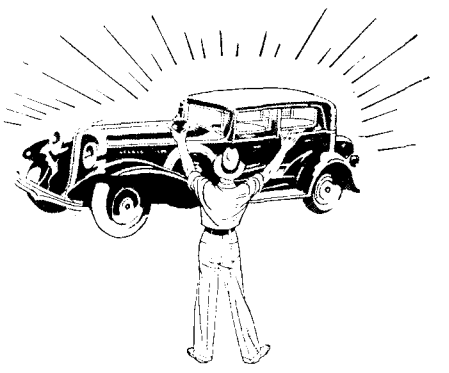
He spoke truly; for other than that Grand Hall or Great Corridor along which we had recently come, there is no entrance to the King's Chamber—and the two exits from the pyramid were guarded.

DR. PETRIE gave Rima a sleeping draught and saw her off to bed in the big hotel on the edge of the desert. In spite of all our precautions, news had leaked out that something was afoot.

Whereas at the time of our arrival the place had been quiet, with few lights showing, now an air of excitement prevailed. People who seemed to have hastily dressed were standing about in groups. We had smuggled Rima in by a side entrance. But in the lobby and on the terrace outside I met many curious glances.

And there was another, altogether more disturbing circumstance. In the roadway, and by the gate usually haunted by dragomans during the day, a group of some forty natives had assembled, of a type not usually met with there. They were men from the desert villages for the most part, and although all were oddly silent I overheard several

(Continued on page 48)



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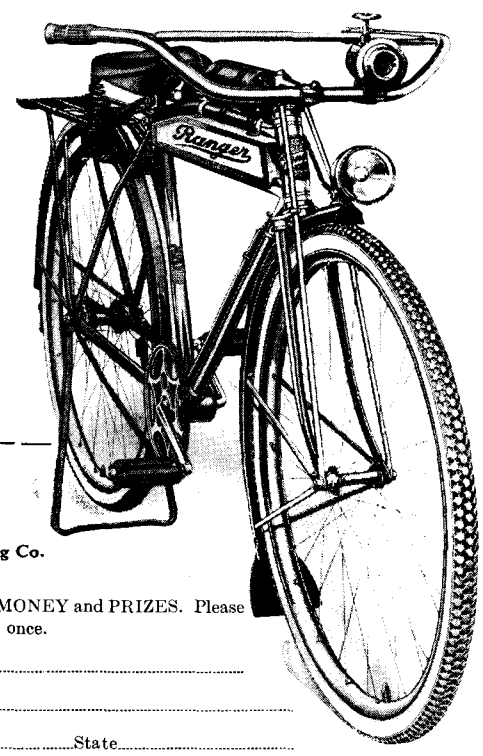

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(Continued from page 47)

furtive asides which I construed as definitely hostile.

Wildly impatient as I was to join the party at the pyramid, it was impossible for me to leave for some time. Petrie was with Rima, whom he had placed under the care of a resident nurse. She kept waking up and calling piteously for me. Twice I had been brought to her room to pacify her. Her frame of mind was most mysterious. She seemed to be obsessed with the idea that some harm had befallen me.

FINALLY, after she had gone to sleep contentedly, clasping my hand, I had managed to slip away without awakening her. And now, as I roamed restlessly about the lobby, Dr. Petrie suddenly appeared.

"She's right enough now, Greville," he reported, "and Mrs. Adams is with her. A most reliable woman."

"Dare we start?" I asked.

"Certainly! My car's outside. But we shall be too late for—"

I knew what he would have said; equally, I knew why he hesitated. The physical facts of the situation were beyond dispute; but the more I had considered the matter, the more clearly I had appreciated the fact that a man of Dr. Fu Manchu's intellect would never voluntarily have walked into such a mousetrap.

No one knew how he had entered the pyramid or how Rima had been taken there. Furthermore, he had introduced that singular lamp into the place, the table and the Arab chair. Now, in addition, he had the relics of the Prophet.

As we walked down the sanded drive to the road, observed with great curiosity by several residents who obviously suspected that our business was a strange one, we came face to face with that ominous gathering of Arabs near the gate. I saw at a glance that reinforcements had joined. The black turbans of the *Rifaiyeh* predominated now.

"This looks unwholesome, Greville," said Petrie in an undertone.

We met several stragglers of the same type on that short winding road which leads up to the plateau, presumably going to join those already assembled outside Mena House. But the doctor's mind, as well as my own, now was focussed upon the major problem; and as we turned the final bend and the great black mass of the pyramid loomed above us:

"You know, Greville," said Petrie, "a load has been lifted from my mind. Honestly, I don't think the possession of the relics of Mokanna will do much to help the movement. Rima's safety would be cheap at the price of every relic in the Cairo Museum."

"I feel much the same about it," I admitted. "Although, of course, those things are unique."

"Unique be damned!" said Petrie. "Hello! who's this?"

It was a police officer standing with upraised arm.

"You can't pass this way, sir," he shouted, and came forward as Petrie pulled up.

We both got out, but the night, as I have said, was very dark. And as we did so, the policeman directed the ray of a lamp upon us.

"Oh!" he added. "It's Dr. Greville and Mr. Petrie, isn't it?"

Petrie laughed.

"The other way about, officer," he replied.

"You'll have to walk from here. Those are my orders, sir."

"It makes no difference. We couldn't have driven much farther, anyway. Is there any news?"

"Not that I've heard, sir. I understand that they're still searching inside—"

"What!" I exclaimed. "There's nothing to search—only two rooms. That is, unless they're searching Davison's shaft."

"Come on, Greville," said Petrie curtly. "Let's go and see for ourselves. You may be of use here. You ought to know every nook and cranny of the place."

"I do, but so does the chief—and he's on the spot."

We were challenged again, as we reached the foot of the pyramid, by a sergeant whom I took to be in charge of the cordon.

"O. K., sir," he said when he saw me.

"What's happened? Who's inside?"

"The acting superintendent, sir, Sir Denis Nayland Smith and Sir Lionel Barton. Three men with them."

"And no one has come out?"

"Not a soul, sir."

Petrie turned to me in the darkness.

"Shall we go up?" he asked.

We found four men on duty when we had climbed up to the entrance. They passed us immediately, and I was about to lead the way in when a muffled voice reached me from the interior:

"I tell you it's a trick, Smith! He's slipped out in some way. . . ."

The chief.

I stepped back again, and felt, for I could not see their faces, an atmosphere of tension among the four police officers on duty.

"There's treachery. Somebody's been bought over."

That loud, irascible voice was drawing nearer; and:

"It's all but incredible, Greville," said Petrie, in a low voice; "but evidently Fu Manchu has managed to get out as mysteriously as he got in!"

"I hope there's no question about *us*, sir," came sharply; and one of the four men, whom, on close inspection, I recognized for a sergeant, stepped forward. "I'm responsible to the acting superintendent, so I don't care what the other gentleman says. But you can take my word for it that nobody has come out of this place tonight since you came out with the lady and Sir Denis."

"We don't doubt it, Sergeant," Petrie replied. "Sir Denis won't doubt it, either. You mustn't pay too much attention to Sir Lionel Barton. He's naturally very disturbed."

"That may be, sir—" the man began, when:

"Who's on duty, here?" bellowed the chief, suddenly appearing out of the opening.

"One moment, Sir Lionel," a quiet voice interrupted; and I saw Hewlett grasp his arm. "*I* am responsible for the men on duty. Sergeant!"

"Sir."

"Have you anything to report?"

"Nothing, sir."

"It's some damned trick!" growled the chief.

NAYLAND SMITH came out last, saw me in the darkness, and:

"Is everything all right, Greville?" he asked eagerly.

"We managed to get her to sleep," Petrie replied. "Everything is all right. But this business passes my comprehension, Smith."

"It does!" the latter rapped. "But, needless to say, I anticipated it."

"It's a trick!" the chief shouted. "The man's a conjurer—always was. How did he get Rima in? Damn it! Can't we ask her?"

"You'll ask her nothing tonight, Barton," Petrie returned quietly. "And you'll ask her nothing in the morning until you have my permission."

"Thanks!" was the reply. "I'll remember you in my will." He was, in short, in a towering rage, and: "Where's Greville?" he finished up.

"Here I am."

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"D'you think it feasible that Fu Manchu could have slipped up into one of the construction chambers?"

"No, I don't."

"Neither do I. Even if he did, he's got to come down sometime."

"What are these construction chambers, Greville?" Nayland Smith asked in a low voice.

"Five low spaces above the King's Chamber," I replied, "terminating in a pointed roof, generally supposed to have been intended to relieve the stress on the room below."

"Any way into them?"

"Yes—by means of a long ladder."

"Is there anything in what Barton says?"

"Hardly. In any event, there is only one way out!" I turned to Sir Lionel: "Have you searched the shaft, Chief?"

"No!" he growled—"I haven't. And what's more I'm not going to. Have the damn' place closed and watched; that's all that's necessary."

Nayland Smith turned to Hewlett:

"You must arrange for the pyramid to be closed to visitors for the remainder of the week. And have men on duty at the entrance day and night."

"Very good," said Hewlett; "I'll see to it."

WE HAD climbed down again to the base and my feet were on the sand, when an idea occurred to me.

"By heavens, Sir Denis!" I cried. "It isn't safe to leave just four men there tonight."

"Why?" he snapped.

"You remember the meeting of dervishes reported by Enderby? Well—they are here—fifty or sixty strong!"

"Where?"

"Just this side of Mena House—"

"A rescue!" said the chief hoarsely. "They mean to rush the entrance! Fu Manchu is hiding inside!"

I could see Nayland Smith pulling at the lobe of his ear.

"They began to gather about midnight," said Hewlett. "It's been reported."

"Who are they?"

"Mostly men from outlying villages, and, as Mr. Greville says, members of various dervish orders."

"I don't like this," rapped Nayland Smith. "The Mahdi organized the dervishes, you know. What's your opinion, Hewlett?"

"I haven't one. I can't make it out—unless, as Sir Lionel suggests, they are going to attempt to rush us. . . . But, by Jove! here they come!"

We had set out down the slope and nearly reached that point where Petrie and I had left the car. Now we pulled up like one man.

Dimly visible in the darkness of the night, their marching feet crunching upon the sand, we saw a considerable company of Arabs approaching from the opposite direction.

"It might be dangerous," Nayland Smith muttered, "if it weren't for the fact that sixty armed men are still on duty."

And as he spoke that onward march ceased as if in response to some unspoken order. Vaguely, although at no great distance from where we stood, we could see that strangely silent company. The policeman who had stopped Petrie's car suddenly appeared.

"What do I do about this, sir?" he asked, addressing Hewlett. "They look nasty to me."

"Do nothing," was the reply. "We have the situation well in hand."

"Very good, sir."

We were near enough now to the crowd on the edge of the plateau to be able to distinguish the colors of robes and turbans—white, black, green and red; a confused, blurred mass, but divisible into units. And as I looked doubtingly in their direction, suddenly I saw a hundred arms upraised, and in a muted roar their many voices reached me:

"*Mokanna!*"

Whereupon, unanimous as worshipers in a cathedral, they dropped to their knees and bowed their heads in the sand!

"Good Heavens! What's this?"

Nayland Smith was the speaker.

We all turned together, looking back to the northern face of the Great Pyramid. And as we did so, I witnessed a spectacle as vivid in my mind tonight as it was on the occasion of its happening.

Perhaps two thirds of the way up the slope of the great building, but at a point which I knew to be inaccessible to any climber, a figure appeared. . . . Even from where I stood, it was visible in great detail—for the reason that this figure was brilliantly lighted!

Many explanations occurred to us later of how this illumination might have been produced. We recalled the globular lamp in the King's Chamber; several such lamps, masked from the viewpoint of the onlookers and placed one step below the figure, backed by reflectors, would, I think, have accounted for the phenomenon. But at the time no solution offered.

Personally, I was conscious of nothing but stark amazement. For there, enshrined in the darkness, *I saw El Mokanna!*

I saw a tall, majestic figure, wearing either a white or a very light green robe. The face was concealed by a golden mask and surmounted by a tall turban. Upraised in the right hand glittered a sword with a curved blade. . . .

A weird chanting arose from the dervishes. I didn't even glance back. I was staring—staring at that apparition on the pyramid. Distant shouting reached me—orders, as I realized. But I knew—had known it all along—that no climber could reach that point.

Then, as suddenly as it had appeared, the apparition vanished.

The lights had been extinguished or covered: such was the conclusion to which we came later. But at the time the effect was most uncanny. And as the figure vanished, again from the dervishes came a loud and now triumphant shout:

"*Mokanna!*"

IN THE dead silence which followed: "Fu Manchu has set us a problem," said Nayland Smith. "Either he or some selected disciple has been posing as the reborn prophet, from Afghanistân right down to the border of Arabia. You understand the dervish gathering now, Hewlett?"

A murmuring of excited conversation reached us. The assembly of Arabs, palpably come here as to a tryst, was dispersing and already returning down the slope.

"It was urgent," Sir Denis went on; "hence the abduction of Rima. This was an *appointment* with the leaders of the *Senûssi* and other fanatical orders. He had tricked them hitherto, but if the real relics had once been placed beyond his reach, detection sooner or later was inevitable. This spark, Greville—" he turned to me in the darkness—"is going to light a bonfire. The Mokanna promises to be a greater problem than the Mahdi."

Whereupon, the chief began to laugh!

That laughter was so unexpected, and indeed so eerie in the circumstances, that I found in it some quality of horror.

"He's tricked us, Smith!" Sir Lionel shouted. "He's tricked us! But, by Heaven, I've tricked *him!*"

(To be continued next week)

TREASURE ISLAND...One-time headquarters of Jean Lafitte . . . Summer and Winter Resort on the Texas Riviera . . . A fine ocean beach . . . Famous Seven and one half-mile Sea-wall . . . Limitless attractions for the vacation visitor . . . Here are facilities for boating, driving, golfing, riding and fishing the year 'round and here is one of the finest beach automobile speedways in the world.

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man wanted

MORE than ever before in the memory of living men, we need leaders.

In government, in business, and in many other vital relationships of life we are drifting. Old principles are no longer persuasive. Old ways have lost their magic. Everywhere there are uncertainty and confusion. The very time cries aloud for strong and wise leaders. The millions await the man able to draw a clear road map to the future.

We have thought of ourselves as a steady people, sure of our strength and of our genius for accomplishment. We regarded ourselves as the very Rock of Gibraltar among nations. Bewilderment and fear in Congress and the White House have now bred doubt even on prohibition, a subject which has been discussed more hotly than any other issue before the country. Those now in the possession of leadership fail to take a firm stand. Preceding the convention, the President of the United States, titular leader of the Republican party, was reported as hoping "to remain entirely neutral in the platform fight." That isn't leadership of any kind, not even titular.

If Congress should continue in later sessions to behave as it behaved during April and May, not many years will elapse before we shall hear vociferous demands for a dictatorship.

Congress thinks that Wall Street is the incarnation of the devil and Wall Street returns the compliment. Men misunderstand situations and motives. Half of the talk and of the proposals made in Washington has rested on ignorance and prejudice.

We have drifted with the fretful current because we have not known whither to go.

A scornful "Oh, yeah?" has been the popular shibboleth of the past few months. All that means is disillusioned disbelief. We can't travel far on that kind of fuel.

We need the reassurance of positive leadership. We need leadership in business as well as in government. We need leaders who have courage, vision and the eloquence of strong faith.

We don't have to go outside of business to become aware of the dearth of courageous leadership. Consider the bankers. What have they been doing?

Holding on to their deposits for the most part, clucking fearfully like sitting hens.

Of course banks must be prepared for emergencies but the purpose of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation was not to make hoarders of bankers. The time to make loans liberally is when industry needs stimulation.

Even more important than the bankers are the politicians, legislators and officials.

What a spectacle of fear, confusion, prejudice, ignorance and of sordid eagerness to buy votes at any cost has been presented by Congress during the past months.

As a nation we became the financial and industrial leader of the world. The primacy so long enjoyed by Great Britain was lost and New York displaced London as the money capital of the world.

We sat in the driver's seat but we did not know whither to go. The nation was bewildered and no leadership came from the government. Congressmen were so frightened lest they fail to pander to some local prejudice that they neglected utterly to consider the fundamental interests of the voters.

Between the timidity of bankers and the peanut politics of Congress we witnessed a progressive deterioration of the nation's resources and a partial loss of our position as the leader of the economic world.

Never before in our history have the people of this country been more surfeited with the flood of foolish talk let loose in Congress. Admittedly the problems presented to Congress were difficult but we are not the first nation to face hard questions.

Taxes are unpopular but even with the latest schedules our burdens will be much lighter than those borne by the British, the Germans or the French.

We need politicians who are willing to consider the best interests of all the people and who are willing to risk something, even their office, in the national welfare.

The men who signed our Declaration of Independence took a great risk. If the colonies had been conquered they would have been hanged. Knowing the danger, they wrote, "for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor."

In such a spirit this nation was created. In such a spirit it will go forward.

The followers are ready and waiting. The leaders have the opportunity of a generation to prove their worth and their wisdom in the ordeal of economic reconstruction.

Where are they?

THOMAS H. BECK, *Editorial Director* WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor* CHAS. COLEBAUGH, *Managing Editor*

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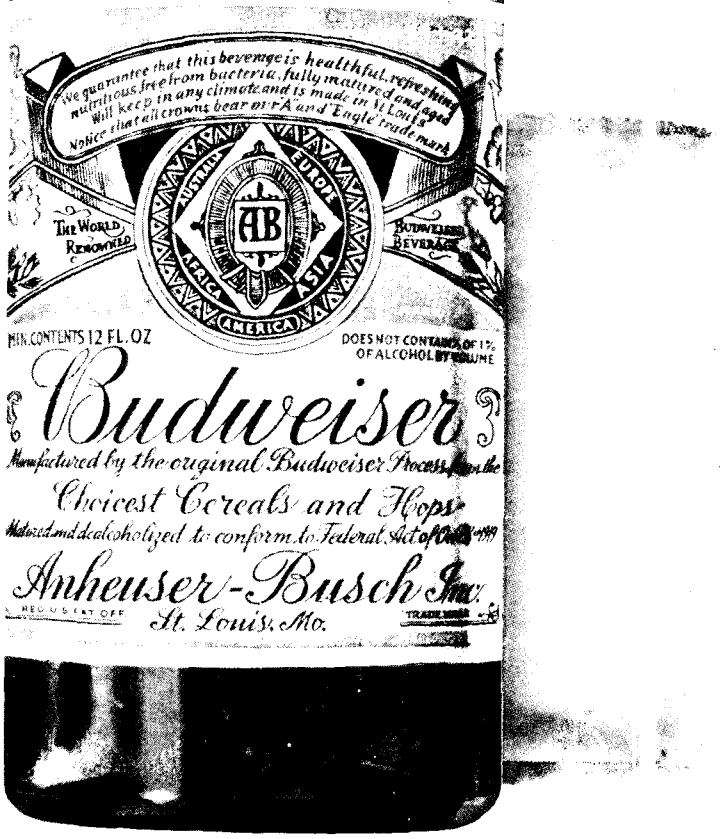
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